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MRS. LUCY G, THURSTON,

Pioneer Missionary to the Sandwich Islands

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

MRS. LUCY G. THURSTON,

WIFE OF

REV. ASA THURSTON,

Pioneer Missionary to the Sandwich Islands,

GATHERED FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS

EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF MORE THAN

FIFTY YEARS.

Selected and Arranged by Herself.

S. C. ANDREWS,
BOOKSELLER & PUBLISHER,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

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S. C. ANDREWS.

THIS EFFORT

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,

WHO HAVE BEEN THE

GUIDE AND LIFE OF MY RIPER YEARS, AND THE NOURISHER OF MY OLD AGE.

LUCY G. THURSTON.

PREFACE.

It was more than thirty years ago that an editor applied to me for an Essay to put into his Periodical Pamphlet. Subject: "Sketches of Missionary Life at the Sandwich Islands,"—"Sketches grave and gay, showing the lights and shadows, the ups and downs, the trials, perplexities, joys and sorrows of missionary life." He wished this subject handled from a point that came within the special range of the observation and experience of the ladies.

Then, in the earnest strife of life, I failed to give a description. Now, in the repose of age, I spread out the subject in *minute detail.*

Of my writings during the first twenty-four years of my life, not a vestige now remains. In the very commencement of missionary life, my husband strongly advised me to preserve a copy of my letters, and gave me a blank book for the purpose. Thus I commenced, and, under his influence, formed a habit of so doing. I have, by the preserved copies of my letters, noted in their circuit all the years of my pilgrimage.

Now, wrapped in the folds of age, of widowhood, of solitude and infirmities, I feel the great importance of independent resources of happiness. In the fear of God, I said, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" My mind turned to the writings which had accumulated beneath my hand. My physical and mental powers are equal to extracting and arranging a volume from the mass. It is the only legacy I can leave my children and grandchildren, the only way I can warn, enlighten and cheer the future daughters of our country who engage in the missionary enterprise. It is the only remaining service I can do for the public by whose contri-

butions I have been sustained all these years. It is an expression of thanks to the great and good Father, to whom all is due. Offerings to Him, He accepts; but He waves them into channels which will convey blessings to His other chileren.

In the silence and solitude of night, with my study lamp, I took the writings of 1819; I read and re-read them. Thus engaged, I was lost in reverie. I was young again, and I saw my father's family surrounding me, so loving and so lovely. Many, many noble friends had assembled with them. All happy and exuberant. I too. It appeared to me a grand jubilee. So real, so near they all seemed, that when about to open these lips to speak to them in an easy manner, a thrill went through me. These friends have all outstripped me in the race. They have become as the angels of light. I alone am left in the wilderness, but happy: so happy that it was long that night before I could sleep.

Thus the dim eyes of 1872 turned back and fastened upon the vigor and bloom of 1819. First driven, then drawn, to the work of life's supplement. It is my dying bequest to the living, when I shall have passed beyond the reach of censure and applause. Meantime, while alone, walking the shady vale, preparing its pages, I shall admit to my bosom the solace, *that she hath done what she could.*

LUCY G. THURSTON.

Nuuanu Valley, Nov. 8, 1872.

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MRS. LUCY G. THURSTON.

By Rev. D. Dole.

To the spirit world departed,
Nobly has the race been run;
Not in sorrow, heavy hearted.
Grieve we that the prize is won.

Not desponding, not in sadness
Bid we her a short farewell;
But we rest in grateful gladness
That her work is done so well.

'Mid the darkness of Kailua
Long she shone, a heavenly light;
Guide—there was none kinder, truer,
Leading wanderers to the right.

Passed in cheerful self-denial,
Eighty years sped swiftly by,
Then commenced the grevious trial,
Gold from dross to purify.

Long in weariness she waited,
Suffering waited, longed and prayed,
Prayed with fervor unabated.
Still the summons was delayed.

O'er the river frequent glances
Sought some heavenly glory there,
Glory, which the soul entrances,
Glory, which the ransomed share.

Came at length the welcome message—
"Cross the river, wiating one,"
'Twas indeed a joyous presage
Of a triumph nobly won;

Won through grace, in Christ believing,
All the praise to him belongs;
From his fullness still receiving,
Ne'er shall cease her grateful songs.

PART FIRST.

1819–1840. MISSIONARY AND FAMILY HISTORY. EDUCATING CHILDREN ON HEATHEN GROUND IN PIONEER LIFE.

1819.

ARTICLE I.

Kamehamehaᵗ and "Obookiah."‡

HAWAII* was first discovered to the civilized world in 1778. In the same year, Kamehameha fought, a soldier, under his uncle, Kalaiopu,** King of several districts on one individual island.

In the year 1810, all the islands of this group became one united kingdom, under Kamehameha. In the same year, in America, "Obookiah" became theoretically the first Hawaiian convert to christianity.

They both lived after this, the one eight, and the other nine years. Kamehameha in his last sickness, asked about the white man's God. But in the language of the narrator, "They no tell him."

"Obookiah" died young, with a hope full of immortality. His prayers, tears, and appeals for his poor countrymen, as described in his memoir, did more for

† Kah-may'-hah-may'-hah.

‡ Properly spelled Opukahaia.

* Hah-wi'-e.

** Kah-li-o'-pu.

them than he could have done in the longest life of the most devoted labors. The church was newly aroused to send a mission to those who, for long dismal ages, had been enshrouded in all the darkness of nature.

ARTICLE II.

Great Loneliness and Desire to Learn the Will of the Supreme.

To Mrs. Persis G. Parkhurst, Plainfield, N. H.

MARLBORO, WEST PARISH, Sept. 11, 1819.

How shall I address my own dear best beloved sister? Our corresponding ages, pursuits, sentiments, and feelings, caused Persis to be more peculiarly mine. We commenced and traveled together the journey of life, together tasted the delights, and culled the flowers of spring; and when, by reason of the way, our hearts have sunk within us, we have set down together and mingled our tears. Ever precious will be the recollections of those days and years, spent beneath a father's roof,—never to be forgotten the period, when by assuming a new relation, you bade farewell to the parternal abode, thereby causing our future pathways in life to diverge. Our Mother—gone! Persis—gone! Wonder not when I say, that the depths of my sorrows were revived, and that I more than ever felt myself an orphan. The dear solitary chamber that I occupy witnessed my grief, while I walked it from side to side, or watered my pillow with my tears. I applied to the fountain of all grace and consolation for support, sacredly devoting all my leisure hours to the study of the Will of the Supreme. Here my sorrows were assuaged, and my heart comforted. But I emphatically feel that earth is not my rest.

Your loving Sister,

LUCY GOODALE.

ARTICLE III.

Invitation to Join a Missionary Band, and its Results. Remarkable Conversion.

Marlboro, West Parish, Sept. 18, Saturday.

THREE weeks have elapsed since the departure of my sister Persis. Yesterday, during my noontide intermission, I received, at my boarding house, an unexpected call from cousin Wm. Goodell. He gave me information that a Mission to the Sandwich Islands was to sail in four or six weeks, dwelt upon it with interest and feeling, and notwithstanding his efforts to assume his usual cheerfulness, now and then I saw the tear start in his eye. His conversation and appearance made me tremble. At length, having prepared my mind, the proposition was made. "Will Lucy, by becoming connected with a missionary now an entire stranger, attach herself to this little band of pilgrims, and visit the far distant land of Obookiah?"

Now I feel the need of guidance. Oh, that Persis were here! Never did I so much long to see her.

The gentleman proposed as the companion of my life is Mr. Thurston, member of the Senior Class, in Andover Theological Institution. He had recently become an accepted missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, soon to sail for the Sandwich Islands. This has all come suddenly upon him. Now that he knows the situation he is called to fill, he has no personal knowledge of one who is both willing and qualified to go with him to a foreign land. Some of his classmates were admitted to his private confidence. One of them, in passing back and forth, had been entertained at Dea. Goodale's. He spoke of his daughter Lucy, as being fitted for such a position. It proved a

hinge to act upon. They knew that Goodell of the Middle Class was a relative of the family. They admitted him into their counsel to speak of the missionary qualifications of Lucy Goodale.

Most closely and seriously, during the last year, he has pressed the subject on my consideration, of personally engaging in the missionary enterprise. In his very last letter, recently received, he wrote thus :

"When I say I hope cousin Lucy will be of the next company that go to the heathen, instead of imputing it to any desire of never seeing her again, she will rather think, that I believe her to adopt from the heart the favorite language of Spencer,—'Where He appoints, I'll go.'"

The result of the whole matter was, that Wm. Goodell was appointed to obtain permission for a personal interview. So here he was, delivering his message ; adding, "Rebecca said, 'I will go.'"

What could I say? We thoroughly discussed the subject, after which I gave permission for a visit. Next week on Thursday is the anticipated, dreaded interview of final decision. Cousin William walked with me, and, as we approached the school house, bade me good-bye. I immediately entered the school, but how I longed to find my chamber, that I might give vent to the feelings of an almost bursting heart. Last night I could neither eat, nor close my eyes in sleep.

Sept. 21, Tuesday.—The subject has been to my mind utterly overwhelming, and I all alone during this season of conflict. Situated six miles from my father's, I have no confidential friend near me to whom I can unfold my feelings.

Wm. Goodell fully informed my family that the waters were troubled. During the week, my two sisters

from home, Eliza and Meliscent, called on and comforted me with their sympathy and affection. I have received, too, communications from my father. But they all leave me to myself, to act agreeably to my own judgment and inclination.

Dear to my heart are my friends and country. Yet, all this side the grave, how transient! The poor heathen possess immortal natures, and are perishing. Who will give them the Bible, and tell them of a Savior? Great as must be the sacrifices, trials, hardships, and dangers of such an undertaking, I said, "If God will grant his grace, and afford an acceptable opportunity, Lucy and all that is hers, shall be given to the noble enterprise of carrying light to the poor benighted countrymen of Obookiah." After this decision, I could contemplate the subject with a tranquil mind and unmoved feelings.

Home, Sept. 22, Wednesday.—This afternoon I returned to the paternal abode. I have, with the most perfect freedom, conversed with my family here on the subject. They left me alone to breast the billow. But, when I came among them with composure and serenity, buoyed up by a noble purpose, they gave me their full sympathy and approbation.

Sept. 23, *Thursday.*—The close of this day brought our expected Andover friends, Wm. Goodell and Mr. Thurston to our door, and established them in our parlor. That was a strictly private family interview. I returned home, and alone entered the house the night before. Our dwelling was completely isolated from neighbors, and not a word had been dropped of expected company.

We were alone in our little world. There were my father and my two brothers and their wives, all belonging to the house. There, too, was uncle Wm. Goodell, cousin William's own father, who had lived with my fa-

ther for several years, and who was in sympathy and confidences as one of us. Wm. Goodell had now accomplished his mission. Under the most favorable circumstances, he had opened the way and brought Mr. Thurston to Dea. Goodale's, brought Lucy to her father's house to interview the stranger in the bosom of her own family, amid a band of six close confidential friends, where no prying eyes or ready tongues were admitted to give intelligence to the outside world.

The early hours of the evening were devoted to refreshments, to free family sociality, to singing, and to evening worship. Then one by one the family dispersed, leaving two of similar aspirations, introduced at sunset as strangers, to separate at midnight as interested friends.

Sept. 24, *Friday.*—In the forenoon, the sun had risen high in the heavens, when it looked down upon two of the children of earth giving themselves wholly to their heavenly Father, receiving each other from his hand as his good gift, pledging themselves to each other as close companions in the race of life, consecrating themselves and their all to a life work among the heathen.

And it came to pass after that decision, that there met together a committee of Ways and Means. The first thing to be fixed upon was a programme. That was Friday, Sept. 24th. Sept. 26th, Oct. 3d and 10th, would furnish three Sabbaths for publication. Then the 11th was Monday, not a convenient day, but the 12th, Tuesday, was fixed upon as the day of the wedding, and after the ceremony, the party was to proceed directly to Boston. According to this programme, letters to friends in different places were written, and directions given to the town clerk in Marlboro, and to the town clerk in Fitchburg, Mr. Thurston's native place. It was afternoon before letters and messengers were dispatched.

Sept. 25, *Satnrday.*—The very next morning after the decision, Wm. Goodell and Mr. Thurston started for the ordination at Goshen, Conn. I rode with them six miles, as they passed my school, in order to dismiss it.

Sept. 28, *Tuesday.*—The candidates, Bingham and Thurston, were examined at Goshen. Sept. 29, Wednesday, they were ordained. During these exercises at Goshen, Conn., brother Nathan and myself in Mass., hastened to Boston to obtain my outfit. Miss Frances Irving assisted me to accomplish my business. Nathan accompanied us, paid bills, and carried the parcels. After returning to Marlboro with all this abundance of material, we made a long table across the middle of one of the front rooms. Lucy Howe, Susan Witt and Sophia Rice, three friends, came and cut garments by dozens and by scores. When the gentlemen returned from the ordination, Wm. Goodell was an untold blessing to me in his activity and zeal in finding persons to make some of the cut garments.

Just before giving the parting hand, when the two gentlemen passed on to the ordination, Wm. Goodell said to me: "Now, don't regard the barking of little dogs."

In one week, a cousin and his wife arrived to pass the Sabbath with us. His father was a clergyman, but he himself was an Attorney at Law, and an openly avowed, active infidel. Had *he* set *his* artillery in motion it would have been a lion's roar. Mr. Thurston, too, spent the same Sabbath with us, and preached for Mr. Bucklin, our minister. At intermission, as we were returning to the second service, Mrs. Bucklin remarked: "After leaving your country, you will never again hear the sound of the church-going bell." Our cousin highly commended the services of the day, and conversed with

me of my prospects with tender encouragement. When he retired Saturday night he took my album with him to his room, and returned it Monday morning. Within he had written the following lines, containing strange sentiments indeed to come from *his* pen :

And art thou called to visit distant lands,
To teach the heathen God's divine commands?
Then go, sweet cousin, cross the foaming sea,
Thy God will bless thee wheresoe'er ye be.

Soon thou wilt see Hawaii's fertile shore,
And settle there to see thine own no more ;
There build thy cottage by the rising flood,
And tell the natives of their Savior, God.

His life, his sufierings be thy fruitful theme,
While faith and hope will in their faces gleam ;
Tny social hearth wi[l flame with love divine,
And all will bless thy steps and all that's thine.

Oh, may He fill thy soul with sov'reign grace,
And bless thy partner in his charge and place,
Bless all his labors, bless his little flock,
And bless thy children from our *Goodall* stock.

In mem'ry's fav'rite hour wilt thou remember me ;
Full oft our prayers shall ascend for thee ;
Long shall we dwell on this farewell to you,
And long shall mem'ry linger o'r this last adieu.

[Ten years after this I received a parcel of black pepper, done up in a newspaper, from our Secular Agent. The first thing I did was to pour the pepper into a bowl, and search the paper wrapper for intelligence. It contained the following

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

"One instance of divine grace exhibited the winter past in my immediate vicinity, and which fell under my own observation, I will, with permission, relate. The subject of this change was an Attorney at Law, the son

of a clergyman. He had been emphatically the son of many prayers, and his childhood had been endowed with all needful moral and religious instruction. But as he grew up and went out from the government of his father's family, he apostatized from his early education, and became a terror to those who would do well. At this time, he entered into an agreement with a brother, by which they were mutually bound, that the first called from this world should return and inform the other of the invisible state, if permitted. The brother, not long after was drowned in the Connecticut, and as soon as this survivor received the intelligence, he hastened to the place where the deep and dark wave still rolled over the lifeless body of his brother, and there in an hour of retirement, he called aloud, and the voice echoed from bank to bank, for that departed brother to fulfil his engagement, but there was no voice, nor any that answered. And he relates that he repeated the same over his brother's grave, after the body was found. He remained unshaken in his infidelity. Being a popular advocate in his profession, he, in a few years, accumulated a large estate, but he had no bowels of compassion, no breathings of benevolence. About eighteen months ago, his father desired him to carry his annual contribution to the Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, which he did, and said to the Treasurer, "I bring you fifty dollars from my father to aid the objects of this Board, but I would rather throw it into the sea." It however pleased God the last season to take from him a beloved child by death, and for the first time in his life did he realize that this world is shadowy and evanescent. The impression grew upon him, and he soon felt that all would ere long be taken from him, and nothing remain but the ghosts and penalties of millions of sins, sins of the most aggravating kind. He

strove to conceal his distress, but strove in vain. He, at length, confessed his condition, and sought the prayers of those people, whom he had so lately despised. For some weeks he bowed like the rush, and his mourning was like the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. But the hour of release came, for he was a chosen vessel unto God. He bowed to Prince Emmanuel. He became as a child, and openly and fearlessly espoused the cause of him whom he had persecuted. He gave public declaration, that if he had defrauded any man in the course of his business, he would make them amends to the amount of fourfold. At this time he recalled his saying to the Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions. He could not rest until he had made a written confession to him. In that letter the Treasurer found a hundred dollar bank note. A reformation succeeded this conversion, which spread through the town, and many have been added to the cause of Christ."

The description of this individual so answered to the cousin, whose lines I have just recorded, up to the time of his religious convictions, that I immediately wrote and asked him if he had become a Christian. In due time we received the following reply:

JANUARY 24, 1830.

Dear and Respected Cousins:

Years, eventful years have rolled away, since first we met, since last we parted. You have left all the dear scenes of your childhood and youth, your father's land, and gone to the sea-girt islands where all is comparatively dark and dreary. The Indian hut, the Indian manners, the savage life and accommodations surround you. But what hath God wrought! Did I say all was savage about you? I mistake. The Lamb of God is there, and

has taken away the savage heart, the heathen life, the untutored Indian, and given you brothers and sisters dear in the Lord. O, bless His great and excellent name, all ye His people, all ye His lands, all ye His islands of the sea!

I often recur to that hour when I bade you farewell. Like Balaam, I wrote blessings on your head when I had no heart to bless. I looked on the tents of Israel. I saw them spreading from sea to sea, and filling all the plains and islands with a happy race, praising the Lord our God. I saw you building your cottage on the shores of Hawaii, and then I saw temples rise dedicated to the living God. I saw the natives hang around you, and like children receive the word of eternal life, and I could not but say,

> Then go, sweet cousin, cross the foaming sea,
> And God go with you whereso'er you be.

Yet I was a very infidel at heart, and how, on recurring to what I wrote in that album of yours, I could write so, I know not. It was a wonder to myself. I, who scoffed at the Bible, at its miracles, its revealed contradictions and absurdities, as I then thought, how could I speak of your teaching that Savior's love, whom I thought an imposter? But so it was, and like Balaam, when I would have cursed, I could only bless. Now, I thank God, I trust I can bless Him too from my heart. I do believe I do love, as I humbly trust, that dear Redeemer, who died for sinners, who tasted death for us all. The white, the red, and the black man, too, encircled in His arm of love and mercy, all may lie on His bosom, like the beloved John, all may lean on His breast and live forever. O, preach Him, proclaim Him to all lands, to all people, blow the gospel trumpet over all the Islands, an angel blast, and let the heathen hear and live.

But I wander. I meant to speak of the years we have been separated. The same kind Providence that has always blessed the ungrateful has ever continued to bless me and mine in all these years. Two of our children sleep side by side under the green turf of our graveyard. They were lovely boys, both born in March. Both lived until August of their second year, and then drooped their heads and died. We could not save them, nor do I now repine their loss. I trust they are happy. We had been insensible of all God's mercies, but when He laid his hand on our little ones, it brought us to bless His holy name. May praise be His forever.

Your father and my father have also gone to their last home. I trust they are now perfect in Christ. It was good to hear my dear father express his earnest hope and belief that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all his sins.]

ARTICLE IV.

A Dream—A Marriage.

Mrs. Persis G. Parkhurst to her sister, Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston.

On the night of the 23d of Sept., the very night of your first introduction to Mr. Thurston, I was transported in a dream to the home of my youth. You were not there. I saw the house surrounded with carriages. Within was a large collection of people, many of whom were strangers. The doors seemed opened from room to room, and whichever way I turned, I was surrounded by numbers, some walking to and fro, and others standing in solemn, fixed attention. I saw nothing transacted, heard nothing said, but thought the occasion was your wedding. Though never in the habit of thinking much of dreams, this took strong hold of my feelings. It cost

me many tears. Every succeeding day I wept, for I could not divest myself of the idea that my dream referred to your death.

A letter from home was put into my hands. It was not superscribed by you. I was overwhelmed with an undefinable dread that you had dropped the pen forever. At first I could not open it. At length I summoned resolution and broke the seal. I read the lines traced by your pen. You were not dead, but destined to cross the ocean, and spend your days in a foreign heathen land.

On the 12th of Oct. your marriage was solemnized in our father's home. In one hour after the rite, you gave your parting hand to all, entered the carriage at the door, with your new-found husband, and, attended by cousin Wm. Goodale, parted forever from the friends and scenes of your youth. When the sound of the carriage wheels ceased to be heard, I looked, and behold, both in the house and in the yard, a most perfect representation of my dream.

Your loving Sister,

PERSIS G. PARKHURST.

ARTICLE V.

The Missionaries met at Boston; were Organized into a Church, and Received Public Instructions.

A BRIG was about to sail from Boston to the Sandwich Islands. Previous arrangements had been made, and a voluntary company there assembled, whose language to the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was: "Here we are,—send us." There were

Two Ordained Preachers and Translators,—Mr. Bingham and Mr. Thurston, and their wives.

A Physician,—Dr. Holman and wife.

Two Teachers,—Mr. Whitney and Mr. Ruggles, and their wives.

A Printer,—Mr. Loomis and wife.

A Farmer,—Mr. Chamberlain, wife and five children.

Three Converted Native Youths, partially educated, —Thomas Hopu, John Honolii and William Kanui.

Oct. 17, 1819, these seventeen individuals were organized into a distinct Missionary Church, to be transplanted to the Pagan Islands of the Pacific. It took place in the vestry of Park Street Church, Boston, beneath the auspices of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, among whom, Dr. Worcester, first Secretary, and Jeremiah Evarts, first Treasurer, were prominent.

On the same day there was a large gathering in the body of the church, in the middle of which that company of consecrated ones were placed to receive the public instructions of the Prudential Committee. That revered father, Dr. Worcester, was their organ. From fifteen printed pages, the following few detached paragraphs are a specimen of the whole.

"*Dearly Beloved in the Lord:*

"You are now on the point, the most of you, of leaving your country, and your kindred, and your fathers' houses, and committing yourselves, under Providence, to the winds and the waves, for conveyance to far distant islands of the sea, there to spend the remainder of your days.

"You have given yourselves to Christ for the high and holy service of missionary work. You have made your vows and you cannot go back. If it be not so—and if this point be not fixed with you immovably—stop where you are, nor venture to set foot on that board,

which is to bear this holy mission to the scene of its labors and trials, and eventual triumphs.

"Whatever of earthly privations, or labors, or sufferings await you, they are comparatively as nothing. You may glory in them all. You may count them all joy. Other things, dearly beloved, are before you. Your mission is to 'a land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness.'

"You will find Jesus in Hawaii, as you have found him in this land, a sun and shield. His gracious word, 'Lo I am with you always,' was sufficient for the first missionaries of the cross, and it will be sufficient for you, sufficient for all the purposes of safety, of support, of guidance, of consolation, of strength, of courage, of success, of triumph, and of glory. Abide fixedly on this word, and you will have nothing to want, nothing to fear.

"You are to aim at nothing short of covering those Islands with fruitful fields, pleasant dwellings, schools, and churches.

"Mr. Bingham and Mr. Thurston, * * * * * The world has not an office in its gift which is not annihilated when compared with that of a christian missionary; not a crown that would not fade into utter obscurity in presence of that of Paul. The seraph nearest the celestial throne might esteem it a distinguished honor, to execute in a manner befitting its nature and design, the trust committed to you. Be not high-minded, but fear. You are but earthen vessels. All your sufficiency is of God, and the whole glory will be His.

"To you, jointly, is committed this consecrated mission, proceeding from the bosom of christian and of heavenly love.

"The beloved females of the mission are not to be

forgotten. There is no law of heaven for excluding the sex from the participation for which the same sovereign goodness has fitted them, in the toils and perils, the joys and glories of recovering the common race.

"When the Son of God was on his mission, woman, —many women testified the deepest interest in it, ministered to him of their substance, attended him in his journeyings and labors, and even followed him when his disciples forsook him and fled, and earth and heaven were in dismay—followed him out to the scene of crucifixion.

"These favored daughters of Zion then, who, with so much tender cheerfulness, have given themselves to their Savior and Lord for this arduous service, are not without warrant for thus leaving the world to its own opinion and pursuits.

"Beloved members of the mission, male and female, this christian community is moved for you, and for your enterprise. The offerings, and prayers, and tears, and benedictions, and vows of the churches are before the throne of everlasting mercy. They must not be violated; they must not, can not be lost. But how can you sustain the responsibility? A nation to be enlightened and renovated, and added to the civilized world, and to the kingdom of the world's Redeemer and rightful sovereign! In His name only, andby His power, can the enterprise be achieved."

ARTICLE VI.

Parting Address.

The next day after these preparations, from various parts of the New England States, a concourse of the friends of missions assembled at a farewell meeting. Mr.

Thurston, one of the number about to embark, delivered in Park Street church

A PARTING ADDRESS.

(An Extract.)

Permit me, my dear friends, to express the sentiments and feelings of this missionary company on the present occasion. We would express our gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, for the provision he has made for the souls of men, and for the evidence which he graciously gives us, that we are severally interested in this great salvation. We bless God that we live in this interesting period of the world—that so much has been done, and that so much is still doing to extend the blessings of the Redeemer's kingdom to the ends of the earth.

The present is emphatically styled a day of action The Church is opening her eyes on the miseries of a world lying in wickedness. Her compassion is moved, and her benevolence excited, to alleviate human sufferings, and to save the soul from death.

We have felt that the Savior was speaking to us, and our bosoms have panted for the privilege of engaging in the blessed work of evangelizing the heathen. We have voluntarily devoted ourselves to this great object, and have been set apart to go forth and labor for its accomplishment. In a few days we expect to leave this loved land of our nativity, for the far distant isles of the sea, there to plant this little vine, and nourish it, till it shall extend through all the islands, till it shall shoot its branches across to the American coast, and its precious fruit shall be gathered at the foot of her mountains.

ARTICLE VII.

Embarkation and Voyage.

OCTOBER 23, 1819, we embarked from Boston on board the brig *Thaddeus*, Capt. Blanchard. We cut loose from our native land for *life*, to find a dwelling place, far, far away from civilized man, among barbarians, there to cope with a cruel priesthood of blood-loving deities, and to place ourselves under the iron law of *kapus* requiring men and women to eat separately. To break that law was death. It was death for woman to eat of various kinds of food, such as pork, bananas, cocoa-nuts, &c. It was death for her to enter the eating house of her husband. The choicest of animal and vegetable products were reserved for the male child; for the female, the poorest. From birth to death, a female child was allowed no food that had touched her father's plate. It was death for a woman to be caught looking at an idol's temple. When she passed one, she was required to turn her face another way.

Such were our prospects during our long voyage of more than five months across the ocean. Our only hope and trust was in God.

Although we set our faces to pass beyond the pale of civilization, yet the animating prospect was held up before us, that we might communicate with our American friends once a year.

The whales of the Pacific Ocean, and the gold mines of California were then unknown. Intelligence of the arrival of our mission at the Islands, reached the United States seventeen months after we left Boston.

ARTICLE VIII.

Letter from a Sister to Sisters. Sorrow for Separation from one so Dearly Loved.

Mrs. Persis G. Parkhurst to Mrs. Eliza and Mrs. Meliscent Goodale.

Dear Sisters:

The season has again returned, which, in its last revolution, brought with it such scenes of sorrow, connected with our mother's death. That time I seem to live over again. Every event of every day is called up afresh, as it were but of yesterday. Nor is this all. The kindred tie has again been severed; *another*, dear to me as my own soul, I can no more find in the domestic abode, no more behold on earth. Never perhaps were sisters more tenderly attached. You know the similarity of taste, of sentiment, and of feeling which existed between us; of our habits of intimacy, and how much we loved. It is needless then to say, that the separation is inexpressibly painful. Often does the thought rush upon my mind, "Lucy is gone, and I can see her face no more." It requires all my philosophy, and all my piety, to enable me, at some moments, cheerfully to acquiesce. But when I can calmly reflect upon the subject, I do indulge better feelings. Yes, I can then rejoice, *with all my heart*, I trust, that God has given her opportunity and disposition to go and tell the perishing heathen that Jesus died.

ARTICLE IX.

Voyage and Experiences.

To Dea. Abner Goodale and Family, Marlboro, Mass.

Brig Thaddeus, Dec. 20, 1819.

Dear Father, Brothers and Sisters:

Soon after we put forth to sea, ere we lost sight of the American shores, sickness obliged me to repair to my couch. To this I was confined two days and nights. The rest of the family were in similar circumstances. Chests, trunks, bundles, bags, &c., were piled into our little room six feet square, until no place was left on the floor for the sole of one's foot. Two-thirds of the way they were built up considerably higher than the berth, and for a space they extended to the height of the room. With such narrow limits, and such confined air, it might well be compared to a dungeon. This was with me a gloomy season, in which I felt myself a pilgrim and a stranger. The third day the whole family met on deck. Could you have beheld the scene exhibted, while you pitied, you must have smiled. Beside a boat, hogsheads, barrels, tubs, cables, &c., with which the deck abounded, there were to be seen a dog, cats, hens, ducks, pigs, and men, women and children. Our whole family, with the exception of the natives, were all under the horrors of sea-sickness, some thrown on their mattrasses, others seated in clusters, hanging one upon another, while here and there individuals leaned on the railing, or supported themselves by hanging upon a rope. When the hour for refreshment arrived, a container of soup was brought, and placed on deck. A circle gathered around it, and

seated themselves like a group of children. Those at a distance were not neglected. Look which way you would, and all were sipping broth or picking bones. In this rude manner we were obliged to eat several days. We had entered a new school. It was among the very first lessons taught us, that all ablutions, of whatever kind, must invariably be performed with salt water. Most of our number soon recovered, when we were introduced to a well regulated table.

We have family devotions in the cabin morning and evening; Sabbath forenoon, a religious service in the cabin, and at noon, when the weather allows, public worship on deck. The monthly concert of prayer is observed. The interesting situation in which we are placed, separated from the christian world, and engaged in such a work, renders this a season doubly precious and animating.

In concert with our American friends, too, we observed Dec. 2nd, as a day of thanksgiving to God. At no time have I thought so much and so tenderly of my dear relatives. The idea that I could no more make one in your associated circles, produced in my mind sensations inexpressible. But though my place evermore remain vacant, yet you will affectionately *remember*, you will daily *pray* for your absent Lucy. If it will be any gratification to you, I will tell you upon what we dined. We had not that rich variety which crowds the boards of our American friends on such occasions, but we had *enough* of that which was *good*, viz: roast pork, meat pie, biscuit and cheese.

Our little room is vacated of everything not essential to every day comfort. I have often thought, would that I could tell my dear friends that *Lucy is contented and happy.* I can reflect with satisfaction on the rugged

pathway I have entered, viewing it as selected by my Heavenly Father. No trial or privation which I have experienced, or now anticipate, has ever caused me to cast a lingering look back to my native shores. If I may best contribute to the happiness and usefulness of one of Christ's own ministers, of assisting in giving civilization, the Bible, and letters, to one of the tribes of men in utter darkness,—it is enough that I bid farewell to everything my heart so late held dear in life, and subject myself to all the trials, privations and hardships of a missionary life. It is to me a source of no small consolation, that my present undertaking met the approbation of my father and friends.

Jan. 25, 1820.—After having been out ninety-four days, and witnessing nothing but floating barques like our own, some monsters of the deep, the expansive ocean and the wide-spread heavens, I can not describe to you the joyful emotions which the sight of land has this day produced. We have a fair view of Terra del Fuego on the right, and Staten Land on the left. The Captain has this evening heaved to, viewing it as dangerous passing the strait in the night, from the liability of meeting a gale in this tempestuous region.

Jan. 27.—Yesterday we entered the Strait of Le Maire, fifteen miles wide. The scene before us was interesting and sublime. On either side was a long continued range of mountains. The tops of some were covered with snow, while others reached to the clouds. There the naked eye could discover forests, trees, grass and sandbanks. But what interested my feelings most of all was the discovery of a smoke on the island of Terra del Fuego. Through spy-glasses two men could be discovered near it. Whether they were natives or shipwrecked mariners we knew not, nor could it be ascertained without much labor and danger.

Jan. 29.—By a strong wind we have been driven fifty or sixty miles east. Sails were taken down and we were carried before the wind. The incessant and violent rocking of the vessel keeps me here laid prostrate upon my couch. Oh, the luxury in feeble health of reclining on a bed with tranquillity and ease! But I must not, I wlll not repine. Even now, though tears bedew my cheeks, I wish not for an alteration in my present situation or future prospects. When I look forward to that land of darkness, whither I am bound, and reflect on the degradation and misery of its inhabitants, follow them into the eternal world, and forward to the great day of retribution, all my petty sufferings dwindle to a point, and I exclaim, what have I to say of trials, I, who can press to my bosom the word of God, and feel interested in those precious promises which it contains.

Feb. 21.—Several things respecting the mission appear in a much less favorable light than when I contemplated the subject in my native land. The circumstance which appeared so auspicious of the king's returning with his influence cast in the scale of civilization and christianity, *now* appears in the following light; that George Kaumualii is the illegitimate son of a chief. One reason why he sent him abroad, was to save him from falling a victim to the malice and jealously of his wife. On his return, he has serious apprehensions that his life will be sought. It was said that Kamehameha, the king, was wishing that instructors might be sent there, promising to be a father to them. Poor man! Age has carried him almost to his grave, and his decease presents the prospect of a civil war, to decide which of the chiefs shall be his successor.

I inquired of the Captain a few days since, if he thought there would be any danger of our lives being

taken at the Islands. He said, aside from intoxication, to which they were addicted, and which sometimes led them on to make bold assaults, he thought *not* in any other way than by the use of poisons. When they conceive a dislike, no intimation is given, but by these means they secretly seize on the first opportunity to accomplish their fatal purpose. Theft among them is a most common thing. I will mention one instance of this as a fair specimen of many. The Captain once visited the Sandwich Islands, having in his possession twenty-four shirts. By the time he left the Islands, the number was diminished to three. As we approach the field of our anticipated labors, the officers, to prepare our minds for future scenes and trials, kindly draw aside the vail which conceals their pollution and depravity. I will not *yet* draw a picture of their degradation and impurity. Enough—for the present, to give you some idea of the prospect before me. The nearer I approach those savage shores, the more I reflect on the subject, the great work magnifies, and I exclaim, Who is sufficient for these things?

March 11.—This afternoon, as the vessel lay becalmed, one of the officers, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Thurston, and two of the native youths went into the water to bathe. Only one hour after they came out, a shark was caught. When first observed it was approaching a sailor who was painting the outside of the vessel, his feet hanging down in the water. He was ignorant of his danger, until he received the alarm from one of our family. When caught, it seized hold of a hard stick of wood so violently as to break out several of its teeth, and continuing its grasp, by this means suffered itself in part to be drawn up into the vessel. A large bone was found in its stomach, thrown overboard at the time our friends were in the water. Its extended jaws, suffi-

cient to embrace a man's head, are now hanging up in a conspicuous place. How it makes the blood thrill through my veins when I think of the danger to which our friends were exposed! But as a matter of encouragement, amid all the perils which may await us in a savage land, may it strengthen my faith and confidence in Him who has this day been their preserver.

March 20.—When I gave my hand to Mr. Thurston, and came out from my father's house, to go far away to a land unknown, I felt assured of the care and friendship of one precious friend. But my expectations have been more than realized. To be connected with such a husband, and engaged in such an object, in the present state of the world, is, of all situations in life, what I choose.

Farewell, my dear friends. May the prospect of meeting you all in a world where trials, separations and sins shall be known no more, soothe the feelings, and animate the hopes of your affectionate and far distant daughter and sister,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE X.

Hawaii in Sight.

AFTER sailing one hundred and fifty-seven days, we beheld, looming up before us, March 30, 1820, the long looked-for island of Hawaii. As we approached the northern shore, joy sparkled in every eye, gratitude and hope seemed to fill every heart. The native youths were all animation, scarcely seeking the refreshment of either sleep or food. Hopu, though he was up all night that

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he might enjoy a glimmering view of Manna Kea,* after eating half a meal at breakfast table, begged to be excused, that he might go and see where his father lived.

ARTICLE XI.

Destruction of Idolatry.

TO LEARN the state of the Islands and the residence of the king, the captain sent a boat on shore with an officer, attended by Hopu and Honolii. Nearly three anxious hours we waited their return. Every minute seemed to whet our eagerness for news. Then, as Mr. James Hunnewell hastily came over the side of the vessel, we gathered closely around him. Quickly, with agitated lips he said:

"Kamehameha is dead;—his son Liholiho† is King;—the *kapus* are abolished;—the images are burned;—the temples are destroyed. There has been war. Now there is peace."

After the death of Kamehameha, Liholiho, the young king, and Hewahewa,‡ the last idolatrous high priest, cautiously approached a dangerous subject.

Priest.—"What do you think of the *kapus?*"

King.—"Do you think it well to break them?"

Priest.—"That lies with you."

King.—"It is as you say."

And in this way, endeavoring to penetrate each others sentiments, they were led to the expression of their own thoughts.

*Keopuolani, the king's mother, urged the king to

*Mow'-nah Kay' ah, the highest mountain on the Islands.
†Le'-ho-le'-ho.
‡Hay'-wah-hay'-wah.
*Kay-o-pu-o-lah'-ne.

violate the *kapus*, setting the example herself by eating with his younger brother.

*Kaahumanu, in authority associated with the king. decidedly told him that she would cast aside his gods To this he made no objections. Between them matter were arranged for the further development of their designs. He then smoked and drank with the female chiefs.

A feast was prepared after the custom of the country with separate tables for the sexes. When all the guests, including many foreigners, were in their places, the king rose up and said to Mr. Young: "Cut up these fowls and this pig;" which being done, he suddenly started off and went to the women's table, where, seating himself by the queens, he began to eat with a fury of appetite, requesting them to partake with him. The whole native assembly was struck with horror and consternation at the sight, and looked to see him fall down dead. But no harm to the king ensuing, they at length cried out with one voice, "The *kapu* is broken, the eating *kapu* is broken." When the feast, indulged in indiscriminately, was ended, the king issued his commands, that all the idols should be overthrown, the temples destroyed, and the priesthood abolished.

It was last October that the flames were lighted up to consume the sacred relics of ages. The high priest, Hewahewa, was the first to apply the torch.

He said: "I knew that the wooden images of deities, carved by our own hands, could not supply our wants, but worshipped them because it was a custom of our fathers. They made not the *kalo* to grow, nor sent us rain. Neither did they bestow life or health. My thought has

*Kah-ah-hu-mah'-nu.

always been, there is one only great God, dwelling in the heavens."

He was cordial in his welcome to his brother priests, as he styled the missionaries.

ARTICLE XII.

Second Priest.

THERE was another pagan priest who tenaciously adhered to the idols. In the presence of the king he was brought to the test of renouncing the system of idolatry by being required to eat some *poi* from the women's calabash. He *would not* do it. As a consequence, the king required him to drink a whole quart bottle of whisky. The natives then placed him perpendicularly by the body of a tree, and lashed him to it with a rope, in such a snug manner, that in a short time it squeezed the very life out of him. He was no farther care to them that night.

In the morning they took down his lifeless body, tied a rope to his heels and drew him about the village. When weary with that sport, they put the body on board a canoe, carried it out to sea, and threw it overboard.

ARTICLE XIII.

Missionary Movement in New England.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with these strange events on Hawaii, last September and October, a new and powerful impulse was given to missionary enterprise in the New England States. There was a deep interest and feeling, an extended moving and melting of heart.

Hasten, *hasten*, was the watchword that went from church to church.

Mr. Whitney, pursuing a course of study in Yale College, being in his sophomore year, was impelled to go to the heathen *at once.*

Captain and Mrs. Chamberlain, of independent property, surrounded by every comfort of a New England home, with five children, were impelled to go *at once*, taking their whole family with them.

Ladies were ready to go, leaving

> —"Home, and ease, and all the cultured joys,
> Conveniences, and delicate delights
> Of ripe society, in the great cause
> Of man's salvation."——

Six marriages were solemnized; two missionaries were ordained; a band was gathered from four different States, and a dozen different churches, to go forth as *messengers* of the churches, to the far distant land of Obookiah, having hold of the strong cable, of leaving the church on her knees. Obookiah from on high saw that day. He saw the darkness fleeing away from Hawaii, and that that mission family, so hastily fitted out, was going forth to carry the Bible to a nation without a God.

But we return to brig *Thaddeus*, sailing along the western coast of Hawaii.

ARTICLE XIV.

First Interview with Natives.

SOON the islanders of both sexes came paddling out in their canoes, with their island fruit. The men wore girdles, and the women a slight piece of cloth wrapped round them, from the hips downward. To a

civilized eye their covering seemed to be revoltingly scanty. But we learned that it was a full dress for daily occupation. All was *kapa*, beaten out of the bark of a certain tree, and could ill bear washing. Kamehameha I. as well understood how to govern, as how to conquer, and strictly forbade foreign cloth from being assumed by his large plebeian family.

As I was looking out of a cabin window, to see a canoe of chattering natives with animated countenances, they approached and gave me a *banana*. In return I gave them a biscuit. "*Wahine maikai*," (good woman) was the reply. I then threw out several pieces, and from my scanty vocabulary said, "*Wahine*," (woman.) They with great avidity snatched them up and again repeated, "*Wahine maikai.*"

Thus, after sailing eighteen thousand miles, I met, for the first time, those children of nature alone. Although our communications by look and speech were limited, and simple, friendly pledges received and given, yet that interview through the cabin window of the brig *Thaddeus* gave me a strengthening touch in crossing the threshold of the nation.

ARTICLE XV.

Arrival of Principal Chiefs.

APPROACHING Kawaihae Hopu went ashore to invite on board some of the highest chiefs of the nation. Kindly regarding the feelings of the ladies, he suggested that they put on garments. So they prepared for the occasion. Kalanimoku* was the first person of distinction that came. In dress and manners he appeared with the dignity of a man of culture. He was first intro-

*Kah-lah'-nee-mo'-koo.

duced to the gentlemen, with whom he shook hands in the most cordial manner. He then turned to the ladies, to whom, while yet at a distance, he respectfully bowed, then came near, and being introduced, presented to each his hand. The effects of that first warm appreciating clasp, I feel even now. To be met by *such* a specimen of heathen humanity on the borders of their land, was to "stay us with flagons, and comfort us with apples." Kalakua,* with a sister queen next welcomed us with similar civilities. They were two out of five dowager queens of Kamehameha. They had limbs of giant mould. I was taught to estimate their weight at three hundred lbs., and even more. Kalakua was the mother of three of the wives of the young king. Two wives of Kalanimoku followed. They were all attired in a similar manner, a dress, then the *pau*,† which consisted of ten thicknesses of the bark cloth three or four yards long, and one yard wide, wrapped several times round the middle, and confined by tucking it in on one side. The two queens had loose dresses over these.

Trammeled with clothes and seated on chairs, the queens were out of their element. They divested themselves of their outer dresses. Then the one stretched herself full length upon a bench, and the other sat down upon the deck. Mattresses were then brought for them to recline in their own way.

After reaching the cabin, the common sitting room for ladies and gentlemen, one of the queens divested herself of her only remaining dress, simply retaining her *pau*. While we were opening wide our eyes, she looked as self-possessed and easy as though sitting in the shades of Eden.

*Kah-lah-koo'-ah.
†Pah-oo'.

Kalanimoku dined with our family, eating as others ate. The women declined sitting with us. After we rose from table they had their own food brought on, raw fish and *poi*, eating with their fingers.

From Kawaihae the chiefs and their large retinue all sailed with us to Kailua,* where the king resided. They all slept on deck on their mats. While passing in the grey of evening between two rows of native men in Hawaiian costume, the climax of queer sensations was reached.

Kalakua brought a web of white cambric to have a dress made for herself in the fashion of those of our ladies, and was very particular in her wish to have it finished while sailing along the western side of the island before reaching the king.

ARTICLE XVI.

Sewing Circle.

MONDAY morning, April 3d, the first sewing circle was formed that the sun ever looked down upon in this Hawaiian realm. Kalakua, queen dowager, was directress. She requested all the seven white ladies to take seats with them on mats, on the deck of the *Thaddeus*. Mrs. Holman and Mrs. Ruggles were executive officers, to ply the scissors and prepare the work. As the sisters were very much in the habit of journalizing, every one was a self-constituted recording secretary. The four native women of distinction were furnished with calico patchwork to sew,—a new employment to them.

Tbe dress was made in the fashion of 1819. The length of the skirt accorded with Brigham Young's rule to his Morman damsels,—*have it come down to the tops*

*Ki-loo'-ah.

of the shoes. But in the queen's case, where the shoes were wanting, the bare feet cropped out very prominently.

ARTICLE XVII.

Kalanimoku

WAS prime minister of the king, and the most powerful executive man in the nation. He was sometimes called the "Iron cable of Hawaii."

Last January, while we were in the region of Cape Horn, a rebel chief usurped kingly power, to sustain the idols, and caused the blood of the last human sacrifice to flow. His party in favor of the idols was opposed by the king's force, led on by Kalanimoku, who proved victorious. When about to join battle he thus addressed his men: "Be calm—be voiceless—be valient—drink of the bitter waters, my sons—turn not back—onward unto death—no end for which to retreat."

Now the great warrior was among us, learning the English alphabet with the docility of a child. He often turned to it, and as often to his favorite teacher, Daniel Chamberlain, a son five years of age. "And a little child shall lead them."

[Six years after this Kalanimoku was called into the spirit land. He lived to receive, and to *love* the "glad tidings of great joy."

ARTICLE XVIII.

Anchored and Went Ashore.

APRIL 4th, Tuesday, A. M., one hundred and sixty-three days from Boston, the *Thaddeus* was anchored before Kailua. The queen dowager, Kalakua, assumed a

new appearance. In addition to her newly-made white dress, her person was decorated with a lace cap, having on a wreath of roses, and a lace half neckerchief, in the corner of which was a most elegant sprig of various colors. They were presents we had brought her from some American friends. When she went ashore, she was received by hundreds with a shout.

Captain Blanchard, Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, together with Hopu, went ashore and called on the king in his grass-thatched house. They found him eating dinner with his five wives, all of them in the free, cool undress of native dishabille. Two of his wives were his sisters, and one the former wife of his father.

After completing their meal, four of the wives, with apparent sisterly affection and great pleasure, turned to a game of cards. As was the custom, one wife was ever the close attendant of her regal lord.

Hopu then introduced Messrs. Bingham and Thurston as priests of the Most High God who made heaven and earth.

The letters were then read to the king from Dr. Worcester of Boston, and from the Prudential Committee, and the object for which they came to live among them was explained. The visitors then retired, leaving the subject for royal consideration.

ARTICLE XIX.

The King Dines on Board.

APRIL 6th, the king and family dined with us by invitation. They came off in a double canoe with waving *kahilis** and twenty rowers, ten on each side, and with a large retinue of attendants. The king was

*Kah-hee'-lee.

introduced to the first white women, and they to the first king, that each had ever seen.

His dress on the occasion was a girdle, a green silk scarf put on under the left arm, brought up and knotted over the right shoulder, a chain of gold around his neck and over his chest, and a wreath of yellow feathers upon his head.

We honored the king, but we loved the cultivated manhood of Kalanimoku. He was the only individual Hawaiian that appeared before us with a full civilized dress.

After dining with the royal family, all were gathered on the quarter-deck. There the Mission Family, the captain and officers sung some hymns, aided by the bass-viol, played by Kaumualii, a young native chief returning with us.

The king appeared with complacency, and retired with that friendly *aloha* that left behind him the quiet hope that he would be gracious.

ARTICLE XX.

Several of the Missionaries Go Ashore.

THE next day several of the brothers and sisters of the Mission went ashore, hoping that social intercourse might give weight to the scale that was then poising. They visited the palace. Ten or fifteen armed soldiers stood without, and although it was ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we found him on whom devolved the government of a nation, three or four of his chiefs, and five or six of his attendants, prostrate on their mats, wrapped in deep slumbers.

ARTICLE XXI.

The King's Position and Views.

THE king had just put down one religion. In doing it his throne had tottered. It was a grave question for him to accept a new one. Hopu, who was apt to teach, had told them that our religion allowed neither polygamy nor incest. So when Kamamalu*, the sister and marked favorite out of five queens, urged the king to receive the Mission, he replied: "If I do they will allow me but one wife, and that will not be you." His royal father had twenty-one wives.

Nor did the King seem to understand about learning what kind of a thing it was, and whether it would be good for his people. He asked a missionary to write his name on a piece of paper. He wrote it *Liholiho*. The king looked at it and said: "It looks neither like myself nor any other man."

ARTICLE XXII.

Permitted a Residence on Shore.

AFTER various consultations, fourteen days after reaching the Islands, March 12th, permission, simply for one year, was obtained from the king for all the missionaries to land upon his shores. Two gentlemen with their wives, and two native youth were to stop at Kailua. The rest of the Mission were to pass on forthwith to Honolulu†.

Such an early separation was unexpected and pain-

*Kah-mah-mah'-loo.

†Ho-no-loo'-loo.

ful. But broad views of usefulness were to be taken, and private feelings sacrificed.

At evening twilight we sundered ourselves from close family ties, from the dear old brig, and from civilization. We went ashore and entered, as our home, an abode of the most uncouth and humble character. It was a thatched hut, with one room, having two windows made simply by cutting away the thatch leaving the bare poles. On the ground for the feet was first a layer of grass, then of mats. Here we found our effects from the *Thaddeus;* but no arrangement of them could be made till the house was thoroughly cleansed.

On the boxes and trunks, as they were scattered about the room, we formed a circle. We listened to a portion of scripture, sang a hymn, and knelt in prayer. The simple natural fact speaks for itself. It was the first family altar ever reared on this group of islands to the worship of Jehovah.

Flat-topped trunks and chests served admirably in accommodating us to horizontal positions for the night. Honest Dick, a native who had been with us while lying in port, sat within, and the king sent soldiers to keep sentinel without. Notwithstanding all, the night proved to be nearly a sleepless one. There was a secret enemy whose name was legion lying in ambush; or rather we had usurped their rights and taken possession of their own citadel. It was the *flea.* Thus the night passed. But bright day visited us with its soft climate and gentle sea-breeze.

ARTICLE XXIII.

The Two Hawaiian Youth, and the Two American Missionaries.

IN the morning the two Hawaiian youth walked away to see the gentry; and having an eye to influence, they put on their best broadcloth suits and ruffled shirts, their conspicuous watch chains of course dangling from the fobs of their pants. Their hair was cut short on the sides and back of the head, but left long on top, to stand gracefully erect. Their style was just the same as if again about to enter the capacious drawing rooms of Boston where they had been received with so much eclat.

The two American missionaries rolled up their shirt sleeves above their elbows, and went to work in good earnest, removing from the house all their effects brought from the *Thaddeus*, conveying away all old mats and grass, giving a thorough sweeping to the thatch above, and the ground below, spreading down new grass and new mats, putting up two high post bedsteads of Chinese manufacture, lent them by Kamamalu, the queen, and bringing in such articles as would be a substitute for furniture. A large chest in the middle of the room served for a dining table, small boxes and buckets for dining chairs, and trunks for settees. We had block-tin tumblers, which answered well in receiving hot tea, and likewise served to impress the mind with the philosophical fact, through the lips and tips of the fingers, that metal is a good conductor of heat.

We trimmed the high post bedsteads with curtains; then added one from the foot corner to the side of the house, thereby forming at the back of each bed a spot perfectly retired. The two native youth were added to

the king's retinue. In twenty-four hours we found ourselves in circumstances comparatively neat and comfortable.

For three days the king's steward kept three pewter platters liberally supplied with fish, *taro* and sweet potato, cooked in the native manner.

For several days we received calls from the queens and their whole train of attendants, three or four times in a day, and at each time were solicited to hear them read. When the queens were at our house, we sisters were Marys; when they were away, we were Marthas.

ARTICLE XXIV.

Table.

THREE days after landing, king Liholiho gave us a large circular table of Chinese workmanship, having six drawers, which became a very eligible dining table. In that manner it was generally used for twenty years, until a family of children had risen and been dispersed. Since which time it has thirty years graced a parlor, every year becoming more and more valuable for its antiquity, and as having been a royal present at one of the most interesting periods of our lives.

ARTICLE XXV.

Development of Our Associates.

THREE days had not elapsed after landing when the wife of our associate invited me to a private conference. It was secured by going to a mud-walled store house near by. Having entered, we closed the door to exclude the scores of natives hovering about. But in

so doing we shut out the light of day. On two of our number "Tekel" has been written. They had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. The wife said she never would be willing to exercise that degree of self-denial which was called for by a situation among this people. In three months they left the station assigned them by the Mission, and branched out into independent plans, to terminate in returning to their native land.

Mr. Thurston, in writing for more aid, thus describes the character of persons wanted:

"We want men and women who have *souls;* who are crucified to the world, and the world to them; who have their eyes and their hearts fixed on the glory of God in the salvation of the heathen; who will be willing to sacrifice every interest but Christ's; who will cheerfully and constantly labor to promote His cause; in a word, those who are pilgrims and strangers, such as the apostle mentions in Hebrews, 11th chapter."

ARTICLE XXVI.

A Feast in Honor of Kamehameha I.

APRIL 29.—For two days we heard one continued yell of dogs. I visited their prison. Between one and two hundred were thrown in groups on the ground, utterly unable to move, having their fore-legs brought over their backs and bound together. Some had burst the bands that confined their mouths, and some had expired. Their piteous moans would excite the compassion of any feeling heart. Natives consider baked dog a great delicacy, too much so in the days of their idolatry ever to allow it to pass the lips of women. They never offer it to foreigners, who hold it in great abhorrence.

Once they mischievously attached a pig's head to a dog's body, and thus inveigled a foreigner to partake of it to his great acceptance.

The above mentioned dogs were collected for the grand feast which is this day made to commemorate the death of Kamehameha I. The king departed from his usual custom and spread a table for his family and ours. There were many thousand people present. The king appeared in a military dress with quite an exhibition of royalty. Kamamalu, his favorite queen, applied to me for one of my dresses to wear on the occasion; but as it was among the impossibles for her to assume it, the request happily called for neither consent nor denial. She, however, according to court ceremony, so arranged a native-cloth *pau*, a yard wide, with ten folds, as to be enveloped round the middle with seventy thicknesses. To array herself in this unwieldy attire, the long cloth was spread out on the ground, when, beginning at one end, she laid her body across it, and rolled herself over and over till she had rolled the whole around her. Two attendants followed her, one bearing up the end of this cumbrous robe of state, and the other waving over her head an elegant nodding flybrush of beautiful plumes, its long handle completely covered with little tortoise-shell rings of various colors.

Her head was ornamented with a graceful yellow wreath of elegant feathers, of great value, from the fact that after a mountain bird had been caught in a snare, but just two small feathers of rare beauty, one under each wing, could be obtained from it. A mountain vine, with green leaves, small and lustrous, was the only drapery which went to deck and cover her neck and the upper part of her person. Thus this noble daughter of nature, at least six feet tall and of comely bulk in propor-

tion, presented herself before the king and the nation, greatly to their admiration. After this presentation was over, her majesty lay down again upon the ground and unrolled the cloth by reversing the process of clothing.

ARTICLE XXVII.

Preaching and School.

THE first time that Mr. Thurston preached before the king through an interpreter, was from these words: "I have a message from God unto thee." The king, his family, and suite listened with attention. When prayer was offered, they all knelt before the white man's God.

The king's orders were that none should be taught to read but those of rank, those to whom he gave special permission, and the wives and children of white men. For several months his majesty kept foremost in learning, then the pleasures of the cup caused his books to be quite neglected. Some of the queens were ambitious, and made good progress, but they met with serious interruptions, going from place to place with their intoxicated husband. The young prince, seven years of age, the successor to the throne, attended to his lessons regularly. Although the king neglected to learn himself, yet he was solicitous to have his little brother apply himself, and threatened chastisement if he neglected his lessons. He told him that he must have learning for his father and mother both,—that it would fit him for governing the nation, and make him a wise and good king when old.

The king brought two young men to Mr. Thurston, and said: "Teach these, my favorites, Ii* and Kahuhu†. It will be the same as teaching me. Through them I

*E-e!

†Kah-hoo'-hoo.

shall find out what learning is." To do *his* part to distinguish and make them respectable scholars, he dressed them in a civilized manner. They daily came forth from the king, and entered the presence of their teacher, clad in white, while his majesty and court continued to sit in their girdles. Although thus distinguished from their fellows, in all the beauty and strength of ripening manhood, with what humility they drank in instruction from the lips of their teacher, even as the dry earth drinks in water!

[After an absence of some months, the king returned, and called at our dwelling to hear the two young men, his favorites, read. He was delighted with their improvement, and shook Mr. Thurston most cordially by the hand—pressed it between both his own—then kissed it.]

ARTICLE XXVIII.

Native Manners and Customs, and Domestic Privations.

FOR three weeks after going ashore, our house was constantly surrounded, and our doors and windows filled with natives. From sunrise to dark there would be thirty or forty at least, sometimes eighty or a hundred. For the sake of solitude, I one day retired from the house, and seated myself beneath a shade. In five minutes I counted seventy companions. In their curiosity they followed the ladies in crowds from place to place, with simplicity peering under bonnets, and feeling articles of dress. It was amusing to see their efforts in running and taking a stand, that so they might have a full view of our faces. As objects of curiosity, the ladies were by far the most prominent. White men had lived and moved among them for a score of years. In

our company were the first white women that ever stepped on these shores. It was thus the natives described the ladies: "They are white and have hats with a spout. Their faces are round and far in. Their necks are long. They look well." They were called "Long Necks." The company of long necks included the whole fraternity.

It was the custom of a chief to have a personal attendant to carry a spittoon, a flybrush, (to protect the extensive surface of bare skin,) and a square cloth for a covering, folded and borne upon the shoulder. The highest point of etiquette among illustrious Hawaiians was, *not to move.* So, court form, in receiving the most distinguished foreigner, was, *to keep the seat.*

An American lady, the active wife of a missionary, could not be measured by such a yard-stick. And thus it was, that in superintending at the cooking stove, in order to place civilized dishes on her husband's table, that she early became classed, by the people, in the category of cooks, whose special realm was the ship's caboose. Those were the only foreign cooks they had ever seen. The idea was natural enough,—the Captain's cook—the Missionary's cook.

Our stove was necessarily placed outside at a little distance from our front door. There was no back or end doors to native houses. The principal point of attraction in our village lay in full view, but a few rods from us. There were hundreds of natives, all ages, of both sexes, and of every rank, bathing, swimming, floating on surf boards, &c., nearly or quite in a state of nudity.

We could command only green brush wood, brought two miles on the backs of men, for cooking and heating our one iron, for smoothing all our light, thin, tropical

dresses, which had been so abundantly prepared for us. But to such dresses we were limited. Every quart of water was brought to us from two to five miles in large gourd shells, on the shoulders of men. The natives were too ignorant to wash without superintendence. A new article was sent to be washed at the fountain, but five holes were made in it by being rubbed on sharp lava. We had entered a pathway that made it wisdom to take things as they came,—and to take them by the smooth handle.

ARTICLE XXIX.

A Royal Feast.

KING Liholiho, the royal family, and a large retinue called upon us. The last urchin of the party entered the house, and crouched upon his heels within the royal presence. Seventy heads were counted whose feet crossed that threshhold. Soon the king's steward entered with a bearing that shewed how well he understood his responsibilities. He bore in his hands a large tray, the contents of which sent forth an aroma, which, to the initiated, was as if the pleasures of a full cup were poured out to them. It was a baked dog. He placed it on the table, tore it in pieces with his hands and teeth, then passed it around, each of the grandees taking a piece. For reasons not necessary to mention, the representatives of America, did not, as usual, partake of the regal repast.

ARTICLE XXX.

A Peculiar Exhibition that Marked the Times.

IT was evening twilight. I was behind the screen in a side room. From the outer door into the sitting room, proceeded these words: "Good evening, Mr. Thurston." It was a voice never to be forgotten. We were newly transplanted exotics. We had not then taken root. We were in the heart of the nation, shut up to a strange dialect, without associates, and without foreigners for neighbors. English words, in cultivated tones, fell with strange power upon the ear, and upon the heart. So it was when an American vessel visited our port. We heard words, and experienced deeds of kindness. God bless mariners. They are the links that connect us to the father-land. The white sails of the ship were again unfurled to the breeze, and the only vestige around us of civilization had passed away.

Then a whole sisterhood, embracing fifteen or twenty, assembled and took seats in a conspicuous part of the village to display themselves. Before the arrival of that ship, they were simply attired in native cloth. After her sailing, each one was arrayed in a foreign article, obtained from that very ship. Their own relatives and friends, perhaps fathers or brothers, or husbands, had paddled off that whole company of women and girls, to spend the night on board that ship, specially for the gratification of its inmates. When they returned, each one flaunted her base reward of foreign cloth.

Thus it was that when these children of nature first came in contact with a superior race, they were quickly led to follow a course, which in their view, won distinction and honor.

ARTICLE XXXI.

Life Alone No. I.

IT was a rule of the Mission, in the first years of sojourn among the heathen, not to expect it of a man and a wife to live alone at a station without the protection of a second family. The rest of the Mission at Honolulu, learning that by the withdrawal of our associate, we were thus situated, in the very heart of the nation, immediately dispatched a deputation of one, Mr. Whitney, to make a trip of more than a hundred miles to bring the isolated ones to share in each other's protection. That visit was to us like the visit of an angel. After long conference, he asked for a decisive answer to the invitation he had brought. Mr. Thurston said: "I wish, for the present, to remain at this post." Turning to me the deputy asked: "And what do *you* say?" I replied: "My feelings are expressed in the wishes of my husband." After a long pause, the response came, "I believe you were made to be missionaries." Under such a despotic government, it was all important that those in authority be taught and christianized. It was forging a key that would unlock privileges to a nation.

The house which we then occupied was, at the time of our landing, the best in the land, and was appropriately called the king's palace. It was distinguished from all others by having two doors. On the front side, close by the corner, was one, two feet and a half high. But the state entrance was in the middle of one side, where was a rudely constructed frame of a door, three and a half feet high. It was duly poised on hinges on one side, and connected by a hasp and staple on the other.

Two very narrow boards would have reached from hasp to hinges. But the board next the hasp was left off, that the door might be unhooked with the same ease on each side. So there was no means of fastening the door, either day or night, when at home or abroad. Thus situated, we could not both leave the house, and suffer our effects to be carried off, neither could I go out without an escort. Thus the lack of a lock kept me as with a lock for four months from passing beyond our own door-yard; and the lack of eyes in the back of my head, gave opportunity of having property taken in my very presence.

Thus situated, so often alone, having no protection whatever against the admission of evil, I stood in my lot, strengthening myself to the inglorious work of looking after the stuff, while my husband looked after the people; and the angels looked after me, for in my perilous position, not a hair of my head was singed.

ARTICLE XXXII.

Life Alone No. II.

ONE day Mr. Thurston attended a religious meeting. He had no sooner gone from the house when a company of natives, perhaps a dozen, excited by strong drink, advanced and stationed themselves outside the fence of the door yard. The gesticulations of their naked arms were frantic, and the house was made the target for the fiery glances of their wild eyes. Within that slight pole fence, stood our slight grass-thatched hut, where, from the door, everything met the eye at a glance. I cautiously closed the doors, and justly feeling the perils of being alone, stood for an hour, peeping out at a crevice, to note whether the house was to be invaded

or simply besieged. An hour contains sixty minutes, and a minute sixty seconds. But at that lone fearful post of observation, a second seemed to become a minute, and a minute an hour. Mr. Thurston's return was a signal for that inflamed party of natives to go their way. Anxiety and apprehension were washed away by the soothing waters of safety and peace, that swept through our humble dwelling.

ARTICLE XXXIII.

Life Alone No. III.

I WAS at my dwelling teaching the young prince who had half a dozen attendants with him. A pagan priest of the old religion, somewhat intoxicated, entered, and with insolent manners, divested himself of his girdle. Before I was aware every individual had left the house and yard. The priest and I stood face to face, *alone*. As he advanced, I receded. Thus we performed many evolutions around the room. In a retired corner stood a high post bedstead. He threw himself upon the bed and seemed to enjoy the luxury of rolling from side to side upon its white covering. On leaving it he again approached and pursued me with increased eagerness.

My tactics were then changed. I went out at one front door, and he after me. I entered the other front door, and he after me. Thus out and in, out and in, we continued to make many circuits. The scene of action was next in the door yard. There, being nearly entrapped in a corner, having a substantial stick in my hand, I gave the fellow a severe blow across the arm. As he drew back under the smart, I slipped by and escaped. Loss and pain together so enraged him that he picked up

clubs and threw at me. There we parted, without his ever touching me with a finger. In my flight I swiftly ran through the crowd, just as I was, straight toward the palace where Mr. Thurston was teaching, quarter of a mile distant. Under ordinary circumstances it was an imprudent pathway, the beach being lined with hundreds of the king's soldiers, retainers, and other idlers. I had not proceeded far, however, before I met my husband. The prince and his attendants, being frightened at the appearance of the priest, ran to tell Hopu. He quickly communicated it to Mr. Thurston, and so it was that he hastened to the rescue. As long as action was required, my strength, courage and self-possession were equal to the emergency. But when I sat down in my own dwelling, safe beneath the protection of my husband, there was a mighty reaction. Then came prostration, trembling and tears. In fifteen minutes the house was filled with scholars and their numerous trains of attendants. The queens were very sympathizing. With tears they often tenderly embraced me, joined noses and said: "Very great is our love to you."

The priest soon returned. His standing among the people was formerly very high, so that at his presence they all fell prostrate. Now he was commanded to retire from the door-yard. Refusing, he was walked out off the premises with a muscular strength that no common man could resist. Then, from an apprehension of his resentment, by applying a torch to our combustible house, two of our devoted pupils, John Ii and James Kahuhu, for a fortnight slept beneath our roof, with deadly weapons by their pillows. According to advice from foreigners, the king would have put the priest to death; but Mr. Thurston restrained him. We had been made to feel that it was imprudent for a lady to go

abroad unattended, but now it was found that a protector was necessary to make even home a safe asylum.

[A few years after, this same pagan priest visited a missionary. He penitently acknowledged his sins in general, and this in particular, and professed to have embraced the christian faith.]

[As far as is known, this is the only instance where a missionary lady ever received insult from a Hawaiian.]

ARTICLE XXXIV.

Removal from Kailua to Maui*.

AFTER spending the first seven months of missionary life in Kailua, the government removed from that place to Honolulu, in the latter part of the year 1820, and we were directed by the king to go too. We were to have accompanied him, but the vessel was so completely filled with natives as scarcely to leave room to recline in any position. So we remained, with the prospect of following them in five or six days. However, after having everything packed ready to put on board immediately, we were obliged in that state to remain three weeks, every few days being on the point of going.

At length, for the first time, we embarked on a native vessel for Maui. When on board, I was, at first, conducted through the crowd down into the cabin, not expecting again to set foot on deck till called to land. Mr. Thurston assured me that he did not think he could find a vacant place sufficiently large for me either to sit or stand, excepting in the cabin. But sickness and oppressive heat obliged me to make the trial, when I was kindly furnished with an eligible situation on the top of the companion way. Mr. Thurston stood at a little dis-

*Maui, an island lying half way between Kailua and Honolulu.

tance upon a ladder. Men, women and children, from grey hairs to the infant that had just seen light, were disposed of in almost every position that the mind could conceive. Four hundred and seventy-five souls were on that brig, and with the exception of a few individuals, all were then above deck. Several hundred calabashes, containing poi, fish, water, &c., provisions for the passage, occupied not a little room, while a large number of dogs, with here and there a nest of puppies, served to fill up the crevices. The officers were obliged to keep watch most of the time, and to proceed from place to place on the sides of the vessel. We were treated with a great deal of kindness, being presented with fruit, vegetables, fresh meat, &c. My hands, fingers, nails, and every part of dress, were examined and felt of with the utmost minuteness. They were all good, *very* good. Then they asked about my dear father, brothers and sisters in America, and contrasted the skill of the people in that land with their own ignorance.

ARTICLE XXXV.

Stay at Maui.

ON reaching Maui, we went ashore, and at the distance of half a mile from the beach, were received into a retired new thatched house built by Kalanimoku. It was under the care and occupied by an English sailor, who had been cast upon these shores, and who had previously been in our family at Kailua a fortnight. An own brother could not have given us a more welcome reception, or done more to render our situation comfortable and pleasant. The very next morning after our arrival, in a fit of intoxication, the king was off at the

other side of the island, followed by all the scholars and the whole tribe which came from Kailua. Here we were again in a posture of waiting for more than four weeks. For two months before leaving Kailua, I had not the means of washing garments at all. Now when the finest streams of water were running at our feet, our dirty clothes were in the vessel's hold, at the other side of the island. When I ultimately obtained them at Honolulu, more than two months after I put them on board at Kailua, most of them were soaking wet, and had so long been in that state, as to be nearly or quite ruined.

ARTICLE XXXVI.

Removal from Maui to Honolulu.

HAVING obtained permission from the king, who was still on the other side of the island, to proceed to Honolulu, we went, one evening, on board the famous barge *Cleopatra*, by invitation from the captain. It had a spacious cabin elegantly ornamented. As we approached the shore at Honolulu, our hearts were gladened by seeing Mr. Bingham on the beach waiting to receive us.

Then rose to our view a village of thatched huts. It was bare of trees save groves of cocoa-nuts on the margin of the shore. Beyond stretched out an extensive plain, open on one side to the sea, otherwise hemmed in with an amphitheatre of mountains, some of the nearest as naked of trees as the village. But the more remote were dressed with nature's richest, most verdant robes.

After walking half a mile, followed by a crowd of natives, we reached the wicket gate of the large *kapued* inclosure of the missionary establishment, which was dotted with new thatched cottages. We were conduc-

ted into a large room, with seats of plank around its sides. There the whole family immediately assembled, and gave us a cordial welcome. A circle was at once formed, who united in singing. Then all knelt in thanksgiving and prayer to Him, who, during our separation, had been our preserver, granted some degree of success to our efforts, and was opening up before us prospects of increased usefulness. A little cottage of one room was given up to our accommodation, and we were again reinstated in the bosom of the mission family, December 21st, 1820.

ARTICLE XXXVII.

The King, the Russian Commodore, and the Missionaries Public Table.

AFTER spending several months in passing from place to place, the king, Kaahumanu, and the rest of the royal family, came to reside at Honolulu. The very next morning after their arrival, the king called on the Mission family. He, with his queens, visited every family cottage, the schoolroom, the cookhouse, and examined the well. An improvement of window frames and wooden shutters had been introduced into our own personal cottage of one room. Into the window shutter on the east side of the cottage, one pane of glass had been admitted. It was probably the first pane of glass through which the sun ever pierced its rays into a dark Hawaiian hut. The walls of our dwelling were lined with fine mats. To a common dining chair, the only one we possessed, Mr. Thurston had attached rockers, arms, and a high back. He had, likewise, with a saw, broad-axe and jack-knife, made a settee, which had been trimmed with furniture calico. Trunks and chests, liberally placed around the walls of the room, answered the dou-

ble purpose of receptacles and seats. There was a tier of shelves, containing a library, and a table with two writing desks upon it. A good sized traveling looking-glass, opened and firmly suspended at a due distance above a toilette, which, with a high post bedstead, was trimmed with white throughout, curtains, valances, and spread. Then, to the severe simplicity of the room, was given a touch of decoration, by vines of mountain evergreen.

Our royal visitors examined every part of the room, and every piece of furniture in a most critical manner. All was pronounced to be *very* good, and the hands that prepared them *very* skillful. The king felt the bed. Finding it a mattrass, he sought farther and entered another cottage. There the feather bed had just been stripped. Unceremoniously he threw himself upon it and rolled from side to side in a jovial manner, that he might the more fully experience its soft delights. In passing out they met with our hand cart. The king took a seat in the bottom of it, and thus backwards was drawn by his servants with speed to the village. A large retinue of attendants, his wives, and an armed guard, all scampered across the plain to keep up with his majesty, their loose garments flying in the trade wind.

We had little more than time to adjust our things after this company left us, before another of fifteen distinguished characters approached our establishment. They came in solitary grandeur, destitute of a retinue to carry shawls, spittoons, fly-brushes, and guns. They were the commodore of the Imperial Russian Navy, his aged venerable chaplain of the Greek church, and thirteen of the officers, all in their appropriate uniforms. The chaplain wore his long sacerdotal garment, his white beard reaching down and nearly covering his bosom.

Again our little hut was completely filled. Only two of the gentlemen could speak English; but they were none the less social for being unacquainted with our language. They belonged to an Exploring Expedition, and they seemed well pleased to explore our premises, our cottages, school-room, the meat of our table, the sitting of our mission family, the attendance of our native boarding scholars, and our manner of ministering to those who sat at table. In the school-room, lessons first recited in Hawaiian, were translated into English, then into Russian. In their splendid uniforms, these officers again came on shore, and sat with us at the frugal board of our united band.

Our dining table was sufficiently long to seat twenty-five, and was encircled by benches without backs. It stood in a long open piazza which connected three cottages by the gable ends. Bushes were spread for the feet. A colored cloth was the table's accustomed covering, while salt beef, sea-bread, *kalo*, coffee, tea, a small portion of goat's milk, and two molasses bottles well replenished, were seldom known to fail. On gala days, the sombre covering of the table was exchanged for white damask. Molasses bottles, too, might give place to the more refined sweets of brown sugar.

Our steward was unwearied in his chance efforts to obtain what was so very scarce, a pig for roasting. What was more, it was the second year in the history of Hawaii, that woman might either partake of baked pork or sit at table with her noble lord. Two priests headed our table. The one saw to it that all piously turned their thoughts to the living bread; the other, that each received a portion of the bread that perisheth.

ARTICLE XXXVIII.

Permission at Length Obtained for Erecting the First Wooden House on the Islands.

A HOUSE had been sent out by the American Board to their missionaries who asked permission to put it up. The king decidedly said: "No, in that respect I wish to follow the policy of my father. He never allowed foreigners to build a house but for the king." It was in vain to tell him that one of our young mothers had suffered a severe illness, the result of living on the ground, saturated with flooding rains.

Some time elapsed, when two of the missionaries, accompanied by their wives, called on the king and again made application for erecting their house. But the reply was a decided negative. While the missionaries were retiring and saying *aloha* to the numerous members of the royal household, one of the ladies stepped to the elbow of the king. She would have said, "If we have found grace in thy sight, allow the foreign ladies who have come to serve thee, to save their health and their lives, by living in such a house as they have been used to." But the grace of idiomatic language in that new dialect was wanting, She spoke necessarily in feeble, broken language. Yet the king was quick to discover and appreciate her want, and immediately replied, "Yes, build." Then she joined her friends. But her request and the king's answer were not mentioned. She thought, let the king be a king, and in again referring to this subject let him speak thoughts that spontaneously arise in his mind without being reminded of previous utterances. And beside, she had too much sympathy and

reverence for the leading missionaries to drop a word to show that *her* prayer before the throne had been more availing than theirs. A few days after, the king and several of his chiefs called and sat with the mission family at table. There, in presence of them all, he expressed his full approbation of their erecting their house. He likewise renewed his former permission to allow our company to remain in his kingdom to labor as missionaries.

ARTICLE XXXIX.

Opposition of White Men.

THERE was a clique of foreigners whose interest and influence it was to have the reign of darkness continue, and who opposed the missionaries with all their power. They would have induced the king to give a very different turn to affairs. They had a withering influence on his downward habits. But respecting the missionaries, the king thought with manly independence. He said: "Those men will talk, and talk, and talk; but they know nothing of what they are talking about."

They spread wide the report of the missionaries being spies; that their concealed aim was to take the Islands; and that the house and cellar was for storing firearms and ammunition. Multiplied were the stories put in circulation of seeing articles to that effect in the publications of the day; of vessels of war being on the way, when they would arrive, &c. As one story failed, two more would be fabricated. Some discerning natives saw through the fallacy of it and inquired: "If that is their object, why did they bring their wives and children?" The missionaries leaving it to Hopu to disabuse

the native mind, attented to their own business like as soldiers in the day of battle, whose part it is to load and fire, load and fire, without attending to the rattling of musketry on the side of their opponents. When company after company came to see the house, having much to say about guns and powder, Hopu facetiously warned them, "Don't approach so near as to be injured should the magazine explode!"

ARTICLE XL.

The Native Orphan Babe.

MR. and Mrs. Loomis called to see an orphan babe. Its little body clothed as it were with disease, was reduced to a very skeleton. Its mother only lived to give it birth. Another woman after having charge of it four months, died also. Four weeks had since worn away. The child's only food from the first had been fish and *poi*. The father, a white man, without exercising the least care for the child, had taken a new wife and gone to the opposite side of the Island. The woman with whom it lodged, said it would die. Mrs. Loomis offered to take it if she would give it up to her to keep as her own. She, with tears, immediately laid the afflicted, forsaken one in her arms. By the faithful care of Mrs. Loomis by night and by day, it recovered from its diseased state, and was beginning to thrive. But a more fatal disease fixed upon it,—dropsy in the head. To hear the groans and cries of the little sufferer, to see it waving its little hands, no larger than those of a new-born infant, was very touching. In seven weeks from the time of its admission into the mission family, it followed its mother to the "land of silence."

ARTICLE XLI.

The King's Visit.

AGAIN the king made us a call, dressed for once like a gentleman, with ruffled shirt, silk vest, pantaloons and coat. How he moved among his subjects with all the nobility of a king! He was in one of his very best moods. Everything we did was good in the superlative degree. He examined the house and cellar and was delighted. He wished the good people of America to send *him* a house, three stories high; one story in which to worship Jehovah, as by and by, in five years, he was going to pray.

He wished to have the missionaries learn all the Hawaiian sounds,—he would assist them, and then books and prayers in the native language could be printed. He criticised the pronunciation of some dozen words. He wished to know how far his favorite young men under Mr. Thurston had proceeded in their spelling books and Testaments. When he was shown, and had looked at their writing books, he three times expressed how *very* sorry he was that he had left off learning; felt vexed with himself for so doing. He was ashamed to begin a second time, and many people had told him that they should think he would be. In giving his *aloha*, his parting address was: "Don't pray for rain to-day, because we are going to have a grand dance."

ARTICLE XLII.

Mr. Thurston to Mrs. Thurston's Father.

HONOLULU, OCT. 7, 1821.

SIRE—

When I take up my pen to address a far distant and honored friend, a thousand thoughts and feelings rise to give utterance. I think I hear you ask, with all the tenderness and affection of a father, "Where now is Lucy;—what new and trying scenes has she passed since I gave her the parting hand and the last look? Has the presence of Jesus sustained and comforted her in times of affliction and distress? Has she enjoyed the smiles of the covenant God? Yes, often have we had occasion to speak of divine goodness. Often have we bent the knee in united thanksgiving to that gracious Savior, to whose service we have sacredly devoted our lives, our all. But on the morning of the 28th of September, we had occasion to sing of special mercies. Through the interposition of the supporting delivering hand of our heavenly Father, Lucy was made the joyful mother of a fine little daughter. We wept, and prayed, and rejoiced together over this new accession to our comfort and care, and in view of that new relation which we now sustain as parents.

Lucy is feeble. A slight cough has newly set in, which prevents her gaining strength. We hope it may be better in a few days. If it should not, our fears for her health will be aroused. We have no physician, for the Dr. and his wife left this place three days after her confinement, for America. Everything is done for her which we know how to do. She is now taking those medicines which she used when in America under her

father's roof. Our only hope is in the great Physician, who is ever with his servants and will preserve their lives so long as he has anything for them to do, or during all the days of their appointed time. The Lord will do right. I beg you not to be distressed on her account.

ARTICLE XLIII.

Sickness and Recovery.

AGAIN I am permitted to hold my pen, which I sometimes thought had been dropped forever. When in a very weak state, a very slight cough commenced and increased. I knew its features. It seemed to look me mockingly in the face and say: "I have tracked you from your father's house, have waited and watched my opportunity, when I could best seize upon, and become your victor." My state became critical. There was no physician in the kingdom. But I was tenderly nursed. The ladies at the station were kind, but such were their circumstances that the principal care in the sick room devolved on Mr. Thurston. He was equal to it, even as a mother would have been. It is an important qualification in a missionary who goes to an unenlightened land, well to understand the beautiful lesson of girding himself with a towel, and being able with skill and tenderness to wash the disciples' feet. When I became convalescent, it was said to me: "We thought we should lose you by a quick consumption." Yet I have again the promise of life, having a double being to consecrate to the Giver and Preserver.

ARTICLE XLIV.

The Wooden House Finished and Occupied. Visited by the Royal Family. Kaahumanu's and Kaumualu's Marriage.

THE wooden structure had been reared and finished, having board floors, glass windows, and two flights of stairs, leading the one up chamber, and the other down cellar. The front door opened into the hall, which extended through the house. At the right, on entering, was the large common receiving room. On the left, my own private apartment. The two back rooms on either side the hall, were for the accommodation of two other families. The table was spread in the basement, and the cook-house was separated a little distance from the house. Our families had entered and made it our home. The royal party with a large retinue came to view a thing so unique. I was still in retirement, but they must see all that was to be seen. Of course, for a time, my room was pretty well packed with the grandees of the nation. It had its attractions. there was their white teacher under new circumstances. And there was her white infant, neatly dressed in white. A child dressed! Wonderful, most wonderful!! To witness home scenes and the manner in which we cherished our children, seemed, in a child-like way, to draw forth their warmest affections.

Then the room! It was lighted up with two glass windows. The floor and trimmings were painted. A friend gave us some paper to cover its walls, just such as he happened to have, delicate and gay,—its color pink, its vines tinsel. How eloquent the natives were in referring to their own naked neglected children, and their dark, dingy, thatched huts!

The royal party, closely followed by their large

retinue, left our house and premises. It was a satisfactory interview. What happy influences from it we hoped would light down upon our opening prospects! But behind the scenes lay a sequel. Motherhood had not reached the point of endurance; for before midnight Mr. Thurston and Mrs. Chamberlain were called to my bedside, to stay the tide of fever and delirium.

It was also a memorable night to two personages of the royal party. It is a custom in the nation that women, and girls even, become leading parties in proposing marriage. Kaahumanu and Kaumualii, while walking to the mission house, touched, for the first time on a tender subject. Again they alluded to it while reclining beneath the shades of that wooden structure. While returning home over the plain, they conferred upon it still more freely. That night Kaahumanu, associated with the king in the government of Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, &c., and Kaumualii, tributary king of Kauai, reclined side by side on a low platform, eight feet square, consisting of between twenty and thirty beautiful mats of the finest texture. Then a black *kapa* (native cloth) was spread over them. The significance of it was, it pronounced the royal pair to be husband and wife. An important political union was likewise peaceably effected, connecting the windward and leeward islands under one crown. Hopu was present and witnessed the simple ceremony so full of meaning.

ARTICLE XLV.

First Introduction of a Written Language.

AN alphabet of twelve letters was fixed upon which would give every sound in the pure Hawaiian dialect. In one year and nine months after the missionaries

left the brig *Thaddeus*, a Hawaiian spelling book was issued from the press. The chiefs received it with deep interest; the scholars with enthusiasm. Writing letters in the native language was soon introduced. A door was now opened which allowed learning to become general.

Gov. Cox, of Maui, brother of Kaahumanu, dreamed that he saw the whole island on fire, and all the water in the surrounding sea could not quench the flames. He sought for safety, but in vain—he could find no shelter. Awaking in horror, his heart turned to the teachings of the missionaries; how they told of escaping destruction by a Savior. In the evening he sent a messenger for two missionaries to come to him. A goodly number of chiefs were there, many of whom were lying on the mat learning to spell or read, and some to write. Gov. Cox communicated to the missionaries the cause of his inquietude, and sought instruction. They preached to him of Jesus, and fervently prayed for his salvation and that of his people. They were requested to come again in the morning at daylight, to conduct family worship.

In the morning more than sixty natives of rank were there assembled, and all behaved with an effecting decorum, rarely seen at public services. Thus, evening and morning the missionaries continued to repair to his house, to teach and to assist him in establishing family worship, which he said he was determined should daily be performed under his roof. He said, "others might do as they pleased, but he should have all people taught to read and write, and to understand the good Word." So he not only opened his own house for the worship of God, but for school instruction for himself and others.

Gov. Cox's example produced happy effects. A multitude flocked to attend public worship, headed by

kings and chiefs, on whose movements under God hung suspended the interests of the nation. The principal characters, almost without exception, together with a throng of common people, united in the cry, "Give us books. Give us teachers." This new impulse called into exercise all the energies of the mission. Scholars from the school already established at our house, afforded important aid in instructing the people. Three chiefs of magnificent stature and lofty bearing came to the mission house for a teacher. All were already employed, down to George, six years old, a native child that had been given to me. He possessed a good mind, was an English scholar, had been thoroughly instructed, and was perfect in his Hawaiian lessons. One of the chiefs placed the little fellow on his shoulder, and bore him away in triumph, saying, "This is my teacher." He proved to be efficient, and manfully, with much pleasure, continued to repair twice to their place daily.

The king sent for one hundred spelling books, to give to his friends and attendants who were destitute, and gave commandment to have his five wives learn both to read and write. In consequence of which, some of his servants came to us to borrow tables and chairs for the accommodation of those high ladies at their lessons in this new and wonderful art.

ARTICLE XLVI.

The American Deacon.

WE were on terms of social intercourse with our foreign neighbors. One afternoon, three of the most intelligent and influential were invited to sit with us at tea. One was an officer of the American govern-

ment, two were captains of merchant ships. They were all, with each other, congenial spirits. Hand joined in hand.

After they were seated in the midst of our circle, conversation flowed readily. Captain D., who was the very life of society, never at a loss for a theme, even though it involved a boon companion, thus ventilated his ideas. "*I* never acknowledge the claims of a Superior Power. I am my own, and have my liberty to do just as I please, and to seek my own happiness in my own way. It is proper for *me* to do so. But when I see a man at home, on sacramental occasions, carrying around a silver platter, then, in coming round here, I say, he has no *right* to live like us, poor sinners." He knew where the remark fitted, and so did captain E.. (at home called Deacon E.,) who sat at his left hand. He had the grace to blush, and left the room to recover in the open air from his confusion.

[Sometime after captain E., alias Deacon E., received a private letter of admonition from the body of missionaries. The purport of some part of it was this: "If a standard bearer of a church plunge with his own hand the banner of his great Captian in the slimy mire of the streets, and thus trail it along, a dishonored and contemptible thing, his own church ought to know it."

He felt something now beside blushes. The whole man was moved. He repaired to the mission house, with a comrade, entered unbidden, and forced his way through different apartments, to the private bedroom of a missionary. There, in the presence of his wife, he brandished his heavy cane like a mad man, and with fury gave utterance to his own expressive language. "Apologize for that letter, or I'll kill you. I have a family at home that I respect, and I am not a going to have imformation conveyed to the ears of my church."

No apology was made, and no murder committed. It was simply a threatening, boisterous interview of two hours' continuance. The feeble wife of the missionary, who was just rising from a critical illness, in which she had been three months confined to her couch, was completely prostrated. The little daughter of five summers, who saw it all, asked why it was that natives were so kind to her father, and white men so cruel.

No obstruction was placed in the way of the captain, alias Deacon, from brushing up his professional coat in rounding Cape Horn, and returning to exercise his spiritual functions in his own church. He would be sustained by his adult son, his companion in travels and sojourn. For the son well knew that the father could turn upon him and say: "Keep close, for *I* can make disclosures respecting *you*."

ARTICLE XLVII.

Interview with a Sea Captain.

AN intelligent sea captain called on us, an old familiar acquaintance of ours. He spoke most decidedly on the subject that no permanent good could be effected among these islanders. I directed his attention to the change which had taken place in the South Sea Islands through missionary effort. He seemed to understand the nature of many of our severest trials, and said "that the debasing influence of the many foreigners that touched here, was an insuperable obstacle to the conversion of this people." I freely acknowledged how keenly trials were felt from that quarter, but told him that they had no tendency to cause the missionaries to give up. "Oh, he had no objections to instructing the natives; thought, indeed, that it was very well; but *men* ought to

do it, without subjecting ladies to the trials of this heathen land." Although he belonged to the same class as those to whom I alluded, I could not forbear saying that if the ladies had accomplished no other good, they had been the means of securing a footing for their husbands, as some of our American friends had agreed that they would drive every missionary from the Islands, were it not that they so much respected the feelings of the ladies. We both smiled, and were both willing to change the subject.

ARTICLE XLVIII.

The First Christian Marriage.

HOPU, in visiting the back part of Maui with the king, was particularly attracted by one of the daughters of the land. When he returned to Honolulu, he brought to our cottage the girl of eighteen, wishing to commit her to me for special training. He said: "As the Almighty has excited in my heart such strong yearnings for her, I think it is his will that I marry her." I therefore received her as the betrothed wife of our beloved Hopu. A little cottage for her accommodation was erected near our own, and for more than a year she became my pupil and close companion. As she developed, she exhibited a rare character among her fellows. Private domestic life was congenial to her native taste, in opposition to free and open publicity. Amiable, piously disposed, with a warm heart, ever open to receive instruction, she daily did much, very much, to promote my happiness. At length, Hopu felt that she had been sufficiently instructed to warrant his leading her to the hymeneal altar. Their marriage was publicly solemnized in the church. The king and principal chiefs were there.

Hopu appeared as usual in his gentlemanly black suit. By his side stood Delia, dressed in a style that raised her to his standard. To her complete and fashionable dress in white, was added a trimmed straw bonnet. It was the first native woman's head that had been thus crowned. All seemed pleased, and after the services were over, shook the new-made pair most cordially by the hand, giving their *aloha.*

ARTICLE XLIX.

Mr. Thurston. About to Sail with the King.

HONOLULU, OCT. 20, 1822.

My dear, dear Husband:

Your tender farewell note I have just received. My feelings prompt me to reply. Yes, the same Providence which, in a mysterious manner, connected and placed us in the missionary field, has now called us, for the first time, to separate. I truly rejoice in the prospect of your contemplated short excursion, viewing it as placing you in a situation to facilitate your gathering up, and becoming master of this unwritten language. Still this heart will keenly feel the absence of such a friend; of such a husband. I shall find an unspeakable happiness in often commending you to Him, who has promised to be with His devoted servants. The little concert at nine, I shall regard with peculiar interest. You assure me of your prayers. How comforting the reflection! I hope you will be unwearied in your daily efforts to become thoroughly acquainted with the language, and that you will not too long delay addressing the people, independently of an interpreter, though with a stammering tongue.

I shall make my little room as pleasant as I can, and devote my attention to the needle, the pen, the language, the school, and our dear little one. She will be a great comfort to me, and help to cheer many a pensive hour. Oh, for wisdom to govern her aright! I shall think much of you, and the privations you are called to suffer in the cause of Him who had not where to lay His head. May He comfort you by His presence, and make you instrumental of bringing many to a knowledge of that salvation which He died to purchase. Adieu. Your loving Wife.

ARTICLE L.

The One Eyed Scholar.

I HAD a scholar about eight years of age. Her erect figure, clear smooth skin, regular features, slightly curling hair, and full black eye, with the long black fringes of its covering, made her a good specimen of the loveliness of childhood.

But the beauty of that fine production of nature was marred by violence. The ball of her right eye had been scooped out entirely, so that the full orbed eye of death in its gentle sleep, was far less revolting than that concave appearance.

"My child, how *did* you lose your eye?"

"I ate a banana."

She could not have been more than five years old when the idols were destroyed. Had she been of mature years, her *life* would have been taken. The priests taught the people that breaking *kapu* would be visited by the gods with death. Yet they were very assiduous in keeping spies abroad in the land, to obtain a knowl-

edge of facts, that they themselves might bring vengeance on the unwary.

ARTICLE LI.

Welcome to Mrs. Bishop.

HONOLULU, APRIL 27TH, 1823.

IS it possible that in the long expected Mrs. Bishop, I am to find my much loved friend Elizabeth Edwards.* I was overcome by the first intelligence. Welcome, doubly welcome to the warmest affections and sympathies of this heart, to the comfort and privileges of this establishment, to the pleasures, toils, and work of missionary life. How I long to embrace you—to receive precious intelligence from my dear friends and native country—and to tell you how gracious the Lord has been in two days ago bringing me to this bed of confinement and comfort, laying in my fond arms another precious treasure, another daughter. Much love to each individual of your dear female band. I shall anticipate an early interview with feelings more easily felt than expressed. Very affectionately,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LII.

Merchant and Missionary Lady.

MRS. Loomis was one day walking on the wide path of the plain near the mission house at Honolulu. A village merchant, who had in a social manner been

*She belonged to my native town, and with sister Persis and myself went forty miles and attended Bradford Academy. We boarded in the same family, and occupied the same chamber. Mr. Bishop said that Mrs. Bishop and myself were so much alike in our ideas and plans, he thought we were both born under one planet.

admitted to our social board, approached on horseback. That was his season of relaxation, and there was an opportunity of exciting healthy, pleasurable emotions. So he guided his high mettled steed toward the lady, to go *just as near as possible* without collision. He wanted to give her a start. Her bonnet and shawl, and high trade winds, and the merchant, and the merchant's horse, were too much for her. The first she knew she was prostrate on the ground, and her whole person was exposed to the tramp of heavy hoofs.

There was no police, no courts of justice, no standard of public opinion. Every one did what was right in his own eyes.

Well, the lady *had* a start as was intended. She was, in fact, thoroughly frightened. Yet, in mercy to us all, her life was spared. She was confined for a season to her bed, to woo nature to the slow process of obliterating injuries, which violence was so quick to give. Her suffering husband and two infant children, long continued to see day open and close upon them, without the cheering activities of the wife and mother.

As the merchant's recklessness proved to be something more than a joke, he expressed his sorrow and sympathy by presenting to the lady a shawl. A shawl! How many of the down-trodden women of the land were lured into sin for a like reward! And the wife of a man of holy calling was trifled with, and received a similar gift.

ARTICLE LIII.

Scenes on a Native Vessel.

IN the latter part of the year 1823, we again embarked on board a native vessel, as we were designated by the mission to re-occupy the station at Kailua. Naihe and Kapiolani, principal chiefs, were on board and extended over us a paternal care. We were always invited, and usually partook with them at their meals. To be sure the style and manner, in their present circumstances, was not altogether such as would meet the most fastidious taste and appetite. When the faithful, half clad servant so kindly cleansed a bowl on the flap of his only garment, in which to prepare some tea, lading in the sugar with unsparing hand, and crumbing in the sea bread with his teeth, I could not do else than receive and drink it, saying nothing for conscience' sake!

We were accommodated in the cabin. It is impossible to tell how often the pipe came along, passed from hand to hand, from lip to lip, and the room became perfumed with all that is odorous in tobacco smoke, rising and issuing from their mouths as from a chimney. Then the containers for food were introduced, and the most nauseating messes of fish laid open. But when the group, sitting upon their heels, encircling the dish, sucked their besmeared fingers, and smacked their lips with so much apparent gusto, the result might perhaps prove that my senses of sight and smell were at fault. This I can state for certainty, the annoying cockroaches, which gathered in such swarms around every corner of my berth, now and then took such liberties as to make me start. During the night the natives kept dropping

in till the cabin was crowded. With dead-lights closed, so much heat and such confined air, it seemed almost suffocating. Disregarding quietude, even during the hours when nature calls for rest, their united songs and chit-chat, went to form a prolonged clamor. Such were the circumstances in which we were called to resign ourselves to sea-sickness; such the state in which two little ones were demanding the care and sympathy by night and by day; yet had circumstances permitted, I should myself have been laid prostrate. I survived the voyage: nor with all my sufferings did I once dream it otherwise, save when in all the gloom of midnight, a tumult on deck would arouse us from short "disturbed repose," with apprehensions that the vessel was foundering. What the captain's knowledge and skill were, I knew not; but judging by external appearance, he was on a level with the lowest sailor before the mast. He was the only white man on board beside Mr. Thurston; but there was a deck completely covered with men, women, children, dogs and puppies, of whose aid in case of any emergency or *real* danger, I suppose there would not be much choice.

After being out four dreadful nights from Honolulu, we reached Lahaina. It was as the haven of rest, for I was almost exhausted. Mrs. Richards pronounced me as looking more ill than when on a bed of sickness. By the kind attentions of our friends I revived, and in the united families of Messrs. Stewart and Richards, we spent a week long to be remembered. But the sweets of friendship and christian intercourse were again to be exchanged for the trials of the vessel. To reach it we were necessarily accommodated in a single canoe. Mr. Thurston took charge of the elder child, and the younger fell to me. On my first entering the canoe, my feet be-

came completely drenched with water. A piece of wood that crossed the top I accepted as a seat, and thankful I was that my strength held out, thus to poise myself, and retain my grasp of the struggling babe, until reaching the far off vessel. There after a few hours spent in adjusting our things and getting out to sea, everything seemed as perfectly natural as though we had not seen Lahaina. The next afternoon we were safely anchored off Kailua. An English vessel had arrived a little before us, bringing the king. The captain kindly offered a boat for our accommodation, and we reached the shore a few minutes after his majesty. He had advanced a short distance, and stood fixed a little way from his circled multitude of subjects, long reciprocating their loud and affectionate wailings.

The governor's attention being directed to the king, we were thrown on the kindness of Mr. Young, who introduced us to a house belonging to the governor, and ordered coffee, fresh fish and potatoes to be set before us. Mr. Thurston's writing desk and dressing case were placed together upon the mat, making a neat little table. It was completely covered with dishes, and not a vacant plate or utensil, save Mr. Thurston's ever present helper, which he drew from his side pocket. We sat in the enjoyment of this most comforting repast, on the mat, holding conversation with Mr. Young, who sat at a little distance, ever watchful to give commands to the waiting attendants.

The king made us a call, and mentioned his early intention of visiting in person England and America.

The evening closed upon us in peace. We spread our bed upon the mat, gave our *aloha* to the last lingering native, and once more enjoyed undisturbed solitude and repose. Early the next morning Mr. Thurston went

on board the vessel, and spent most of the day in landing our effects, and placing them in a building assigned us by the governor. With my two babes and two boys, I remained a spectacle for the rude throng which pressed around the door. That evening we were enabled to spread our own table beneath what we might transiently be allowed to call our own roof.

ARTICLE LIV.

Trials of Taking a New Station.

IN consequence of my distressing voyage to Kailua, and the subsequent trials of getting settled, pulmonary symptoms were again induced. Our dwelling was not privileged with a yard. Of course our doors and premises were thronged with natives from morning till night. Had I been thus situated without domestic duties to perform, I could have mingled with the multitude and acquired a knowledge of their language and character. But I was reduced in health, with two babes, the elder fast picking up language, and receiving permanent impressions. Every one experienced in the nursery knows how little it comports with the feelings and active spirit of the child to be abridged the pleasure of walking abroad, to be imprisoned within walls where no prospect is enjoyed, no cheering ray of light admitted, except from two doors at one end, almost continually half darkened by natives, with whom it is not allowed to have intercourse. Many days were almost exclusively spent in directing our child's attention so as to shield it from danger. It was this, which, in feelings, caused the cottage to become the dungeon, and home the heathen world.

At Honolulu, the key note had already been struck;

"children in childhood must be sent to America or be ruined." *My* response was, "Make better provision for them, or such will probably be the result." And deep in my heart was engraved the motto,

"God helps those who help themselves."

In this season of great distress came the news of a death, which sank into my heart. I had no longer a father on earth to pray for me in my struggles.

ARTICLE LV.

Plan for Pioneer Missionary's House on Hawaii.

AT noon-day, a person at the bottom of a deep well, by looking up, will see stars. I felt as if at the bottom of a deep well, and in dark, sleepless, suffering midnight hours, I could obtain distinct and far-reaching views of what a pioneer missionary's home ought to be. It should consist of three distinct departments, so closely connected, that one lady could superintend them all. One department should be for children, one for household natives, and one for native company. Let each class know its own place, and the whole move on without collision. To a lady, such an arrangement would invite to efficient activities in health, and to repose in sickness. It would inspire and enable her to attempt great things, and to expect great things.

ARTICLE LVI.

Funeral of Hopu's Father.

SELDOM do I see a native whose hair is silvered with age. How conspicuous then that mercy that preserved the life of Hopu's father four-score years, till a

son long absent should return from a foreign country, bringing the news of a Savior! The son, in teaching his aged father, was instant in season and out of season, faithful and persevering. The father, docile and humble as a little child, lovingly received Jesus into his heart, and longed for future blessedness.

Hopu exhibited a bright example of filial piety. He caused a brother to bring his father from a distant part of the island, so as to reside near him. As a specimen of that care which he continually exercised in supplying both his temporal and spiritual wants during the period he was called to conduct family prayers at the governor's, together with maintaining them with his own household, he would still regularly go back to the little hut, to pray with, comfort and instruct his "poor old father." Nor did he cease till after kneeling in prayer by his sick and lowly couch, he looked, and beheld the spirit had fled. For four years he had been permitted to teach him in the school of Christ. All was now at an end.

He wrapped the body in a white *kapa* and enclosed it in a decent black coffin made with his own hands. The bell tolled. As Mr. Thurston and myself reached Hopu's cottage, two natives advanced bearing the coffin. Hopu and his wife appeard, habited in black. We all entered the church. With that curiosity which novelty inspires, a large concourse of people assembled. They appeared wild and fidgety as I never before saw them. Mr. Thurston addressed them from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God." We then proceeded to the place of interment, in the yard back of the church. It was the first grave ever opened on the island of Hawaii to receive the remains of a fellow mortal, over whom christian rites were performed. Never did a similar scene

inspire me with sensations so awfully solemn. The sun was fast sinking beneath the horizon. The eager multitude of untaught natives closed in, and so encircled the spot as to leave no way of retreat. As we looked down into the grave, a human skull was seen, as if to remind us of the generations which had been swept away all in the darkness of nature. After a short address to the people by Hopu, and a short prayer by Mr. Thurston, those two sons, Hopu and his brother, with their own hands, let down the coffin containing all that was left of their aged father, and covered it deep in the bosom of Mother Earth. No one turned to retire till the mouth of the grave was closed.

Hitherto it had been the practice of burying their dead in the night, to escape the ridicule of being hooted at, and asked whether they had a pig for sale, and such like raillery.

ARTICLE LVII.

Secluded Life of the Ladies. The Sick Woman.

DURING the first few years of missionary life, the ladies were limited to the free use of their own houses and yards. To go beyond domestic premises, like *prisoners* or like *queens*, they must have an escort and proceed with limited freedom.

When a nation of drunkards became, as it were, one great temperance society, and a holy influence was distilled from on high, a king in his power and woman in her weakness, recognized a body-guard lining all our streets, and wherever man was found.

It was after a residence of four and a half years, that for the first time I walked alone through the village and thus soliloquized: Whence this freedom? Where

am I? I can identify the scenery. The trees and the mountains are the same, but the people,—how different!

Soon my attention was arrested by a loud wail which burst forth from a hut on a little eminence. Like as a bird, loosed from its cage, goes flitting from brough to bough, so with all the freedom of thought and action I directed my steps thither. On reaching the house, I was told that a woman had just died within. Revolting as seemed to be that dark abode of death, without a window, with a solitary low door, requiring a half double stoop, I entered. A passage was at once made through the crowd, inviting me to proceed to the farther end of the hut. There lay a woman apparently lifeless, stretched across the laps of six women, three on each side. On examination, I found she still had a pulse. Assuming the tone of direction, so accceptable to common natives, I said: "Hush, retire, admit the air—she will revive." The crowd immediately withdrew, and nothing more was heard but now and then a half stifled sob. In a few minutes the supposed dead one opened her eyes. On me, standing over her, swinging a fan, she fixed a placid look; joined noses with those in whose arms she lay, and remained silent, the tears trickling down her cheeks. I asked for something to give, to revive her; the house afforded nothing but a calabash of *poi* and a tobacco pipe. Her husband, seeing her in a fainting fit, and knowing that some comforts were wanted, had taken the calabash and hastened back to the mountain, a distance of two miles, for a draught of fresh water. I obtained a cordial from my own home. The sick woman received it with gratitude, and was soon able to sit up and converse. She had long been ill, but that morning had been suddenly laid prostrate. She had several times been to the church, built by the governor,

where the new religion was taught; but she never got near enough to hear anything, the doors and windows were so crowded.

I returned home joyful and with a glad heart. After a long night of privation and darkness, light and freedom had dawned upon my pathway.

ARTICLE LVIII.

Description of Kailua and Our New Home.

HAWAII is the largest island of the group, and Kailua, on its western coast was the most important spot for a missionary station. This village contained three thousand inhabitants, and along the coast within twenty miles were twenty thousand. It had been the favorite abode of the kings of Hawaii, and the governor of the island still lived here.

On the mountain Hualalai, just back of Kailua, is a large crater. It is now extinct. But our old people tell us of the time in their childhood, when they were aroused from their midnight slumbers, to see red hot balls hurled into the air from out of the crater on this mountain. Torrents of molten lava flowed from crater to coast, extended the shore farther out into the sea, and encrusted the surface of the earth, besides leaving an abundance of large loose scoriæ, tossed about in every direction.

Along the coast for two miles back, it is sterile; but there is a belt that is very rich, about a mile wide at the foot of the mountain, which is dotted here and there with the kukui, breadfruit and orange, all splendid trees; of smaller growth, pine apple, sugar cane, arrow-root, taro and potatoes. Above this fertile belt is quite a width of forest, after which the bare sides of the

mountain rise to a peak. It stands towards the rising sun. These distant scenes of the mountain, and perpetual verdure of forest and vegetation, are ever to be enjoyed.

On the west we have a most extensive and delightful prospect of the ocean, also a view of the whole village, in which is the church lately erected by a heathen ruler, encircled by a wall from a fallen temple, where so lately were offered human victims. All along the shore are a few kou and many cocoa-nut trees.

Kailua is distinguished for clear sunny days, brilliant nights, and magnificent sunsets. The mountain most thoroughly shields it from trade-winds, but the daily sea breeze, and that in the evening from the mountain, are very refreshing. The mercury seldom stands higher than 84°, or lower than 60°. The climate is soft and delicious. Where it is sterile there is no humidity at night in the air. We always have to go two miles back to find a sparse supply of fresh water, and sometimes five miles.

Such beauties and desolations are the attractions and repulsions of Kailua.

Back of the village on that arid slope, a third of a mile from the shore, was an unoccupied, eligible site for a house and grounds. There we set about making such a home as circumstances would allow, and as the double responsibilities required, of molding heathen society, and of forming the characters of our children.

Five acres were enclosed with a stone wall three feet wide and six feet high, with simply the front gate for entrance. A large thatched house was erected. Space was allowed for a yard twenty-five feet in breadth. Two close partition walls were built six feet high, running from the outer wall each side of the front gate,

close up against the side of the house, each side of the front door. That first apartment, twenty-five feet square, is the reception room for the natives. They know precisely where to enter the yard and the house, and they have learned where to stop. No one is permitted to go beyond that room without permission or invitation. There is Mr. Thurston's study table and his study chair. Another room of equal size is our dining room. In that, and in a small thatched cook-house beyond, are our facilities for living. There is the sphere of action for our household natives. I teach my schools in that dining room, and Mr. Thurston his in his study. Another partition wall from the rear comes up close against the back of the house, forming a back yard, where our household natives have a thatched house and a home. Thus the large house and yards have distinct accommodations, for household natives, the work of the family, for native company, and schools.

At the back side of the house is a hall which leads both from the dining room and study to a door, the only entrance into a retired yard of three acres. There stands another thatched house, built after the custom of the country. The frame is tied together with the very strong bark of a certain tree. Then from the ridge-pole to the ground, the frame is entirely covered with long slender poles, tied within a few inches of each other, over which the long *lauhala* leaves are laid, leaving the two ends to hang down on the outside. That house is the home of our children. There is our family sitting room, eighteen feet square, and there are our sleeping apartments. And inasmuch as I often wish to invite my native friends to that sitting room, we enclosed the further bed room in a yard sixty feet square, with a wall six feet high, coming up close to the house on both sides.

There is no entrance to the yard through the wall, but a door into it from our bed room. Then if I am entertaining company in the sitting room, the children can pass from thence into the bed room, and so out into their own yard and place of recreation, having without interference, the enjoyment of freedom and action. I, left in the sitting room, devoted to the natives, am still porter to the only door that leads into the children's special enclosure, and have the satisfied feeling of their being safe, beyond the reach of native influence*.

In our kitchen yard, directly opposite and within a few feet of each other, are the two mouths of a large cave of volcanic formation. The larger opening gives us the novelty of a subterraneous walk one-fourth of a mile toward the sea, where we reach a pond of brackish water. Some of the rooms of this cave are quite spacious. The natives made it a place of concealment in times of war. The smaller mouth of the cave leads into a low cave which extends three miles up the mountain, where there is an opening, and when obliged to hide in the lower cave, the natives stole through the upper one to procure their food. The name of the cave is Laniakea†, signifying the broad heavens. As it is enclosed in our premises, the natives were quick to give the name to onr establishment, so that it has become universally known as Laniakea.

*Thatched houses are not durable, therefore, in the course of years, we had a succession of dwellings, but this was the general arrangement In the 12th year of the Mission, a two-storied wooden house was erected in the children's yard, and the wall for their special enclosure removed, as the times no longer required such an accommodation.

†Lah-ne-ah-kay -ah.

ARTICLE LIX.

First Sabbath School at Kailua.

WHEN public worship was there first established, in a new native church, conducted by a missionary in their own language, the natives naturally showed a great lack of training. For instance, after the sermon, when the minister closed his eyes to commence the last prayer, the people would commence retiring from the house, so that when he opened his eyes at the end of that exercise, he would find it nearly empty. But they had gradually learned orderly habits, and had attended public Sabbath exercises for about a year. Then it was that we received, simply in manuscript, a translation of Watt's Easy Catechism for Children. It was a talent not to be buried in a napkin. Our associates were absent. I was in active life, but my health seriously suffered, exhibiting incipient symptoms of pulmonary disease. In my circumstances, I could only conceive the plan of a class coming to be taught after Sabbath service in our promised piazza. Until that is built, stay and meet them at the church. Mr. Thurston engaged to take charge of the children, and Honolii promised to secure a class of scholars.

When the time arrived, Mr. Thurston descended from the pulpit, gave a hand to each of the little girls, two and four years of age, and retired. Thus released from maternal cares, I looked around, and to my utter amazement, the whole congregation had resumed their seats. Every chief (there were five of the first class present) every man, woman and child, all as one, wished to be taught the catechism.

I saw at a glance that I had unintentionally stepped

into the harness. But I resolved to go forward and begin at the beginning. Honolii was to me what Aaron was to Moses. With all the docility of children, they suffered themselves to be seated according to their rank, sex, and age. Honolii then took one side of the house, and I the other, and they all attended to this one question :

"Who made you?"

"The great God who made heaven and earth."

This question was answered separately by every individual. Then, not to tax their patience, Honolii closed the school with a very short address, and a very short prayer.

Such was the extreme weakness and simplicity with which that first Sabbath school sprung into being. But they dispersed, every one of them carrying away a grand idea, of which the great Kamehameha had no knowledge.

This first movement necessarily led to duties which were laborious and exhausting. I selected eighteen of the best scholars, furnished each with a manuscript copy of the lesson for the next Sabbath, taught them separately, and taught them together, what they were to teach their future scholars.

The institution of the Sabbath had been established in the land by government. The day of rest and of privileges again dawned upon that simple people, just waking into life. The public services of the Sabbath had been conducted by the missionary. The people were dismissed. The entire congregation remained as before, and filed off to their several places. Then came forward a band of teachers prepared to teach orally their assigned classes what they had been taught. They engaged in their new employment with interest and success.

The school prospered and multiplied to be between four and five hundred scholars. A mighty impulse was given to the native mind, which so exceeded all the means used, as to render it apparent that there was in operation a renovating influence, secret and divine.

ARTICLE LX.

Kapulikoliko.

SHE was the daughter of Kamehameha I. In her father's court she sustained the honor of princess. When the common people passed her, they prostrated themselves on the ground. But when her father's reign ceased, of the children of twenty-one wives, those only were grouped in the royal family whose mothers descended from kings. Of course, Kapulikoliko, born on her mother's side of plebeian blood, lost position; yet she still had influence, and by the people was held in great reverence. She was married to a substantial man of common birth, and with great ease adapted herself to her thorough change of circumstances. She was about making a permanent removal, by leaving Kailua for a distant part of the island. Before going, she with her husband and attendants, came and made a farewell call, by spending the day with us. Before taking leave, as her parting request, with great simplicity and assurance, she asked me to give her—yes, looked me full in the face, and on opening her mouth said: "Give us your elder child" (four years old,) "and let us take her with us to our new abode." Without offending her ladyship, I refused her the precious boon, in a manner too decisive to leave her any encouragement of renewing her request. What was such a shock to my feelings is

a common custom here. They dispose of their children without one idea of building up a family of brothers and sisters. Indeed, parents are tacked together very loosely. They come together and separate as convenience and inclination dictate. One man will have several wives, or one woman will have several husbands. Here is a mass of humanity in a chaotic state. Take half a dozen of them, and put them into some school in the United States, and something can be done with them. But it requires a great influence to lift a nation.

ARTICLE LXI.

A Female Friday Meeting Commenced.

MRS. Bishop and myself acted in concert. We conceived the idea of endeavoring to lift our female population, by meeting with them every Friday, P. M. We were each to sustain the responsibility of the thing, by alternately presiding at the meetings. For many months they have been attended. At first, I think, there was not an individual who had learned to say "Our Father." Now they can lead in prayer with great propriety, and think it a great privilege. In acquiring this gift, they exhibit the greatest simplicity and freedom, never neglecting to exercise one talent, because they nave not ten. With great freedom, and seriousness too, they express their religious convictions.

We read to them a portion of scripture. But Bible leaves in the Hawaiian language have been very scarce. Once I was driven to extremity, being obliged to take the first chapter of Mathew, the only portion remaining. That was the way they rehearsed the names of their own kings, and preserved them by simply retaining them

in memory. Two women of cultivated tenacious memories, came up to our house after meeting, and wished me to read that chapter again. After I did so, they assisted each other, and began by repeating the line of names from Abram to David, to the captivity, to Jesus. They went through successfully, only asking aid in recalling two names.

One more subject was brought up in these meetings. This people were in a state of nature. There was only one point where I ever saw them exhibit shame. Both men and women were disposed and allowed to move around in public in a state of perfect nudity. But if they appeared so without having one hand become a substitute for an apron of fig leaves, it would among themselves be severely condemned. Childhood was ever taught to press in and be present at the birth of children. In all social acts, they too were taught to be alike skilled with those of adult years. They divided and subdivided this knowledge, laid it up on their tongues, and then scattered it right and left to vaunt their own knowledge or promote their pastimes. Impurity of speech with both parents and children had become a giant in the land, stalking everywhere. We could not defy it in its native element. But we were moved to drive it from our retired sitting rooms, the homes of our children. Whoever wished the privilege of crossing the threshholds to those apartments, consecrated to purity, must be subject to criticism. Whatever was there uttered which we disapproved, we penned, and read in the Friday meeting.

Thus we tried to give them a standard of what was right, and began by endeavoring to form a healthy moral atmosphere in two rooms, eighteen feet square, where natives were allowed to tread.

I carried my little manuscript book and pencil in my pocket, and used them on the spur of the occasion, and thus prepared notes for a future meeting.

I had a severe struggle with my own feelings in establishing these things, and passed painful, sleepless hours, lest I had offended. But it proved the reverse. For heavenly dews had prepared the soil to receive seed as into good and honest hearts.

ARTICLE LXII.

On the Death of my Early Associate, Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards Bishop.

MRS. BISHOP lived and moved among us, exhibiting by her activity, by the rosy hue and radience of her countenance, a high state of health. She exerted herself in the day school, in the Sabbath school, and in the Female Friday Meeting.

But the scene was changed. Her bloom and strength gave place to debility and internal sufferings. There was no physician in the kingdom to detect the disease. For more than half a year she quietly remained in her home, with great humility and patience struggling through just what was meted out to her. Then, in shipping season, she, with her husband and children, sailed for Honolulu, with the hope of meeting with a traveling physician. In this they were successful. The doctor pronounced her disease dyspepsia. But no professional skill diminished her great sufferings. After the lapse of several months, she returned to Kailua. As she entered the harbor, several women went off on board to meet her. She said to them: "I shall soon die, and my unfaithfulness to you makes me afraid to meet God in judgment." Her expressing herself in that manner, proved very impressive to the natives. For they said:

"If after doing so much for us, *she* is afraid to meet God, how will it be with *us?*"

On coming ashore, they passed their own establishment, and entered our family. Mrs. Bishop was again with us. But she was a wreck of her former self. During her absence, disease had made great ravages. She had become very feeble, very much emaciated, and distressingly nervous. Her internal sufferings were excruciating. She sometimes compared them to fire. There was a singular and incessent palpitation at her stomach, and according to her own account, the reception of even a spoonful of chicken soup caused it to be too intense and agonizing to admit of sleep. Consequently her ordinary practice was, at early dawn to take one, two, or three spoonsfuls of soup, and as she happened to feel, sometimes once or twice a similar pittance during the forenoon. The afternoon was spent in fasting, to have an empty stomach to go to bed upon at dark. Several times there were intervals of *twenty-four hours* without her swallowing the least thing. This course seemed to *us* a great error. But anything by way of persuasion was not only altogether unavailing, but an occasion of grief. She would weep and say, "You don't know anything about the state of my stomach." By the time she left us, she became one of the most emaciated forms my eyes ever beheld.

From evening twilight till early dawn, her state required the most profound stillness through the thatched building, as the rooms, above the partitions, were all thrown together. So I transferred the nursery to the other cottage, packed three little girls into a wide children's crib, and had the disjointed accommodation of a sailor's hammock and the dining table for myself and babe five months old. Mr. Thurston, with his considera-

tion and self control, entered the house at the opposite end from the invalid,—in the dark, with the stealth of a thief, and lay softly down on his bed. During the day we were all admitted into the common sitting room, where she reclined on the settee.

At the expiration of one week, the native men of our village had completed their work of love. On an eligible site in our yard, beneath our care, but beyond the reach of household sounds, they had erected a commodious thatched building, twenty by twenty-four feet, more or less. It was for their suffering teacher, Mrs. Bishop. From the very first, and so long as the house stood, it received the name of "Bishop Retreat." Mr. and Mrs. Bishop immediately entered it. Her commodious couch was placed in the middle of the room, immediately before an ample door where she could have the full play of a delicious sea breeze. From that period to the end, two intelligent native women came successively and sat by her couch through the night. She spoke with much satisfaction of their improvement and the relief they afforded her.

Mrs. Bishop's sufferings increased. Weeks of anguish, paroxysms of agony, and the frenzy of delirium were measured out to her. We traveled with and watched over her, by night and by day, to sustain her in the darkness, and in the storm. It was midnight; the tempest was high, the billows rolled near her. Suddenly there was a lull. "Let me depart in peace," she said calmly, and fell to sleep as peacefully as the infant in its mother's arms. Mrs. Bishop had left us,—had left with us her two infant children under three years of age, and gone to her rest.

Then with deep love and respect we neatly dressed and enclosed our precious dead in a coffin. The natives

in their transition state, were delighted with this new order of things.* A large concourse of chiefs and people assembled at our house, all habited in black. With as much order and decency as I ever witnessed in my own country, the procession moved to the church, and from thence to the grave, where we committed the sacred deposit to the silent bosom of mother Earth. And we taught them to restrain their boisterous expressions of natural affection under the bereavement,† and to bow with submission and thanksgiving to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Mrs. Bishop's deep religious feelings, her christian faithfulness, her severe sufferings, and her early death, powerfully enlisted the tender and close sympathies of the natives. It was at our expense that the soil was thus prepared for early planting a church at Kailua.

[Eleven years after Mrs. Bishop's death, it was found necessary to remove her body. Our whole family and Dr. Andrews were witnesses. When the box and the coffin were unearthed, they were found to be in a very decayed state. When the coffin was thrown open, the garments, flesh and small bones were seen all reduced to fine, dry dust. The long spinal column remained entire, and in the lower half of it was a very prominent curve. The first words spoken were by the doctor. "Of what disease did she die?" I replied: "A doctor pronounced it dyspepsia." He answered: "The spinal column could not be thus distorted without great suffering."

*I shall ever remember well the first christian burial that was ever attended on these shores. The people ran together by hundreds, and seemed half frantic. With their honored dead, the flesh was stripped from the bones, and consumed with fire, while the bones were preserved.

†Under their most common bereavements, wailings would strike upon the ear to be heard a mile.

Two years after this, I was in America and saw Mrs. Spaulding who formerly belonged to our Hawaiian missionary band. Here she lost her health, and it was not until she was bedridden that her disease was found to be an affection of the spine. She is now in health. She very particularly inquired in regard to Mrs. Bishop's last illness. After learning the facts she remarked: "As you describe her symptoms, I have not a doubt but her disease was a spinal affection. I have been taught by experience to have a deep sympathy in many of her feelings."]

ARTICLE LXIII.

Death of a Sister.

SIX weeks after Mrs. Bishop's death, a letter arrived announcing the heavy tidings that my own sister, Mrs. Persis G. Parkhurst, was gone. Thus the two sisters on whom I most relied, the one at the Islands, and the other in America, were removed from me as with a stroke. The fact that I drooped for years with fatal tendencies, while they bloomed with vigor, then that they both were removed, while I was sustained in active life, appeared marvelous. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

In the last precious letter which my sister Persis wrote me, she mentioned hearing Dr. Payson preach from these words: "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "I felt," she said, "as if I could hang forever on his lips." Then, after giving an account, with all a mother's feelings, of being called to resign a little prattling son to the grave, she added: "But God has done it, and I will not complain, for I know that he does all things well."

ARTICLE LXIV.

Extracts from Letters. Situation and Progress of Work. Success of Female Friday Meeting. Pulukai.*

MY heart often turns toward the pen and toward you. Did you know my situation, and the active and responsible duties devolving upon me, there would be no need of an apology for neglect. Think of a hotel in the middle of your town: of a house thus public I am mistress. Think of children, cut off from the benefits of the sanctuary, of schools, of associates: of children thus exiled, I am the mother. Think of a heathen people who have just begun to ruminate upon the wonders of Revelation; their eyes and their hearts are turned towards the teachers who brought these new doctrines and duties to their shores, and in the language of implicit confidence and affection they say: "You are our father, you are our mother: tell us what to do." Among such a people I stand connected. Pray for me that I may serve my generation faithfully, and that as my day is, so my strength may be.

November 4th.—We have been at this station six years. During the greater part of the first year I felt what it was to live among heathen. I had acquired such knowledge of the language and character of the people, as to realize with what revolting characters I was surrounded. A few months previous to the decease of my ever to be lamented friend, Mrs. Bishop, a new impulse was given to their feelings. During the last year, reformation has been a silent and progressive work. Such was the propensity to flock to our house for religious

*Poo-loo-ky.

instruction, that we found it necessary in order to the performance of other duties, to have restrictions. During the forenoon our house was under a *kapu;* that is, the people were not allowed to visit it. Yet to this general rule, the chiefs and principal teachers must be made an exception. In the afternoon, our doors were open to any and to all, and our house has been thronged. The principal people take chairs, but the common people enter, and as their habit is, seat themselves on the mat at our feet, saying: "We come to declare to you our thoughts: we are sinners; we are thieves, and liars, and adulterers, and murderers: we are afraid of sin; we are afraid of eternal death; we are afraid of the Son of God; we are in darkness; we are in the shades of death; teach us." Others again thus express themselves: "We are great sinners; we repent of our sins; we forsake them; we rest our souls in Jesus Christ; He is our salvation; He is our sacrifice; we love Him; we rejoice in Him; we desire his righteousness; we wish to sit at his feet and learn of Him, and serve Him; we wish to be in His hand." Forty-three have been baptized and received into the church at this place. Probably fifty more give evidence of piety. The good people are active. What they have freely received, they freely give. Their little missionary excursions have been very interesting; they have been out to distant villages; searched out the aged, the blind, the sick, the infirm, and told them of Jesus and of Heaven; they have taught the ignorant, and excited all to an attendance on public worship.

About three weeks ago, a new and general excitement commenced. At the dawn of day they tapped at our doors with the anxious inquiry, "What shall I do." All regulations were prostrated, and from day-break till ten o'clock at night, one company succeeded another

in rapid succession. Mr. Thurston has only been able to command time for his meals. From morning till night he has been in his study chair, with an individual or a cluster at his feet; sometimes a company of fifty or sixty, which entirely filled the room. Some days we have received calls from several hundreds. I devote as much time to the instruction of the women as I can redeem from my family. My labors are more particularly directed to the members of the Friday Female Meeting. Two years ago their names were enrolled and a discipline introduced. A moral standard was raised. Whoever wished to join the Society must forsake all their former vile practices, and pay an external regard to the Word and Worship of God. They must uniformly have a full covering for their persons, both at home and abroad, and follow whatever is lovely and of good report. Such has since been the change in public opinion, that scenes which were then familiar to the eye, would now be scouted out of the village as shameful indecencies. This Society has prospered; for in two years, from *seventy* it has increased to *fifteen hundred.* The names of *five hundred* have been enrolled within the last three weeks. These are all divided into classes, and each class has a particular teacher to whom to look for instruction. The number of female teachers has risen to twenty, all hopefully pious. This is my class. I teach them what I wish them to teach others. The men's society is conducted on the same plan. Two large thatched houses have been erected for the accommodation of these societies.

I will introduce you to one of the many in whom I feel most interested, named Pulukai. Not that he is the most important character among us, yet in works of love none surpass him. I know not where he acquired

his politeness, but probably abroad, as he has visited foreign ports. He is here nearly every day, yet he never comes into our presence but he bows, presents his hand to his face, and all so heartily, and with so much reverence (as if some great personage stood before him for the first time) that it always makes me smile. His presence never fails to give me pleasure. The other day he spoke with tears of his former state and feelings. He said: "I returned home from the north-west coast, and found my former friends were all dead. One day I went back into a solitary place, and there I remained, and walked, and wept. It was not for my soul,—I neither knew nor thought about that,—but I wept for my body; for if I should die, I had no friend that would bury it; it would lie and decay on the face of the earth, and when any person passed along and asked, 'Who is that?'—the reply would be: 'It is Pulukai.' But now I have many friends. They give me food and clothes. They are kind to me while I am living, and they will take care of my body when I am dead. It is because the love of God is in their hearts." During the sickness of Mrs. Bishop, his anxieties were employed about that part which is of more importance than his poor body. I shall ever remember, that one day as I went to the door to smooth the couch for her emaciated form, and stood seeing her borne away, reflecting that the *manele** must soon be exchanged for the bier, that Pulukai, who had been watching his opportunity for a word of instruction, came up to me, saying, he had passed three sleepless nights thinking about his sins, and his exposure to eternal death It was a short time after, that the love of Jesus became his theme and his

*Mah-nay-lay. A couch for conveyance, having men placed at the head and foot, who carry it by means of poles resting on their shoulders.

life and conversation have since given abundant evidence that he was taught of God. Humility and love were the characteristics of Pulukai, and they shed a luster over the tawny features of our humble friend.

ARTICLE LXV.

To Rev. William Goodell, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Malta.

KAILUA, OCTOBER, 16, 1829.

My Dear Cousin and Brother:

Your going to western Asia seems to have made you our neighbor, and caused me to think of you with peculiar nearness. Notwithstanding the convulsive nature of things, that region has appeared to me one of the most interesting fields into which the American Board is casting imperishable seed. Your conflicts there have caused you all to become tried characters, and I rejoice that grace has been given you to be found faithful.

I am now going to introduce to you Mr. Thurston, for never since I knew him have I witnessed in him such application to his studies, such devotedness to the natives. He speaks the Hawaiian language with greater ease and fluency than the English, preaches without notes, ever devoting the last hour or two before entering the pulpit to his sermon, and with as much solemnity as if the veil was withdrawn which conceals futurity from his view.

When translating the Scriptures from their original language, he sits at the study table overspread with books. From that same chair he does more by way of preaching repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, than from the consecrated desk. The af-

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ternoon is almost wholly thus devoted, talking individually with the natives. The shades of night change his employment, for then the people who come to converse give way for the "fa, so, la" company, as it is here called.

What is to become of our children has been a question agitated throughout our mission families, and a subject which has pressed heavily upon parental feelings. The general sentiment has been, "Send them to America for education." A joint letter was written to the American Board, expressive of such desires. An answer has been received; but they can grant no facilities, and advise that they remain with their parents in this land. However, of the few families from the brig *Thaddeus* who still remain in the field, ours is the only one but what has already, by gratuitous passages, sent home the precious gift of a child to personal friends. To send away children at an age *so early*, while I am sustained in active life, is what every feeling of my heart revolts against. But when the period arrives that they must pass from under the ever watchful eye of a parent, when an employment, trade or profession for future life is chosen, the Sandwich Islands is no longer a place for them. I have not felt like some of our mothers, that children *must* be sent away or be ruined. I harp upon another string, and say, make better provision for them, or that will likely be the result. And in the first place, houses and door yards must be laid out to meet the character of the people, and the exigencies of the times. Ours is planned for comfort and usefulness on heathen ground. Missionaries are public characters, and their houses must be *public houses.* I am sure ours is, at present, from morning till bed-time and often so thronged, that we cannot, without difficulty,

pass from room to room. But if children are suitable appendages to a mission family, they must be taken care of, and I know not on whom this duty more appropriately devolves than on a mother. And in order to take care of them, there *must* be a *child's* department. Sooner ask me to furnish a dinner without a table, to sit down without a chair, or spread my couch without a bedstead, than to rear such a stately edifice as the moral and intellectual character of a child without some facilities.

The first rule to be attended to with regard to children is that they *must not speak the native languaye.* It is an easy thing to *make* such a law, but it is a mother's duty to guard it from being violated, and to form in her children *fixed habits* of doing as they are required. It of course, follows, that they are never left to the care of natives after reaching the age of prattling. No intercourse whatever should exist between children and heathen. On this point I am very particular. Establish a loose system here, and I would say with every one else, "Send children to America, no matter how soon."

Of all the trials incident to missionary life, the responsibility of training up children, and of making provision for their virtue and usefulness when they pass from under the watchful eye of parents, is, comparatively speaking, the only one worthy of being named. When my thoughts turn to their future prospects in life, a darkness visible seems to brood over their path. But hush, my anxious heart. It is mine to perform *present duties*, and cast my cares on Him who is Almighty.

Affectionately your Cousin,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXVI.

Extracts from Letter. Mr. Thurston's Duties Public. Mine more Private. Power of Word of God. Religious Experience of a Native Neighbor. Need of Bibles, &c., for Foreigners.

OCTOBER 30, 1830.—Mr. Thurston is entirely devoted to works of a public nature. My duties are of a more private character. I am the housekeeper, the mother, and the domestic teacher. What time I can redeem from family cares, I give to our native females. Twenty-six hundred have been gathered into our Friday meetings. This society is in a very flourishing state. As I cannot see them all at our house, I teach them by proxy, selecting from the most intelligent ones a class of teachers to come under my instructions. When night closes upon me, and there is a suspension of maternal and domestic duties, I take my chosen season to meet the natives. I pass from a hushed nursery to the long dining room, where a table is extended for the accommodation of twenty-five. It is lighted up and the women are in their seats. Our governor's wife attends. It is on the whole a social interview. But one theme is before us in every one's hand. We turn over together the pages of Holy Writ, as it is issued from the press.

The Word of God is powerful. I have lived to see both sides of the picture. I saw this neglected portion of our race, groping along in all the darkness of nature, listening to messages from heaven with indifference and contempt, and for a long time hearing as though they heard not. Man can speak only to the ear. I looked again, and a secret energy was transforming their moral characters. Those very beings who were once bowing

down to stocks of wood and stone, worshiping sharks and volcanoes, and slaves to all the sins which degrade human nature, are now sitting at the feet of Jesus, learning and doing his will. Two years ago last February, when our dear Mrs. Bishop bade them farewell, till she should meet them at the bar of God, no native at Kailua had been baptized. Since that time sixty-five have been admitted to the Holy Communion, and a much larger number give evidence of having experienced the renovating influence of the Spirit.

Yesterday one of our native neighbors called on us for the first time, a man perhaps forty years old, one who had been notoriously wicked. His wife by her frequent calls was quite familiar with us. She accompanied, and introduced him to us a stranger. "I came," he said, "to tell you my thoughts. I have been very wicked." In addition to other crimes, he mentioned some particulars of a crime he had committed. "But," he said, "I have now got my works straight on the outside. But I look into my heart, and the law of God is there broken. It is so this day, and that day, and every day. In my heart it is sin, sin. I do not love it, but I can not get rid of it. I break God's law and repent, and break God's law and repent. My heart is made sore on account of it, and my thought is from day to day, that the end of it will be eternal death." Here he paused to wipe away his tears. His wife then remarked: "Thus it is when he asks a blessing before eating; his tears often flow." He then said: "Great love to God is the cause. When I retire for prayer, I often weep, so that for a time I cannot utter a word. My mind does not turn upon anthing that is made, but rises and fixes upon God, and feels so much love, that I weep and pray together. I have stayed at home and kept my feelings to myself—

have not conversed with my neighbors; but my wife has urged me out, to come and converse with the teachers. I have come. You know my thoughts. Tell me what they mean? I am greatly afraid of the sins of my heart." Such are the feelings which a knowledge of God's Word produces in the minds of those heathen around us in very many instances.

The box of books you sent were safely received in six months from the date of your letter, and were very acceptable. All that is printed at these Islands is in the Hawaiian language, for the exclusive benefit of the natives. But many ships touch at these Islands in need of instruction, in need of Bibles, in need of tracts. Our own countrymen, too, who have left a sailor's life for a residence on these Islands, are in perishing need of some friendly messengers to turn their feet from their downward course. I have distributed some of those you sent among them, and I was not a little astonished, a few weeks ago, to find they had united in one little body, about a dozen of them in all, and purchased a suitable house for their own use, to be dedicated to the worship of God, and are now fitting it up in a very neat and suitable manner. Time only will show in what this beginning will end; but it is beyond a question that they have many serious thoughts. Eternity is a dreadful word to them, as they feel that without holiness no man can see God.

ARTICLE LXVII.

To Mrs. M. Goodale, Marlboro, Mass.

KAILUA, SEPTEMBER, 1831.

Dear Sister:

Last June the General Meeting of the Mission was held at Honolulu. It became an interesting question, shall *I* make one of the party, or, in such solitary circumstances, remain behind? Friends at Honolulu had interested themselves in my prospects, by sending a vessel for our accommodation, with invitations for us to come down. The way was opened, and duty seemed to require that I place myself within the reach of medical skill. We sailed on board the brig *Waverly* with our whole family. Messrs. Bishop and Ruggles likewise accompanied us. We were accommodated on deck at first, both night and day. I congratulated myself in being placed in circumstances of safety. But during the darkness of the third night, we entered the channel between Hawaii and Maui. The wind was high, the sea boisterous, the vessel rolled, sea-sickness increased, the water dashed over the deck, and to escape being drenched, we were obliged, for the first time, to retire to the cabin. After reaching my couch below, I alluded to the Black Hole of Calcutta, as ever standing associated in my mind with the cabin of a native vessel.

At length we passed the tumultuous channel. Our sea-sickness subsided. We slept. My sleep was somehow interrupted. It is because my couch is so in heaps. I arose and smoothed it, again slumbered, again arose

and smoothed my couch. This I several times repeated. At length truth at once flashed upon my mind. What does all this mean? My first thought was, there is no chance for safety, but by being restored to pure air, the bilge water was so very offensive. I hastened to the deck, clambered over the companion-way, the door being kept closed and fastened, and availed myself of the best accommodations of the place, the body of a tree, on and around which a multitude of natives were reclining. I begged Mr. Thurston to return to the sea-sick children, while I remained alone. I looked off upon the dark black water, and thought of the precious names of *home, physician, sister.* The tears rushed into my eyes, but thinking them unseasonable when everything depended on my own exertions, I checked the impulse, and returned them to their sockets. Yet in bringing my mind to my circumstances there was a struggle. I called to mind the duty and the *privilege* of laying myself with childlike simplicity and submission, into the hands of my heavenly Father, and awaiting his will. Tried to do so, and there was *peace.* I spent a short time only on deck, before I awoke one of our natives, to signify to Mr. Thurston that I wished to return, and bid him awake Mr. Bishop. After we had all reached the cabin, I said to them, "I am called upon in this place to ask the aid of you all." Mr. Bishop proposed taking opium until reaching Lahaina. I answered, "No, it is too late; and if my apprehensions are just, no time is to be lost." The first embarrassment that we felt, was that we were in utter darkness; for during the forepart of the night, we had trimmed, replenished and lighted the only lamp we could find on board. Being so often called to repeat this care, we left off in despair. Now one more effort was made, and our flickering lamp appeared as if invig-

orated by sleep. Again, the hand-basket which contained the keys of trunks had been misplaced. A whole half hour had been spent the day before in unavailing search. Means were soon found to burst the lock of a single trunk, which would supply all the wants of the emergency. In the meantime Mr. Ruggles repaired with the children to the deck. Mr. Thurston and Mr. Bishop alone remained. Everything was in due order. In one half hour from the time a general movement was made, infant cries from the cabin apprised those on deck of what was passing below. Scarce was I informed of the danger that the child's breath might be stopped on the very threshhold of life, when the light expired, and its cries ceased altogther. "Silence and Darkness, solemn sisters!" The lamp was passed upon deck, through an avenue overhead. "A light, a light." It was renewed, returned, and a spark still more precious again lighted up. The child was safe. But the mother's life was, ere long, felt to be in danger. Never before had I so much reason to feel that I had reached the isthmus which lies between this and the invisible world. My medical volume I had put into the trunk. It was taken therefrom, and the two divines sat on the stairs of the companion-way, to study out their medical lesson. After the lapse of eight hours, the feelings of danger were exchanged for those of unmixed gratitude. All was safe. In the fullness of my heart I repeated the beautiful words of the poet:

> "There is mercy in ev'ry place;
> And mercy, encouraging thought,
> Gives even affliction new grace,
> And reconciles man to his lot."

We were now near Lahaina. Messrs. Bishop and Ruggles wrote notes to Mr. Richards, stating our situation, and requesting a double canoe. When intelligence

reached the shore, Miss Ogden wept, and Mrs. Richards sobbed aloud. Messrs. Andrews and Whitney came off in a double canoe. Meantime husband and I were busy in the cabin. Before leaving my berth, I erected my arm from the elbow to the tip of the fingers, thinking in length it equaled the height of the opening to my couch. But it fell short by several inches. The other side, head and foot, top and bottom were all alike closely boarded. According to my early educated eye, it seemed like a cupboard. Mr. Thurston first smoothed down Mrs. Thurston, and laid her aside on the top of a row of barrels, standing on their ends, near the companion-way. There she lay in her traveling dress, ready for onward travel, looking just as she did when she left her home.

Above and below we were all in readiness to depart. Mr. Thurston took me in his arms like a child and carried me on deck. Mr. Bishop then assisted him in swinging me over the side of the vessel, where was a mattress supported by Messrs. Andrews and Whitney, and by them let down onto the elevated arms which connected the double canoe. On reaching the shore, we were met by Mr. Richards, Mrs. Andrews and Miss Ogden. I was borne on the mattress by natives to Mr. Richard's house. On entering the gate, the mattress was necessarily brought up together, and in so doing, I became as completely enclosed as if lying in a coffin. No farther consciousness remained, but that of pressing through doors, turning corners, and ascending stairs. At length, I was let down, and beheld myself lying on a board floor, in the middle of a room, with plastered walls and glass windows. To me, who had spent eight years in cottages thatched with leaves, with mats for floors, and doors for windows, it seemed a novel scene, and powerfully reminded me of the days of other years.

Here I found Mrs. Richards. Both she and her husband received us with a freedom and hospitality that made me feel like reaching a father's house. As I lay there, with all my friends gathered round me in a circle, Mrs. Richards said to me, "Now you may have your choice whom to have to dress you for bed." I replied, "I choose Mr. Thurston."

At the expiration of a week after reaching Lahaina, Mr. Thurston went on to Honolulu, to the "General Meeting" of the Mission. He was accompanied by every brother on the Island. I was still confined to my bed, but I had a medical book laid beneath my pillow, dishes brought into the chamber for the use of the three children, and our native man, under the general direction of Mrs. Richards, prepared and brought up refreshments. Thus I guided my family and took care of my babe, having for neighbors Mrs. Richards below, and Mrs. Andrews in the next house. Mrs. Andrews came in every morning, and washed and dressed the babe.

Had the strength of the station been called out at this time, there would have been found three feeble females, and ten children all under eleven years of age. After a three weeks' absence, our company returned, and I was able to go below, and join them in surrounding the social board, and the domestic altar. The next day we went on board the vessel. Three more days and nights of oppressive heat and sea-sickness, with three children and the infant, all involved in the common calamity, all prostrate on the floor, by the side of their mother, when we reached Kailua, and our own home. There we reared an altar to the God of all comfort, who had been mindful of us in our low estate, who had gra-

ciously prospered our way, and brought us in peace to our own habitation.

Your loving Sister,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXVIII.

To the Second Mrs. Parkhurst.

KAILUA, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1832.

My Dear Sister:

There is no distant friend on earth toward whom my heart turns more frequently, and more affectionately, than to the successor of my departed sister Persis. Of her orphan children I can say: "Like Reuben and Simeon, they are mine;" and all that care and love which they are made to experience, excites in my heart the same gratitude as if done for my own children. For twelve years past I have been in the heart of a nation, who have just washed their hands from the guilt of infanticide; yet their standard falls infinitely short of those who have been rocked in the cradle of piety and intelligence; so that an enlightened, pious, *devoted* mother, seems to me one of the finest specimens of female piety which this world exhibits. And when that link that *nature* gives is wanting, to bind one to those self-denying duties, it must be a service lovely in the eyes of angels, well pleasing to God.

As you express a wish to know what articles I seldom get, and most want, I will tell you what one of my missionary sisters said to me. "Mrs. Thurston, I think you had better get some new bonnets for your daughters." My reply was: "These are very good, they are

in no wise shabby." She continued: "It would be an expense, but bonnets with more plainness and less luster would be a better example. We must look at example." I replied: "It is a good example to give durability to articles." "It is, and I approve of it in you; still I think your daughters had better have some new bonnets." I replied: "I have neither time nor means. If other people think so, they must furnish them." The fact is, seven years ago a kind missionary sister of Honolulu made and sent my two oldest daughters some light silk hats, decorated with artificial flowers. For *dress* these have ever since been used up to the present time.

A northern constitution can not labor here as in America. One of our missionaries of much observation and wisdom remarked: "Had the ladies shrank from those active labors which are performed in the New England States, before *trial* had been made, I should have imputed it to indolence. But now, by experience, we *know* the consequences, and it makes me *angry* to see any one attempt it." We all employ female cooks; yet we have to make them out of raw materials, and withal submit to lesser evils in order to avoid greater. It afforded me some amusement to hear one of the newly arrived ladies expatiate on native neatness. While at Honolulu, happening to step into the cook house, she saw a negligent fellow peeling potatoes for the table *with his fingers!* She said: "I would *tell* them to make use of a knife and fork." Yes, and as soon as the white person turns her back, finding himself in the predicament of David with his armor, he throws down the awkward irons; for without any lessons, and without knowing that such unwieldy utensils had been invented, he could ever from his childhood, with those facilities

which nature furnishes, peel potatoes with great dexterity.

Your husband, in his letter, remarked that he did not see why our children should not learn the native language, and be taught in connection with the natives, etc. Just so we felt, just so we conducted our operations for more than two years. Mr. Chamberlain's children were taught in the same school, and ranged in the same classes with our interesting scholars gathered from among the heathen. Mr. Ellis, on a visit from the Society Islands, was the first one to open our eyes to the evils of such a course. *Now*, natives themselves are our monitors. No one is more particular than Kapiolani; and if in her intercourse among the families of the Mission, she observes native language on the lips of the children, or even if their eyes speak looks of interest and familiarity with the natives, she notes it with feelings of the deepest pity. Even Kaahumanu sighed for the privilege of having her little adopted son David, of royal birth, her future heir, taken into one of our families, and prohibited the use of his own native language. I had the offer of a trust so responsible. Yet who would dare undertake thus to educate a prince, cutting him off from all intercouse with his noble relatives and interested countrymen, and still in their very midst? He is a little boy of noble mien, intelligent and interesting; and it fills our souls with sadness to listen to the impurities which are intermixed with his infantile prattle. He obtains language, not from the printed works of missionaries, where the precious is separated from the evil, but as it floats in society around him; and aside from the pollution of heathenism, native converts to christianity fail of being suitable models for a child's imitation. They may be clothed, they may be christianized, yet from

want of early culture, from being children of nature, there is an utter destitution of those feelings of delicacy which in refined society seem inseparable from virtuous tastes and principles. Now, in estimating the character of Sandwich Islanders, we pass over what can not be corrected; it is a tarnish which reminds us of the pit from whence they were digged. Not so with the children of American extract. Our patrons expect, the world expect, the heathen themselves expect, that they will rise up and reflect honor upon an *enlightened origin.*

Well might St. Paul add, in enumerating his trials and labors, the *care of the churches.* We looked at the vine planted in this heathen soil, that it should bring forth grapes, and behold wild grapes! Well might we expect defection, for here the flames of persecution have never been lighted, and to become a member of a church gave to a common person the influence of an inferior chief. They acquire the language of Canaan, too, with so much dexterity, that the defect cannot be detected in pronouncing the word Shibboleth. Of one hundred and eight who have been received to the church at this place eleven have been suspended from its privileges; and what is an aggravating circumstance, they were all, with one exception, leading characters in schools and in meetings. The crime is adultery. All profess repentance. One of the number, who lay smarting under the salutary castigations of her infidel husband's wrath for nearly a year, has exhibited a spirit which has called back, not only the affections and confidences of the church, but of her husband also, who now treats her with every possible kindness. In the midst of these troubles I have had in my hand a complete copy of the New Testament, printed in the Hawaiian language. It has been as an anchor to my soul. For here a door is open, to commu-

nicate blessings to unborn multitudes, which no man can shut.

Your affectionate Sister,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXIX.

Extracts from Letters.

KAILUA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

OF all the scenes of my life, none seem so precious and vivid at this distant period, as those of our paternal home. I often think of you, and frequently do it by way of contrast. On Sabbath mornings, while we are at breakfast, you are in church. In the winter, when you are sitting by a warm fire, we open the doors to admit the refreshing breeze. You ride in a carriage or on horseback; we sail in vessels and canoes. You see nature stripped of its foliage, and covered with snow; we have perpetually before our eyes a verdant landscape. In your intercourse with your neighbors, you speak English; we Hawaiian. You send your children to school; we keep ours at home. Yours can ramble unattended, from field to field, and from house to house; ours are cooped up in their own enclosure, and beyond the limits of that they never are permitted to go unattended by a parent. Every week or day yours are conversant with society; with the exception of Mr. Bishop's family, all the friends with whom ours exchange thoughts, are scattered over the Islands at different distances, from sixteen to two hundred miles. Yours go to the sanctuary for instruction; ours, when they repair thither, listen to language which we do not wish them to learn, and which is to them unintelligible. It is as much my regular work

to select suitable and interesting pieces for them to read while there, as it is for their father to prepare a sermon for the people.

I often think of the delight which my own daughters would experience could they associate in labors of love with kindred helpers. But their situation is isolated. Last week they took leave of the only remaining daughter of the mission of corresponding age, who removes with her parents to their native land. They felt the separation very deeply. So did their mother. Yet they are happy in remaining in this land. They know not a better. They love their homes, their books, their friends, the climate, and they love to have their parents teach the natives.

We lately received a visit from a very intelligent sea-captain. He remarked: "I am a great friend to missionaries, and their cause, but I do not think it right to have families here. I told my mate that I would assist *men* in coming out, but I never would give *ladies* a passage on my ship. I would do everything in my power to assist them back again; and to remove children, I would give up my own berth and sleep on deck. It seems to me, Mr. Thurston, that you should be relieved, after having been here so many years, and your children so large, by going home and staying a few years. It would be of great importance to them." I smiled at his freedom, and loved him for his sympathy. Mr. Thurston answered him by saying, that in such circumstances, a missionary needed a family in order to support his own character, and that women were as willing to come as men were. "I know," he said, "they are willing to come, but children are the sufferers." After he retired one remarked: "If he thinks the way is for men only to come out, he had better go himself and

commence a new station, and then he will know what it is to live alone in such circumstances." He felt for the *children of missionaries*, and well he might, for there is not a class of children upon the face of our earth, who are the offspring of christian parents, for whom my sympathies have been so much moved. When all the host of God's elect comes up as one man to the great work of evangelizing the natives, and they become enlightened and ready to sustain measures, which the American Board, from their superior knowledge, would probably even now approve, then will a greater latitude be allowed to those who go forth to fight the Lord's battles in the camp of the enemies than was ever thought of in former years.

We received letters from our missionaries at the Marquesas the other day. Their situation there is quite unlike what ours is *now* at the Sandwich Islands. But it reminds me of other years. Mrs. Armstrong writes that she would as soon trust herself in the mouth of a lion, as out of the house alone. We who have seen society in its heathen state, can better form an idea of the import of that expression, and better realize the dangers with which she is surrounded. Let all remember those thus situated in the dark places of the earth.

ARTICLE LXX.

To Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Goodell, Constantinople, Turkey.

KAILUA, OCTOBER 24, 1834.

Dear Cousins, William and Abigail:

Last June when we went down to Oahu to the General Meeting of the Missionaries, we repaired immediately to Mr. Bingham's. His family was soon collected in

the parlor, and it was at once suggested to our minds that the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney was alone wanting to make out all that remained of the pioneers of our mission. Being in a neighboring house, they were soon called in. There were no children by their side. They, four in number, were far separated from their parents and from each other. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham appeared with two little children. Two had been sent home, and two they had laid in their graves. Ourselves, with our four children, alone appeared an unbroken family. Mr. Whitney remarked that his heart never came so near breaking as when he sent away his last child. But he said: "If I had not sent away my children, 1835 would not find me at the Sandwich Islands."

It was after learning distressing intelligence from abroad, that Mr. Thurston said to me: "You must take our children and go home with them." I answered: "It is recorded in the minutes of the General Meeting, that twenty years is as long a service in this climate as can be expected of any one missionary. Such a term would carry our two oldest daughters up to the age of sixteen and eighteen, and our son to twelve. In our situation, with our regulations, I am willing to sustain maternal responsibilities in this land so long, but no longer. Let us perform our measure of service within that period, and then all go home together." This was entering upon a new subject never before alluded to during the struggles of fourteen years. But, thought I, how will such sounds fall on the ears of our associates, destitute as we are of any such passports as the dyspepsia, liver complaint, etc. However, I suggested the plan to Mr. Bishop, our associate, and was a little surprised, a few days after, to hear him say it was a measure which he

cordially approved. As opportunity occured I conversed with Mrs. Richards on the subject. She thought that retaining a child in this land for a period of eighteen years was incurring too great a risk. Yet, she said, "Our *young* missionaries are not prepared to listen to your suggestion ; you had better not name it to them." Several months after, coming in contact with one of our young members, I was interrogated respecting the future prospects of our children, with an interest and sympathy, which will ever endear her to my heart. To the inquiry, "Can you see your way through?" I replied, "I have dared to say, that if the God of nature upholds me during a period of six more years, I shall then hold myself in readiness to quit the country ; yet it does not depend on us, but upon our associates and patrons." The answer was : "No one on either side of the ocean can object to such a measure." There the subject rests, and my heart is at rest. For the present, I only wish to stand in my lot, and do my appointed work.

At our last General Meeting, no less than forty-seven children of our mission were brought together. The missionaries daily assembled in a retired school-house, near the mission houses, so that the children were allowed at any hour to repair thither. I often attended, and was sometimes amused to see the scene which was spread out before us. One father with a child on his knee, another with one slumbering at his feet, a third walking to and fro at the vacant end of the house, leading a little one by the hand. Here a boy by his father's side, making dogs and horses not to be distinguished ; there a group formed, trying their skill in drawing geometrical diagrams, or perhaps braiding rushes ; while at a little distance others would be engaged with a book,

or plying their needles. In this way I have seen twenty children dispersed through the house, while their fathers were engaged in their sage discussions.

Mrs. Judson assigns as a reason why a missionary should have a wife, because she "presumes Mrs. Marshman does more good in her school, than one half the ministers in America." I do not know as to that; but in our situation, I approve the motto, that "The missionary best serves his generation who serves the public, and his wife best serves her generation who serves her family."

Until about two years ago, I uniformly attended church every Sabbath when my health permitted, always taking all the children with me, even down to babyhood. But as they were in the same predicament as the poor unlettered hearers of Jesuits, whose devotions were performed in Latin, they took their English books with them. So, while the minister preached, they read. However, as our oldest daughter increased in years, the practice of walking half a mile beneath a tropical sun, and then being seated in a crowded assembly, for the sake of being within sounds, which she could neither understand, nor was allowed to utter, became exceedingly irksome, and many a time has she returned home in tears, saying, "Mama, what do I go to church for?" To require her statedly to thus attend, when likely to imprint on her mind indelible impressions of pain, connected with the day of God, and the house of prayer, appeared to me the greatest trial attending a continued residence in this land of exile. I proposed an alternative, that of staying at home, and having the hour dedicated to religious instruction in our own language. The children acquiesced readily in this. So did their father. I explained the matter to the natives

at a Friday Female Meeting. The purport of my remarks was as follows: "You see how it is at Kiauhou and at Kekaha. They have no teacher. Every Sabbath Mr. Thurston or Mr. Bishop goes and teaches them. We think it right for them to leave their places in the church so that they may go and instruct the destitute. There are others in Kailua who are destitute; who shall instruct them? They are the children of your teacher. Their young friends and relatives in America write and tell them of their meetings and of their schools. On the Sabbath they are blessed with privileges. Mr. Bingham's oldest daughter, and Mr. Ruggles' oldest daughter, and Mr. Whitney's three oldest children have all been sent away to enjoy the advantages of that good land. Our children remain in an isolated state. They go to the church, but there is no instruction for them in that place. They return home and weep; for though they see their own father in the sanctuary, he speaks not to them: his voice never reaches their hearts. For your sakes it is, that he labors; for your sakes it is, that his children are alone, cut off from kindred and country. Yet they love to have it so. They love to dwell among you, and to have their parents teach you. One thing only they ask, and they ask it with tears. Let the return of the Sabbath bring privileges to us,—let us attend on instruction in our own language. In consideration of these feelings, and of their destitute and exiled state, I have thought fit, while their father is devoted to you, to be myself devoted to them. The same bell which calls you to the church, assembles them at their own home, to be taught the worship and will of their Maker. And you, mothers, when you see me feel the importance of making such provisions for my children, if you follow my example, you will every Sabbath lead yours to

your place of worship and instruction. In this respect, as you know what I do, 'go and do likewise.'" When I thus presented the subject to their minds, they wept, and with much good sense and good feeling said : "Yes, it is right. You take care of your children, but we do not take care of ours." Now, I do not believe that the people of Kailua any more feel that they may stay at home because I stay to teach the children, than that they may stay at home because Mr. Thurston's place is empty when he goes to teach the people at Kiauhou. Nor do I believe, in my situation, that to go and sit in the church, as the people of God sit, is a service any more acceptable to the good Shepherd, than to stay away and "feed his lambs."

I however have my appointed season for meeting a Bible class, and an arithmetical school, at which times Mr. Thurston not only stands sentinel, but improves the opportunity by teaching the children sacred music. He walked in one day after dinner, with his singing book under his arm, and from that time to this, has been both persevering and successful in his instructions. We style him, too, our "Professor in the Latin Language," and have it regularly served up at the conclusion of every meal. This forms one of our most pleasant exercises, as with the exception of the baby, our whole family circle is included. I joined in for the sake of relieving their father as much as possible ; and besides that, I could be companionable, and in this manner attach the children to their home, to their studies, to their parents,—turning it all to the formation of their characters. Their other studies are under my direction, such as grammar, geography, history, arithmetic, philosophy, etc. I have adopted many methods of management by way of conducting our family school, but in nothing have I succeed-

ed so well as with the clock and bell. At eight in the morning the bell rings, which brings us all to our assigned seats. The first half hour in silence and application, when the bell gives a signal for release. We then all engage in active employments, performing the various duties which go to promote the comfort and happiness of the family. The bell rings at nine. All learn punctuality by repairing at once to their seats, and to their studies. Half past nine, the tinkling of the bell is heard, and whoever wishes may be released. Thus we pass most of the day by regular half hour diversions. It saves from indolence and yawning beneath a tropic sun; gives an impulse in circumstances where there is nothing to stimulate, and to system adds interest and industry. In this way, too, they are so under the direction of the clock, that in case of my absence, lessons are not interrupted.

Were our oldest children sons, I would by no means retain them here till they were far advanced in their teens; no longer, indeed, than would be suitable to place them under the same regulations as daughters, within a mother's province. Our associates tell me: "It is because your children are girls that you can keep them within prescribed limits. You will never be able to do so with a boy." My reply is: "On no other conditions will I retain one in this land." Our son, as yet, though possessed of all the feelings of the boy, and a share of his grandfather's energy, is happy within his mother's realm. I do not, however, with uplifted hands exclaim: "What! a devoted missionary furnish amusements for his children!" Our home affords no recreation at once so happy and so healthful as that of bathing in the waters of the ocean, with a high sea, and a spring tide. In order to the enjoyment of this, the children and I

form a party, and repair half a mile to the sea shore, having a couple of natives in the rear to carry accommodations, such as a tent, changes of raiment, etc. Mr. Thurston compares us to a caravan on the plains of Shinar.

A wooden house, sent out to Mr. Stewart by his friends, which reached here after he had returned to the United States, was by the mission sent to Mr. Thurston. It is placed in our large retired yard of three acres, and is especially devoted to the accommodation of our children. It has been to me like a "great rock in a weary land." Your affectionate Cousin,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXI.

To Mrs. Coan, Hilo, Hawaii.

KAILUA, AUGUST 6, 1835.

Dear Mrs. Coan:

We remained at Honolulu just one fortnight after your departure, and then bade them an affectionate adieu. We passed by Lahaina, where we spent two days; visited the grave of that dear child, Mary Clarke; bade a last farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Chapin; received into our arms the new born babe of Mrs. Hitchcock, ushered into life a few hours after our arrival. Such is life, and such its passing scenes. Six days from Oahu brought us in peace to our own habitation. O, home, sweet home!

None of the children were propounded to become members of the Mission Church before leaving Honolulu. It seemed not to meet the feelings of Mr. Richards,

so far as his were concerned, nor of Mr. Thurston, so far as his were concerned. They thought that should they prove promising candidates for church membership, they could be both propounded and received at the next General Meeting.

When my heart is too cold to feel the emotions of gratitude for common mercies, I can thank my heavenly Father for giving us friends, who with so much interest and condescension take our children by the hand, and help to give such an impress to their characters, as will fit them for both worlds. The Savior reward every such effort a thousand fold.

Yours affectionately,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXII.

To Mrs. Isabella Homes, Boston, Mass.

KAILUA, OCTOBER 28, 1835.

Dear Mrs. Homes:

Sixteen eventful years have run their round since that interesting period, in which we threw a die, which can be equaled only by that which is thrown for eternity. Oft as the mind reverts to those scenes, your home and its hospitalities ever come up with vivid interest before the mind. Since that period new relations have arisen in our family; father and mother, son and daughter, brother and sister. We behold ourselves multiplied to six, a number still unbroken, either by death or separation.

A gentleman who visited us from Boston, told me that a lady from that place wished him to ascertain whether the missionaries kept *servants* in their families.

She had heard so by way of a young lady who had visited the Islands, but "could hardly believe it." In our own house we have the various classes of master and mistress, of children, and of household natives. There is a native family attached to our establishment, whose home is a distinct house in our common yard. They give us their services. One man simply cultivates taro, two miles up the country, and weekly brings down a supply of the staff of life for ourselves and our dependants. Another man every week goes up the mountain to do our washing. Frequently he finds water within two miles. Often he is obliged to go five, sometimes ten miles. He likewise brings fresh water for the daily use of our family, from like distances,—brings it (over the rugged way, overspread with lava,) in large gourd shells suspended at the two ends of a strong stick, the heavy weight resting upon his shoulder. In like manner a third man brings brackish water from a distance of half a mile, to be used in household purposes. He, too, is master of the cookhouse, a thatched roof, with the bare ground for the feet, with simply stones laid up in the middle for a fire place. No chimney, no oven, no cooking stove. But there are the facilities of a baking kettle, a frying pan, a pot, and a sauce-pan. He, who under the old dispensation, officiated as priest to one of their gods, now, under a new dispensation with commendable humility, officiates as cook to a priest and his family. Then, aid in the care of the house, of sewing, and of baby-hood, devolves on female hands.

We commenced mission life with other ideas. Native youth resided in our families, and so far as was consistent, we granted them all the privileges of companions and of children. Not many years rolled on, and our eyes were opened to behold the moral pollution

which, unchecked, had here been accumulated for ages. I saw, but it was parental responsibilities which made me so emphatically *feel* the horrors of a heathen land. I had it ever in my heart, the shafts of sin flying from every direction are liable to pierce the vitals of my children. It was in these circumstances that I met with an account of the celebrated Mrs. Fry's first visiting the wretched inhabitants of a prison. The jailer, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade her from a step so perilous, said: "At least leave your watch behind." Mrs. Fry left for a few hours her well ordered home. But had she taken her children with her, and there patiently set down to the formation of their characters, beneath the influence of prison inmates, she might have found in her path some such trials as fall to a mother's lot in the early years of a mission.

In looking at my own situation, no comparison seemed to my mind as just and vivid, as the necessity of walking unhurt, in the midst of red-hot plough-shares. Here it was, that I found myself soiled with the filth of the slough of despond. I reviewed the ground on which I stood. The heathen world were to be converted. But by what means? Are missionaries with their eyes open to the dangers of their situation, to sit conscientiously down to the labor of bringing back a revolted race to the service of Jehovah, and in so doing practically give over their own children to Satan? If children must be sacrificed, better a thousand times leave ignorant mortals to do it, than for us who know our Lord's will. In investigating this subject in the heart of a heathen land, I could see no alternative but that a mother go to work, and here form a moral atmosphere in which her children can live and move without inhaling the infection of moral death. As Jews can educate children to be Jews

among Gentiles, and Roman Catholics can educate children to be Roman Catholics among Protestants, so let Christian Parents educate children to be Christians among the Heathen. Some decisive steps must be taken or the appalling vices of the heathen will become inwrought in the very texture of our children's characters. The first important measure was to prohibit them altogether the use of the Hawaiian language, thus cutting off all intercourse between them and the heathen. This, of course, led to the family regulation, that no child might speak to a native, and no native might speak to a child, babyhood excepted. This led to another arrangement, that of having separate rooms and yards for children, and separate rooms and yards for natives. The reason of this separation, and this non-intercourse was distinctly stated to household natives, and to native visitors. We are willing to come and live among you, that you may be taught the good way; but it would break our hearts to see our children rise up and be like the children of Hawaii, and they will be no better if exposed to the same influences. The heathen could see that it was such evidence of parental faithfulness and love, as was not known among them, and looked on with interest and amazement to see how it was that children could be trained to habits of obedience, a thing they never heard of. But if I wished to make trial, they would not be in the way. Indeed, they would like to see the experiment tried. I have often seen them shed tears while contrasting our children with their own degenerate offspring. When in the dining room and kitchen, attended by my children, nothing was uttered in the Hawaiian language but by way of giving or receiving directions in the most concise terms. When the hour for instruction came, and I left my children behind

me, I could sit down with the same circle, and the restraint was removed. Thus they learned that in the presence of my children I was the mother, and that when alone in their own presence, I was the companion and the teacher. Thus they were situated, attached to our household, but excluded the privileges of children. To me, it appeared no more in the light of affecting ease and style, than does the conduct of Elijah, fleeing from the anger of Ahab, to be fed twice a day by unclean birds.

I had experienced the debilitating effects of this long summer, commenced in 1820; I had felt disease so invade my frame as for years to render domestic aid essential to my very existence. During this season of adversity, far away from the comforts and aid of civilized man, far from that medical skill which visits the couch of suffering humanity to alleviate distress, and to raise from debility, my reliance was my husband. The responsible office of the physician, the tender duties of the nurse, and the menial services of the kitchen, have all been his. But how can an individual give efficiency to public labors, when from hour to hour, from day to day, from week to week, and from year to year, his attention is divided between the cook-room and the nursery. In these helpless circumstances I have been thankful for the imperfect services of natives, even though their entrance into our family caused apprehensions and mental sufferings, which have often excited reflections like this. Crucifixion is the *torture of days.* These maternal anxieties which hourly prey upon the heart, and produce so many sleepless nights, is the *anguish of years.*

But why do I dwell on conflicts, when I am allowed to sing of victory. Our two oldest children opened

their eyes when thick darkness was still brooding over this polluted land. Without being left to stumble on the dark mountains, they have been borne along the tide of life, till at the age of twelve and thirteen years, they came to the same fountain for cleansing as is opened for the poor natives to wash in. So well established are their christian habits and principles, that we have, of late, allowed them free access to all our Hawaiian books, and to listen to preaching, besides to each a class of little girls, whom they every day meet for instruction under school regulations. But the restriction of non-intercourse among the natives is not removed.

Dear Mrs. Bishop, who was laid in her grave six weeks before the arrival of the reinforcement, longed exceedingly to see and give them a charge from her sick couch. The purport of it was this: "Do not be devoted to domestic duties. Trust to natives, however imperfect their services, and preserve your constitutions." *I* needed no such warning, for I had learned the lesson by my own sad experience, and when, after years of prostration, I was again permitted to enjoy comfortable *health*, I availed myself of the aid of natives for the accomplishment of such domestic services as they were capable of rendering. I found that the duties of the housekeeper, of the mother, of the teacher of our children, of day schools and weekly meetings, among the natives, often drew me down to the couch. For as one of our physicians told me, "You may as well talk of *perpetual motion*, as to think of performing as much labor here as you could have done by remaining in America."

I have spoken simply of our own domestic arrangement; but all our mission families are regulated much on the same plan; and were our patrons, or our husbands,

now to say, "Look to New England for examples: there ladies of intelligence and refinement, holding superior stations in life, often sustain, unaided, the labors of their own families,—go thou and do likewise,"—it would be one of the most effectual means that could be taken to send the sisters of this mission, either *down* to their *graves*, or *home* to *America*.

As to the effects produced upon natives thus employed in our families, they have more intelligence, more of the good things of this life, more influence among their fellows than they could otherwise possess; and numbers of them, I doubt not, will be added to that great company, which no man can number, redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

This letter far exceeds the limits I prescribed to myself when taking the pen. But knowing that heavy oars are plied on that side of the waters for the benefit of those who are here your servants for Christ's sake, I thought good to spread before you our situation and principles of action.

Yours affectionately,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXIII.

To Mrs. Dr. Judd.

KAIULA, DECEMBER 25, 1835.

Dear Mrs. Judd:

The scenes of last General Meeting have caused many pleasant associations to stand connected in my mind with you and the young plants rising up beneath your care. The intelligence that *twins* had been added to your family, awakened new interest. It touched a

chord in my heart which vibrated with emotion. For thus it was that *I* commenced my being, thus it was that I was cradled in my mother's arms. Eight summer suns beheld us twin sisters closely walking hand in hand the pathway of life. How sweet those early memories! Then together we descended to the very verge of the grave. There we separated. *Lydia's* character had become perfected for another state of existence, and Lucy was raised for a then unthought-of destiny.

ARTICLE LXXIV.

To Mrs. Dr. Judd.

KAILUA, NOVEMBER 14, 1836.

Dear Mrs. Judd:

I guessed that you understood what poor human nature was, and that you thought that by this time I might be in want of what Solomon says, is as good as a medicine. Be that as it may, the reception of your letter, which found us in a temperate region, caused an immediate rise of ten degrees in the elasticity of our spirits. As to picking up a pen when the governor's schooner was bound straight to Hilo,—had I done so it would not have been to have written the name of Judd, for I did not think you would have been there. But on that day, after attending to my family school and nursery, after acting as superintendent to a native school of one hundred and eighty, making out two notes on business, and putting up oranges for five stations, I was satisfied with paying my respects to such only as presented themselves before me in person, ; and this I

had the opportunity of doing by the arrival of Mr. Forbes and family

This apology has opened a loophole through which you can peep and obtain one glimpse of us, situated alone on these shores of Hawaii. We have, since General Meeting, had none other than favorable gales, and we are now under full sail, going at the rate of ten knots an hour ; but I know not how soon we shall find ourselves in the Gulf Stream.

Baby thrives, and is quite an important personage among us, being the substitute of the Rev. Mr. Bishop and family, who have removed to Ewa.

Affectionately yours,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXV.

To Miss Elizabeth Goodale.

KAILUA, NOVEMBER 15, 1836.

My Dear Niece :

Tell your dear mother that I was better pleased with the intelligence of her being a member of a Sabbath school than of anything I have heard respecting her since leaving America. Tell her, too, that I learn a Bible lesson every week to recite in English. My own children are my classmates. By giving Mr. Thurston the class-book, we contrive to form one united family circle. Thus we are engaged every Sabbath night at sunset, the usual time for evening family worship. When Saturday comes round I attend to another Sabbath school lesson in Hawaiian. Instead of being there a scholar to recite with scholars, I am a teacher to in-

struct teachers—some thirty of them, who are employed in our Sabbath school.

We have now no associate at our station, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop having removed to Ewa, on Oahu, in consequence of Mrs. Bishop's impaired health. The arrangement will probably be permanent. We have a neighbor on one side of us, Mr. Forbes, by water distant sixteen miles, and on the other side, Mr. Lyons, within thirty miles.

At the last General Meeting the ladies of the Mission formed themselves into a Maternal Association. Their meetings became frequent and very interesting. At the various stations the ladies have formed similar associations among the natives, reports from which are to be brought in at every yearly meeting.

Situated in such solitary circumstances, I find much comfort and aid from our two oldest children. The older of these is now fifteen, and their scholars about their own ages, yet they look up to their young teachers with as much deference as they do to me. The future destiny of our children I know not. We have never yet seen the time, when we could thrust them from those guardians which are theirs by nature. We are daily expecting a letter from Dr. Anderson which I hope will throw some light on our path. I always hold it up before the children that in three years, that is, when the oldest is eighteen, they must go to the land of their fathers. I find it necessary to do this as a stimulus to effort beneath this tropic sun, where there is so much that is indolent and uncivilized to meet the eye. Nine children of the mission will probably be sent away in a few weeks. With the exception of our own family, no daughter in the mission will be left upward of seven years of age.

When we sailed for Honolulu to attend the last General Meeting, and were not yet out of sight of our own shores, we looked back and saw the flames ascending to the heavens. We had little doubt but one of our dwelling houses was laid in ashes; but in two or three weeks after, we learned that it was our church—the work of an incendiary not yet discovered. It was said by a white man then on the spot, that there had never been such a mourning among the people since the death of Kamehameha. It however, only hastened the work of starting a permanent stone building, which is now nearly completed. The belfry, spire and vane, give quite an American look to our village.

Your affectionate Aunt,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXVI.

The Epistle of the Thurstons to the Honoluluans.

APRIL, 1837.

LUCY with Tatina,* her husband, and all the children that are with us, to all that be in Honolulu, called to be saints.

As we trust shortly to be given you through your prayers, even at the approaching convocation, we thought good to write unto you in order, that withal ye prepare us also a lodging place. And as it was made a statute and an ordinance for Israel, that as his part was, that went down to the battle, so should his part be that tarried by the stuff, they should share alike: even so we pray, that the end of a campaign, performed single handed, may introduce us to the full communion and

*Tah-tee'-nah. Thurston in the native language.

fellowship of those who remain by the stuff, to the full enjoyment of social privileges, to be comforted together with you, with those consolations, with which you also abound.

Salute Rebecca and her household. They of Hawaii salute you. Grace be with you all, Amen.

Written to the Honoluluans from Kailua, and sent by Kuakini, servant of the church.

ARTICLE LXXVII.

To Mrs. Coan, Hilo.

KAILUA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1837.

Dear Mrs. Coan:

Dr. Andrews has just sent up a note, saying, that an opportunity offers of sending to Hilo by the way of Waimea, and as I have a caution to press upon you, I immediately turn to my pen.

It is this. *Take care of your health.* I hear the same story this year that I did the last, that your duties through the day made you too weary to rest at night. That is enough of itself for one who has been in the post of observation for seventeen years, to raise the warning voice. There are emergencies when people are called upon to show their devotion to the cause which they have espoused, by adventuring with life in their hands. Not so in prosperous circumstances, performing the daily routine of common duties:—I do most fully believe that it is the will of our Lord that we take care of flesh and blood, of bones and sinews, these forming the grand, the only instrument with which we are to serve our generation. If it is an instrument with which we are to serve, then let it be a servant. But let us give

it *such rest* as will best secure *prolonged* and *energetic* action. Tell our young missionary ladies, that to live a holy life is one thing, and to sap one's constitution in the ardor of youthful feelings is quite another. I watch over these young plants with something of maternal feelings. Yours affectionately,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXVIII.

To Mrs. Mary Parkhurst, Massachusetts.

KAILUA, FEBRUARY, 1839.

Dear Niece:

Dr. Andrews and wife, myself and children have all just returned from spending a week at Kealakekua, in the family of Mr. Forbes, sixteen miles from this. Mr. Thurston conducted us thither and returned. I had not before, since my illness, been beyond the precincts of our village, notwithstanding it had been so strongly recommended. The Dr. was rising from sickness, having twice had the run of a fever. We went and returned in a double canoe. We all spent one day and night with Kapiolani, whose residence was two miles from Mr. Forbes, back in the country. I was delighted with the air of civilized and cultivated life, which pervaded her dwelling. She had a stone house, consisting of three lower, and three upper rooms. Several of the rooms were carpeted with very fine mats, and curtained. Three high post bedsteads were hung with valances and musquito curtains. Three Chinese settees, handsomely trimmed, were placed one in each of the lower rooms. The house was furnished with a writing desk, tables,

chairs, looking glasses, &c. A table was spread, covered with a white damask table cloth. Tea was served up with a waiter. China cups and saucers, and silver tea spoons. Then she had soup served out with a silver ladle on soup plates; and boiled fowls, baked pig, with various kinds of vegetables, as squash, potatoes, kalo, breadfruit, and radishes, on dining plates. Then there was the domestic altar, the Holy Book, the sacred hymns and reverential prayer. Thus were we entertained at the house of a *Sandwich Islander.*

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXIX.

To the General Meeting of the Sandwich Island Mission.

KAILUA, APRIL 6, 1839.

Brethren:

It was when maternal cares first pressed upon my heart, that I was made sensible of the dangers of that sea on which I had embarked. The cable that confined my bark was cut, and no idea existed in my mind of again reaching my native land. Thus launched, sustaining such responsibilities, I beheld my situation upon the very verge of the outer circles of a maelstrom. But firmly believing that God helps those who help themselves, I learned, as it were, while with one hand I wrought, with the other to stem the tide. Thus was I sustained day by day, during the first fourteen years of missionary life, without any star of future promise to guide me to the port of safety.

Then new and appalling intelligence from abroad moved Mr. Thurston to say to me: "You must take

our children and go home with them." I answered: "It is recorded in the minutes of our General Meeting, that twenty years is as long a service in this climate as can be expected of any one missionary. In our situation, with our regulations, I am willing to sustain maternal responsibilities in this land so long, but no longer. Let us perform our measure of service within that period, and then all go home together." For nearly five years this is as the subject has existed in our minds. Mr. Thurston has harped upon the string of sending home mother and children, while I have been buoyed up with the hope that he would accompany us.

But the nineteenth year of missionary life seemed to call upon me to look at my prospects and responsibilities, and prepare for changes. But what was duty? Abram, in leaving his country, and offering up his son Isaac, had a plain command by which to walk. But from Genesis to Revelation I found no one to meet my case. On first opening the Bible, we read that a man shall leave his *father* and his *mother*, but we look in vain to the only sure guide of faith and practice, to find, either by precept or example, that he is *forever* to leave his own offspring. This sentiment of modern days seems to be introduced to meet the wants of our world, probably destined to flourish only while the science of Missions is in its infancy.

When Moses became a public character in the land of Egypt, we find that his wife was left behind in the land of Midian with his children.

Hannah, the only example of the kind in Holy Writ, either in the old Testament or new, left her son Samuel at the tabernacle under the care of the High Priest, and returned fifteen miles to her own home. The three great Jewish feasts, required husband to visit the

spot three times a year. Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice, where, with her own eyes she could behold her own son ministering before the Lord, girded with a linen ephod.

The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is drawn from the same source as the prediction, "Many shall run *to* and *fro*, and knowledge shall be greatly increased."

In turning to view the human family in the 19th century, among the heterogeneous mass which went to people our earth, I behold three distinct classes of children, laboring under a system of measures which tend to deprive them of both their natural guardians. I allude to the traffic of African blood, the burning of Hindoo widows, and the exile of missionaries from their country for life. To be myself drawn into such circumstances, to be instrumental in giving birth to immortal natures, and then myself exercise an agency to thrust them from me, perhaps to be crushed, perhaps from their unprotected state to be led into temptations and sin, was more trying to my feelings, than sustaining maternal duties in the very heart of a heathen land, when gross darkness was upon the people,—a darkness that could be felt.

When at the inexperienced age of twenty-four, I was called to decide upon the important question of quitting my native country for a heathen land, my father and all my friends referred the matter entirely to myself. Without advice, without influence, I alone sustained the responsibility.

At the more experienced age of forty-three, another question of equal moment came up before me. But in-

dependence of action was no longer mine. A long array of "powers that be," rose up before me. Husband, associates, the Prudential Committee, the American Board, and the Christian Public. In such circumstances, not communicating my trials to mortal ear, not aware of my danger, and not taking heed to my steps, I found myself in the Slough of Despond. By efforts too much for human nature, I extricated myself, and reached the side opposite my own house. It was on the 27th of August, 1838, that I made the surrender of laying my children on the altar. Then I resolved to take my proper place, to remember that I was a daughter of Eve, a wife of a minister of Jesus Christ, of a missionary to the heathen. I resolved to be led and guided like a little child, by those who managed the affairs of Christ's kingdom, even though I alone was called to wander to a far off land, there to be deprived of those in whom my strength lieth, and to return with the weakness of a Samson shorn of his locks.

The result was such as might be expected. Like poor Christian, I lost my burden. But what excited my astonishment was, I could no longer say *I am weary.* The distress of my mind, and the pains of my body had taken flight together. For three days there was an unnatural degree of rest, repose and languor, when I experienced an attack of paralysis on the right side, so very slight, at first, as not to interrupt my usual routine of duties. It continued to increase daily, and precisely one fortnight from the night that I formed my purpose of action, I was extended on my bed, encircled by friends, commending, for the first time, my children in their coming orphanage to the guardianship of Mrs. Andrews. During the following week, my life was dispaired of from one day to another, and at periods, from one

hour to another. My head was so disordered that eight weeks passed away before I was once removed from that sick bed on which I had been laid; during which time I was fed with a tea-spoon like an infant.

But although cast down I was not destroyed. He, who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust, said to the destroying angel, "It is enough." That I live, again to act my part in the theatre of life, possessing the use of my limbs and mental faculties, is the Lord's doings and marvelous in our eyes. But I am not in the possession of equal powers, either of body or mind as formerly. Besides a sense of weight on my right side from head to foot, hourly reminds me of what I have been, of what I may again be. But although deep has called unto deep, and all God's waves and billows have rolled over me, it has only fixed the steadfast purpose of my soul, to let others lead, and while I follow, accepting of trials and sacrifices as my portion, not counting even my life dear unto myself.

And now, after a campaign of twenty years, it is our desire to have the privilege of providing for our own house also. By the Prudential Committee we are referred for direction to this Body. Now our waiting eyes are turned to you. Were I allowed to speak my feelings, my petition and my request is: If it please this Mission, and we have found favor in their sight, and if the thing seem right in their eyes, that they permit me to conduct my children across the ocean to the land which is theirs by birthright; to a land of industry, of civilization, and of christian institutions. If it is made a question whether the husband and the father accompany us or not, you and he, will, of course, decide according as the finger of Divine Providence seems to your own minds to direct. LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXX.

To Mrs. P. P. Andrews, Hilo.

KAILUA, JULY 25, 1839.

Dear Mrs. Andrews:

Last night, as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, we set foot on the shores of Kailua, on our return from the General Meeting at Honolulu. But it was not necessary to come to these scenes, to be reminded often and tenderly of you.

Short as has been the time since I saw you, I have seen some of the varieties of human life. Yesterday, in solitary circumstances on the schooner, we were accommodated upon the naked deck, eating from the *poi* dish with our fingers. But the other day, while at Kaneohe, we were seated at the table with twenty, where luxury and etiquette seemed to preside. At one time I had the apprehension of fleeing for life before the face of enemies.* Yet another, watching, day and night, over the

*An armed French ship was anchored within cannon shot distance of the town of Honolulu. Within view and reach of those shotted guns, resided the American Missionaries. In case of hostilities, other foreigners would find an asylum and protection on board the French ship. But the missionaries were pointed out as the special mark for devastations, calamities, insults, and horrors, threatened by cannonading, and by landing a lawless crew from a French Man of War. If a man of their vessel was injured it was to be a war of extermination, neither man, woman nor child were to be saved. The hour was set when they were to commence hostilities, unless the king yielded to all requirements. It was a peremptory demand for the surrender of the sovereigns prerogatives, the session of lands, and a deposit of $20,000 as security for the future obsequiousness and obedience of his Hawaiian Majesty Kamehameha Third to the king of the French.—[Flag Ship Jarves History, and Bingham's History.]

There was a time in this extremity, when the friends of the king in his presence, laid the matter before the King of Kings. The prayer was ended. But the youthful ruler lingered kneeling.

sick couch of my elder boy, while no tongue but little Henry's gave utterance to the deep feelings of the heart —"Is Asa a-going to die?" Then we again found ourelves buffeting the rude surges of the ocean, in the same schooner which touched upon the rocks on the way down, and in which I extinguished fire in coming up, having no appendage of boat or canoe on board for any emergency. Then even the voyage had variety. The first part was exceedingly rough, the little children asking with tears, "Will the vessel tip over?" However, our native mariners had no such fears, and even if it did, why they knew how to right it—by cutting away the masts. The last part of the voyage was as calm as a summer's day, and served to remind me of the end of the voyage of life, after the conflicts and trials of the way. Affectionately,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXXI.

To Mrs. Coan, Hilo.

KAILUA, JANUARY 9, 1840.

Dear Sister Coan:

I rejoice once more in being able to address you. This I have ever intended to do before leaving the Isands, even if I could not take my pen before being on the way for Oahu. But since our excursion round the Island, my cares have been like wave behind wave, requiring head, and heart, and hands to buffet them. Our stay here has been unexpectedly prolonged. But I thank Him without whose cognizance not a sparrow falleth to the ground, that we are still dwelling in the quietude of our own home. To make preparations for a voyage of

twenty-four weeks, for a family of seven members, under the equator and around Cape Horn, in sickness and health, in touching perhaps at foreign ports, and in landing on our native shores, is not all. In ploughing the ocean's deceitful waves, I wish to feel that whatever betide, all will be well with me and mine. Jesus, too, is passing in our midst. What time so opportune to ask Him to lay his hands upon *all* my children, and to bless them.

You were kind to speak a word in behalf of a child of unformed character, about to be sundered forever from both natural guardians. Under what influence is the scale to turn, which will fix that child's destiny in both worlds. Without calculating on probabilities, I am called to lay my children all as blanks into my heavenly Father's hands, to let him write upon them as seemeth good in his sight, and to hold myself in readiness, either to be used,—or dashed as a potter's vessel. O, for that humility, for that submission, for that gratitude which becomes a dependent being.

I beg you to tender my parting salutations of love to each of your kind associates. Peace, that peace which the world neither gives nor takes away, be with them and you. Brethren and sisters, pray for us. Farewell.

Affectionately yours,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXXII.

To Mr. Armstrong, Honolulu.

Dear Brother:

Since you have the kindness to allow me to spread before you my feelings, permit me to state:

That the danger of the return of my former disease,

the paralysis, may be rationally apprehended during my voyage to the United States.

That in case of another attack, no other prospect would seem to be before me, than either a speedy dissolution, or being left to drag out existence, a wreck both in body and mind.

That the liability of its occurrence will depend much upon the quiet state of my own mind.

That there are two subjects which lie with oppressive weight upon my feeling, my *children* who go with me, and my *husband* who is left behind.

That the sorrow and anxiety which I shall feel in view of leaving Mr. Thurston in such desolate circumstances, will be greatly augmented or lessened, in the consideration of whom he has for associates. His retiring habits, his dereliction of self, and a slight cough from which he has not been free for the past nine months, all lead me to wish to commend him to the watchful care and sympathy of *known and tried friends.*

Therefore, my petition and my request is, if I have found favor, and the thing seem right, let *Dr. and Mrs. Andrews remain* at Kailua.

My prayer is now before you. Nothing remains for me, but to lay my hand upon my mouth, and prapare myself to say, whatever may be the result of the deep surge which is now passing over our family, Amen and Amen.

Yours in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE LXXXIII.

Our Children.

THE natives knew I had a systematic school for them in the sitting room in the house, situated in the retired yard, and they learned to obtain permission quietly to drop in and silently witness the novel scene. They could at once behold order and application, and though ignorant of the English language, they shrewdly judged that our children were prodigies of obedience compared with their own degenerate offspring. With them, could be seen at the end of their dwelling house a little urchin with a stone in his hand at open defiance against his father, crying out: "You don't need to dodge, father; I am not agoing to throw yet."

While the natives have been observing my school, I have often and often seen the tears trickle down their cheeks. They were grieving that they had destroyed their own children on the threshold of life, and parental desires were awakened of having themselves sons and daughters thus molded.

Whenever I walked abroad, or entered the church, every eye was turned upon them, bespeaking looks of astonishment and admiration. So that notwithstanding they had no intercourse with the people, they were emphatically public examples in a nation that had never before seen the effects of a christian and civilized education.

When our eldest daughters were twelve and fourteen years of age, their habits were so formed, and their principles so established, that we gave them permission to learn the native language from pure sources. They

were instructed in it by their parents, allowed access to Hawaiian books, attended on their father's ministry, became teachers in the Sabbath school, also in the day school, and each had a chamber in which she gathered her own Sabbath school class around her for religious exercises. They were allowed to come in contact with natives as teachers, under school regulations, but not as associates. They were very much revered, and exerted a powerful influence over the native mind. Thus it was, that they cheerfully and devotedly labored for five years before they left the Islands.

We stood alone in thus making the experimet of retaining children on heathen ground. At this time, when the mission is in its twentieth year, more than forty missionaries' children have been conveyed away by parents, that have retired from this field of labor. Eighteen have been scattered about in the father land without parents.,

PART SECOND.

1841–1869. DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN AND TWO GRAND-CHILDREN. LAST DAYS OF FATHER THURSTON.

1841.

ARTICLE I.

Departure from the Sandwich Islands. Arrival in New York. Sickness of Family. Death of Daughter.

FEBRUARY 20, 1841.—Accompanied by four children, I sailed from the Islands on the 3d of last August, passed a fortnight at the Society Islands on our way, and arrived at New York six months from the time of our embarkation. At the Sandwich Islands I parted from him who has been my stay and staff during my pilgrimage from my father's house. He staid to feed the flock over whom he had been made overseer. I left to make provision for the education of our children. In crossing the ocean, and in my reception in this country, I have cause for the most unbounded gratitude to Him who has caused my pathway to be strewn with comforts.

We have spent two weeks in the benevolent family of Mr. Benson, and are now entertained in the family of Mr. Cummings, an editor of the New York Observer. I intended to leave next week for Boston and Marlboro, but my plans are frustrated by sickness. Lucy is confined to her bed with inflammation of the lungs, and is an object of care and solicitude. We have every attention and care which our situation demands. We are

afflicted but not cast down. While God chastens with one hand, he supports with the other.

February 25.—In one week from the time Lucy felt the chill of a fever, she felt the chill of death. Day before yesterday I traveled with her down to the dark valley,—no, not dark—all was light. Many precious words fell from her lips, and her feelings were characterized by sweet submission to the Divine will, and an unshaken reliance on the Savior. For many hours I reclined by her side upon her dying bed, till all was hushed and calm in death. Now I can say more than I ever could before. Four children on earth and one in heaven! Mr. Ely, an elder in Dr. Spring's church, kindly permitted the remains of our loved one to be laid in his own family vault.

On Monday, Lucy was pronounced out of danger, and I was strengthened with the hope of her living, until Wednesday morning, when it was announced that she must die. It was a very great shock to me, both in body and mind. All strength left me, and I felt like Belshazzar when his knees smote together. I retired and was alone with God. A simple thought passed through my mind. "I will try to bear whatever is laid upon me." The change in my feelings was as if I had received the touch of an angel. I was strong in body, strong in mind, equal to meet the emergency. I returned to my friends with composure and fortitude, which never for a moment forsook me in all the varied trying scenes through which I was called to pass. I was sustained, I was comforted.

March 9.—Since Lucy's funeral all the children have been prostrate. The remedies employed have been bleeding, cupping, leeching, blistering, purging, etc. One child has been so low with a complication of dis-

eases, that every hope of life seemed cut off. Now, all are gaining health and activity.

God has in a wonderful manner raised up friends. Mr. Cummings, wife and sister, have been most solicitous to promote our comfort and happiness. Indeed, the manner in which they, strangers, sought us out, and conducted us to their home, seems to me a distinguished Providence.

ARTICLE II.

Advice to a Daughter at Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, written when about to return to the Sandwich Islands.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1842.

My dear Daughter Persis:

In pursuing your eduation, next to taking care of your *heart*, take care of your *constitution*. On this subject I feel great anxiety. The better scholar you are the greater will be the danger of your taxing your powers too heavily. If your health allows, secure to yourself a thorough course without being diverted from your object. Pursue your studies without anxiety as respects pecuniary means. You know that, as long as your mother inhabits the same globe with you, in order to have this object accomplished, she will share with you the last dollar at her command. Ever keep me informed of your situation, feelings, prospects, progress, etc. After spending three or four years at the Seminary, a year devoted to teaching would be very improving to you.

I cannot now advise you respecting your future course in life. You know my general views. Throw yourself unreservedly upon the guidance of your Heav-

enly Father, and watch the developments of his providence. In that far-off land of your childhood and youth, you have still a father's home and parents ever ready to welcome your return.

After granting you that training and those privileges which will fit you for any desirable situation, in any part of the world, my work respecting you will be done, and I shall leave you free as air to choose your pathway in life. I know you will wish to serve your generation, to serve your Savior.

I will not disguise it,—life is replete with anxieties, perplexities, cares, toils, sufferings, and sorrows. Well, let them come. It is a state of probation and of discipline, and all things are so arranged by infinite wisdom and benevolence, that even we may become in a high degree possessors of the rich stores of quiet self-denial, of holy fortitude, of cheerful resignation, and of heaven-born benevolence. We will then travel on in the vale of mortality, in the depths of nothingness, if such be the will of our Lord, until, from exalted heights, we hear a seraphic voice saying : "Come home to your rest."

What your father said to me, let me repeat to you. "Never let one murmuring thought arise in your mind as though your lot were a hard one." Thank God that he gave you birth in this 19th century of our christian era, that you were early saved from unholy influences, and instructed in the principles of our holy religion, that you and your parents have a name among God's people, —thank him that your sister is now before the throne, that yourself and brother are permitted to enjoy the rich literary and religious privileges of our American institutions ;—that the young members of your family are allowed the prospect of still enjoying privileges, and giving life and interest to the parental abode. O thank

Him for those *light afflictions*, which are but for a moment, and which may work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. * * * *

My own daughter, endeared to me by every consideration that can affect a mother's heart, in now bidding you farewell, my mind reverts to the hour when you were first laid in my bosom, when your father kneeled by the bedside, and with many tears consecrated you to the Savior. Since that memorable day, twenty years have run their round, always finding mother and daughter side by side. And can I give up my daughter, my first born, my might, and the beginning of my strength? None but He who knoweth the unutterable feelings of tenderness and love which I have felt for my child, knows the corresponding agony which the prospect of a separation has produced.

And yet, when I three years ago lay upon an isthmus between time and eternity, balancing between two worlds,—redemption, the great work of the soul's redemption, was opened to my mind with amazing vividness. Then I thought of the manner in which Mary of old expressed her love to the Savior with a box of costly ointment. I had an offering still more precious, such as would honor the deepest feelings of a mother's devotion. I could rejoice to express my love and gratitude to the Redeemer of the world by laying upon the altar in any manner most acceptable to Him, my two youthful daughters,—my most precious treasures.

Our own Lucy has since been called for in an unexpected way. But I know to whom I have consecrated her, and have found it one of the sweetest acts of my life to give her up to the gracious hands of Him, from whom I received her seventeen years before. May a

sanctifying influence rest upon her memory, and life-giving breezes waft over her tomb.

The revolution of one year has again brought us to the spot where Lucy took her upward flight,—where two other children and my own country are about to recede from my view. While others are giving 25, 50 and 100 per cent. in addition to what they have before done, mine are offerings not to be estimated by dollars and cents. God loveth a cheerful giver. I thank my Savior that he first gave you to me, affording me the opportunity of giving you back to him. I give you to him to live, and toil, and suffer on earth, or to go and behold his glory in heaven. I give you to him who has all resources at his control, and whose wisdom and benevolence are infinite. But if he loves you with a wise love, and sees that you need purifying in order to reflect his own image, he will inflict discipline. He will cause thorns to spring up in your pathway. But do not stop to weep over the trials of this life. It is yours to accept them in such a way as will cause them to become your richest blessings. Lay then one hand upon your mouth, the other upon the head of the sin-offering of our world, and, with humility, with holy love and joy and activity, pass through this wilderness world to your Father's home on high. There, beyond the conflicts of sin, I shall again behold what I am here called to resign.

"O, gracious hour, O, blest abode,
We shall be near and like our God;
And flesh and sense no more control
The rising pleasures of the soul."

My own daughter, child of my heart, adieu.

ARTICLE III.

To Absent Children in America. Return Home.

KAILUA, NOVEMBER 30, 1842.

My Dear Son and Daughter:

We reached Kailua October 24th, in safety, where we found your father alive—well—in prosperity—and in the possession of his accustomed cheerfulness. He was alone at the station, and had been so for three months. During these two years of solitude and trial, he has found solace in his labors. When we left him, his church consisted of six hundred members. When I returned, of eighteen hundred.

He is much gratified with the situations and prospects of both his children in America. Now act well your part, and thus strengthen the hearts of your parents, and of your numerous friends here, who inquire after you with great interest.

For two days and nights after my return to Kailua, I neither slept nor wept. I was raised above the conflicts of mortality. My being seemed etherial. I had reached the port of peace. I had reached my husband and my home. Natives crowd to see me by the hundred. They must all shake hands. My quiet school room is now the public room for natives. We all sleep up stairs. When your father's study is completed, and things are adjusted, I will tell you how we are situated.

This letter must go to-night, and I must stop, though I have sheets of intelligence to communicate. I pen this on my knees by my bedside, a position favorable to dispatch. So you must not wonder if it does not look

like me. Good night. The same Eye that now sees me, sees you, which affords consolation to the heart of your ever affectionate and sympathizing mother.

ARTICLE IV.

To a Missionary Sister.

KAILUA, NOVEMBER, 1842.

IS it so that I am again at home, or am I dreaming? Letters from yourself and others, a visit from friends, the shaking hands with hundreds of natives, my own home and husband, would seem evidence enough to convince me of the reality—and yet I cannot realize it. Is it so that I am no longer upon the lap of the world, either meeting friends from whom I have been separated twenty years, or taking final leave of them, or experiencing first the unpleasantness of meeting strangers, and the pain of separating from them as friends? And the rattling and jolting, the puffing and screeching, the dashing and wetting, the whistling and howling, the running and shouting, the rocking and creaking, and groaning of stage, car, steamboat and ship, of winds, waves, and mariners, are they exchanged for the purest pleasures that have survived the fall, the peace and tranquillity of domestic life?

Here I sit in my corner of the room, in my rocking-chair, at my writing table, as I used to sit. The three other corners are vacant. But they speak silent volumes to me of those who once filled those seats, and sat at those tables. Yet in viewing these vacancies, no feeling of desolation or sorrow has given me shade of sadness. I rejoice that I have, in so high a degree, tasted the felicities of maternal love. I rejoice in the assurance that he has accepted the offering at my hands.

You, too, know what it is to receive a gift, and to restore the same to the Giver. A lamb of the first year without blemish. What a precious offering! Thank the blessed Savior for the rich experience which such scenes of unutterable tenderness and sublimity bring with them.

ARTICLE V.

To Mrs. M. M. Cummings, New York City.

KAILUA, DECEMBER 10, 1842.

I HAVE written you once since I left America, but as there is a vessel lying at Honolulu, bound directly to New York, I cannot refrain from dropping you a line, dictated from my own home. It was on the 24th of October that I found rest in the house of a husband, that my children found a father's hand and a father's home, added to a mother's care.

The natives were overjoyed at my return. Those who had lived in our family knelt around me, and wept aloud, bathing my hands with their tears. For several weeks there was a continued series of calls, the kind-hearted natives coming by schools and by districts to welcome my return. Of these, some burst out into a wail, but the more enlightened only wept. Some spoke of their joy, and some of God's long-suffering in permitting us to meet. Some spoke of the manner in which they had prayed for us in the social circle, and in secret places; and some of their love to their teacher who left his family to dwell alone with them. Some spoke of the great turning of the natives to the Lord during my absence, and some named the scholars of my children, most of whom were now sisters in the church. Some

spoke of the sad fate, and others of the blessedness of the departed Lucy. Some sympathized with our children left in America, bereaved, separated, and made orphans in that far-off land of strangers. Those children, they said with tears, are *our* children. They were born and reared in *our land.* Great is our love for them.

Now that I am once more established in my own home, I increasingly feel my obligations to make it an asylum for the invalid and the stranger. A voice from yonder distant shores seems to follow me, saying: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

My three eldest children are all far, far away. But I have given them all to a God of infinite wisdom and benevolence. In so doing each contributes to the happiness of every waking hour of my life. There is Lucy's corner, her window, her table, her chair. There she sat, and studied, and wrote. Now, mortal has exchanged for immortality. In strains gentle and joyous she speaks from heaven. What do I say? An own child in heaven? How shall I sufficiently praise God on earth, for connecting with our family, by natural bonds, an heir of glory. I gaze at her upward flight. It is, as it were, a golden chain, mooring our family within sight of the celestial city. O, for a heart to praise the Lord with every breath, and with childlike simplicity and confidence trust Him with all my concerns, serving and glorifiying Him, just in the way he is pleased to direct.

Yours most affectionately,

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE VI.

A Meeting of Confession and Thanksgiving.

KAILUA, NOVEMBER 9, 1845.

My Dear Daughter Persis:

At the last General Meeting a *fast* was observed, quite at the commencement of the meeting. At the first exercise your father presided. Read the third chapter of First John, and you will see what he took for the foundations of his remarks. He trimmed as closely as ever you heard him trim anybody, and concluded by saying that he had been twenty-three years a member of this mission, during which time they must have heard of and seen him do many things contrary to this feeling of *love*. He made confession of his deficiencies and sins, and asked their forgiveness. Before the day was through, six other missionaries, each in turn, were seen presenting themselves individually before the house making confession and asking forgiveness. A meeting thus commenced was concluded with *thanksgiving*. The brethren expressed themselves as I never before heard them, respecting that spirit of love, of tenderness, and of forbearance, which had been exhibited throughout the meeting. Your father was called upon to conclude the meeting. He commenced in strains of thanksgiving—was overcome by emotion, paused—only adding, with a faltering voice, "In union may we be one, in heart and action one, then we shall be one with Thee in heaven."

ARTICLE VII.

Poisoned by Strychnine.

KAILUA, APRIL 3, 1850.

FOR a fortnight I had experienced multiplied ills. I had overcome all. Debility alone remained. A tonic, of all things, was what I most wanted. O, for some quinine! The Dr. had pointed out a particular vial of it to your father for his own use. He had frequently spoken of it, but it was not prepared, and he said he knew not how to put it into a liquid state. After consulting a medical book, I sent to the Doctor's and asked your father for the vial of quinine. It was brought. The label is French, I thought. The name, what is it? Strychnine. The last sylable is like quinine in English. I am alike ignorant of the French and of the medicine. But Mr. Thurston and Dr. Andrews know. Now for mixing it. This shall be done by my recipe; 19 grains of quinine dissolved in one hundred teaspoons of diluted alcohol, with three drops of sulphuric acid; ten teaspoons would then contain a grain; $3\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoons $\frac{1}{3}$ of a grain. This last shall be a potion. I first tried it by taking one teaspoonful. It did not affect me much anyway. So the next morning, before breakfast, I took one-third of a grain. Having already exercised to the extent of my strength, I lay down on my bed, facing the north. Singular sensations suddenly came over me. I turned half way over, in order the better to be heard from the school-room, saying: "Mary, come here, do; I feel so strangely, I don't like to be

alone." This was no sooner uttered, than I became transfixed in the very position in which I had turned to speak to her. "Where is Thomas? Let him go for your father. Let him come first and see how I am. Don't alarm him. Tell him it is from taking quinine." Ever and anon, a wedge seemed driven through me, the tension becoming higher and higher, and still another and another wedge to very extremity. To touch me was renewed agony. To hold my hands and feet with a firm grasp seemed to stay me from being sundered in twain. Every window and every door was thrown open from the first. Your father at length said, "I feel very faint." He let go my hand, halted a little, and reeled to the door. After taking water he revived; asked to see the medicine, and expressed his doubts of its being quinine. One hour had now elapsed. My first stage of suffering was ended. But it was succeeded by another still more severe. I was as immovable as ever, while convulsions took possession of my frame. Every minute or two a strong spasm passed over me. What was more, it required the stillness of death to prevent these spasms from being constant upon me. To touch me, to touch the bed, to step on the floor, to swing the fan, caused my whole frame to be shaken with intense suffering. A teaspoonful of water, put into my mouth and swallowed, produced convulsions of double strength. "Leave me in the room alone. Stay on that side the threshold." Yet there was I myself. My very teeth closed so into the gums as to produce spasms. To open them a little produced spasms. To move my tongue or speak, produced spasms. I was hard pressed to hold onto life without breathing. In my thoughts, I hushed myself as if dealing with infancy. "Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet. Hush, hush, hush." I said to myself: "I

am cut off from human aid, shut up in the hand of the Almighty. Jesus was immovably suspended on the cross. He knows how to be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. In such pitiable distress and helplessness, I cling to such a Savior, I yield myself to Him for suffering, or ease, or action; for life or death. Only purify me from sin, even as silver is purified in the furnace." I repeated many times to myself the hymn, commencing,

"Jesus, Savior of my soul."

Thus shut up to utter helplessness, to solitude and thought, it proved one of the most interesting seasons of my existence. From seven to eleven I was in one position on my bed, as if in bands of brass. At one, your father assisted me to recline on pillows in the armed chair in the school room. Convulsions ceased altogether by two. The children sat by the center table, industriously employed in tumbling over the leaves of half a dozen volumes. Now and then sentences were read aloud for general edification. Strychnine was the chosen subject, and their investigations showed the drug to be a most deadly poison.

Four o'clock in the P. M., found me, with my cane, just able to set one foot before the other, abroad in the balmy air. I accommodated myself to feebleness by sitting down by my little nursling tree, and removing its tiny twigs. The lamps were lighted, the supper bell rang, and four cheerful faces were grouped at that evening meal. Then reading as usual, Carlyle's Cromwell. His last sickness and death. Cromwell! How I have wronged him by ranking him among hypocrites. Now I count him among earth's worthies. But I forget that

I am simply giving you a peep at our house on the 25th of March. Fare ye well.

[After taking the strychnine, three months elapsed before I reached the state in whcih I was before my nearly fatal mistake. Then the improvement still went on, and the heaviness that I had experienced on my right side ever since my attack of paralysis, and also the frequent feelings as if another attack was impending, left me entirely and for ever.]

ARTICLE VIII.

A Farewell Note Before a Voyage to the United States.

KAILUA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1850.

I address a line to the companion of my youth, my protector, my counsellor, the father of my children, my *husband.* For thirty years we have traveled life's pathway together. Now I go to be repaired like a worn shoe, that in active life I may hold on by your side. But I am borne up by your sanction, advice, and wishes, and by the approval of our fathers, great and good men. I go, and in so doing, strip your home of its remaining olive plants. I leave you in a house so solitary, that in midnight silence you will hear no other sound than the ticking of the clock. As Lucy on her death-bed said: "Alone, all alone." Thus desolate, should sickness prostrate, and death do its work, farewell. The life to come. The *life to come.*

For myself, I give up rest and the quiet pleasures of domestic life in the house of an effectionate indulgent husband. Without a shield, with woman's weakness and woman's infirmities, I go to take my chance, and become a wanderer on ocean and on land. A ship-wrecked vessel, fire at sea, famine in a boat, a desolate island, and lawless pirates,—these are some of the dangers that lie in ambush on the highway of oceans. Nor do I for-

get, that though I plant my feet in safety on the shores of the pilgrim fathers, fell disease is there. Open vaults are there. Let us stand in our lot, girding ourselves anew, having on the whole armor. Let us be of good courage, play the man for our people, our children, ourselves, and the Lord do what seemeth him good.

You have, with unsurpassed kindness, opened our way before us. Now, day by day, lift up your heart on high, that faithfulness and wisdom, that humility and grace be given us liberally. Often write to me across the continent. Tell me of your welfare, and how you prosper. Remind me of my duty. Thus I shall be ever made to feel your left hand beneath my head, and your right hand embracing me.

Like the mysterious influence of the North Pole over the magnet, so you will be to me, to restrain, to beckon, and to bring back to a state of rest.

At home and abroad, in life and death, I am your affectionate *wife.*

ARTICLE IX.

To a Daughter left in a Seminary in the United States. Written while on the Voyage back to the Sandwich Islands.

My Dear Daughter Mary:

Thirty-two years ago, at the age of twenty-four, I first passed this way. Then, by my side, I had my only earthly stay, my new-found husband, a strong support, firm in principle, fixed in purpose, refined in feeling, indulgent, and faithful in love. Now at the age of fifty-six, I am again here on my fifth voyage around Cape Horn. But it is the first time in my pilgrimage from my father's house, that moons wax and wane, while I

am called to thread alone the rugged pathway of life. Now, alone; yet not a widow. Alone; yet not childless. No, not alone. My multiplied precious ones cluster continually around my heart. Alone? No, I see them. I feel their mighty influence. Husband, sons, daughters, grand-daughters, all are mine—mine to give warmth, and richness, and depth, and fullness to a fountain within, ever fresh, ever flowing, ever widening. I go to rejoin the husband of my youth, the father of my children. They have now all left the parental roof, to obtain privileges found only in the fatherland. Father and mother will still be there, if it be the Master's will, serving in the enjoyment of a green old age. We stop not to inquire, what will become of us in sickness, —what in the decline of life,—what in case of bereavement? But—what is present duty? What are we able to accomplish? What endure?

My daughter, my nurse, housekeeper and shield, my companion, pupil, and counsellor, three times my fellow passenger around Cape Horn, now our pathway diverges. I go away and leave you—leave you all alone. Yet it is self-denying parental affection, it is trust in God, that bids us say: "Go, avail yourself of the advantages of enlightened America, and *thus* become to your friends and society, as a 'corner-stone, polished after the similitude of a palace'."

Yet can I go through all this without having my heart probed to the very bottom? In my lone room my tears often flow. But I thank the Author of my nature that he has enlarged my being by endowing me with these affections, and by giving me such an object on whom to place them. Now that I can do nothing more, it soothes and sustains me to commit you, unreservedly

to the wisdom and love, the care and guidance of the blessed Savior. With uplifted heart, I wait for the winds to bear me intelligence of the opened pages of providence respecting you. May both mother and daughter cultivate a spirit of willingness to go where he bids us, to live where he places us, to bear what he lays upon us, and to die when he calls us.

That you have been allowed to remain within the family sanctuary till your ideas, tastes, habits, and principles have been formed, till your young affections for your own parents, brothers and sisters have been ripened and matured, I count among my greatest earthly blessings. Now you go forth on a pilgrimage; but you go cherished and sustained by some of the strongest feelings that cluster within the human heart. You know and can confide in the care and love of your father and mother, your sister and brothers. Those two little buds, too, will learn to lisp and love their aunt. And Lucy, our sainted one! In the midnight hour I often think her near my pillow. On my breath is the whisper: "Go, be to *Mary* a guardian angel."

Your parents have been blessed with a heritage of toil and self-denial, urged on by love, trust, and hope. Treasures, our all, have multiplied beneath our hands. One-fifth part of these priceless possessions is vested in you. Occupy for the great Master's use, neither wasting by imprudence, nor burying in a napkin. Prepare yourself for useful service in earning day by day your daily bread. Still think of your father's home as yours, and yourself as ours. At the same time think of yourself as at your own disposal. You will first obtain a knowledge of books, of life, and of human nature; then according to your own tastes and judgment, select your

future pathway in life. In whatever circumstances you are placed, in heart and action, cherish a spirit which will sympathize with the Savior in his work of benevolence to our revolted race.

I wish to point you to the temptations and trials of earth. You are treading a pathway strewed with magic thorns and flowers. If you go forward and tread resolutely upon the thorns they will become flowers. If you turn from the path of duty to gather the flowers, they will become thorns.

The softening, elevating influence of a virtuous sister's love, in forming a brother's character is immense. Think of this, and take for your motto, "She hath done what she could."

When an inmate in the families of those who welcome you to their fireside, strive to render yourself useful. In doing so, and learning their method, the greater benefit will be your own. Housekeeping is woman's profession. I wish you to give special attention to this subject. To be able to sustain the responsibility-to regulate and to perform every part of household good, in the most accomplished manner, is woman's glory.

It is a subject of untold importance that you attend to your health. A good constitution is one of the corner-stones to a useful and happy life. Study and obey nature's laws. Let understanding and prudence be your counsellors, leading you to take good care of the delicate machinery of your own system.

A dozen years ago, ours was an unbroken family, together surrounding one family board. Now, without looking at the wanderer on this great and wide ocean, we are scattered on two islands, in two counrties, and in two worlds. Still we are all bound together in love.

That this love may become sanctified and perpetuated on earth and in heaven, is the heart's desire and daily prayer of,

Your affectionate Mother.

ARTICLE X.

A Surgical Operation.

My Dear Daughter Mary:

I have hitherto forborne to write respecting the surgical operation I experienced in September, from an expectation that you would be with us so soon. That is now given up; so I proceed to give a circumstantial account of those days of peculiar discipline. At the end of the General Meeting in June your father returned to Kailua, leaving me at Honolulu, in Mr. Taylor's family, under Dr. Ford's care. Dr. Hillebrand was called in counsel. During the latter part of August they decided on the use of the knife. Mr. Thurston was sent for to come down according to agreement should such be the result. I requested him to bring certain things which I wished, in case I no more returned to Kailua. Tremendous gales of wind were now experienced. One vessel was wrecked within sight of Kailua. Another, on her way there, nearly foundered, and returned only to be condemned. In vain we looked for another conveyance. Meantime, the tumor was rapidly altering. It had nearly approached the surface, exhibiting a dark spot. Should it become an open ulcer, the whole system would become vitiated with its malignity. Asa said he should take no responsibility of waiting the

arrival of his father. Persis felt the same. Saturday P. M., the doctors met in consultation, and advised an immediate operation. The next Tuesday (12th of September), ten o'clock A. M., was the hour fixed upon. In classifying, the Dr. placed this among "capital operations." Both doctors advised not to take chloroform because of my having had the paralysis. I was glad they allowed me the use of my senses. Persis offered me her parlor, and Asa his own new bridal room for the occasion. But I preferred the retirement and quietude of the grass-thatched cottage. Thomas, with all his effects moved out of it into a room a few steps off. The house was thoroughly cleaned and prettily fitted up. One lady said it seemed as though it had been got up by magic. Monday, just at night, Dr. Ford called to see that all was in readiness. There were two lounges trimmed, one with white, the other with rose-colored mosquito netting. There was a reclining Chinese chair, a table for the instruments, a wash-stand with wash bowls, sponges, and pails of water. There was a frame with two dozen towels, and a table of choice stimulants and restoratives. One more table with the Bible and hymn book.

That night I spent in the house alone for the first time. The family had all retired for the night. In the still hour of darkness, I long walked back and forth in the capacious door-yard. Depraved, diseased, helpless, I yielded myself up entirely to the will, the wisdom, and the strength of the Holy One. At peace with myself, with earth, and with heaven, I calmly laid my head upon my pillow and slept refreshingly. A bright day opened upon us. My feelings were natural, cheerful, elevated. I took the Lord at his own word: "As the

day is, so shall thy strength be." There with an unwavering heart, I leaned for strength and support. Before dressing for the occasion, I took care to call on Ellen, who had then an infant a week old by her side. It was a cheerful call, made in a common manner, she not being acquainted with the movements of the day. I then prepared myself for the professional call. Dr. Judd was early on the ground. I went with him to Asa's room, where with Asa and Sarah we sat and conversed till other medical men rode up. Dr. Judd rose to go out. I did the same. Asa said: "You had better not go. you are not wanted yet." I replied: "I wish to be among the first on the ground, to prevent its coming butt end first." On reaching my room, Dr. Ford was there. He introduced me to Dr. Hoffman of Honolulu, and to Dr. Brayton of an American Naval ship, then in port. The instruments were then laid out upon the table. Strings were prepared for tying arteries. Needles threaded for sewing up the wound. Adhesive plasters were cut into strips, bandages produced, and the Chinese chair placed by them in the front double door. Everything was now in readiness, save the arrival of one physician. All stood around the house or in the piazza. Dr. Ford, on whom devolved the responsibility, paced the door-yard. I stood in the house with others, making remarks on passing occurrences. At length I was invited to sit. I replied: "As I shall be called to lie a good while, I had rather now stand." Dr. Brayton, as he afterwards said, to his *utter astonishment* found that the lady to be operated on was standing in their midst.

Dr. Hillebrand arrived. It was a signal for action. Persis and I stepped behind a curtain. I threw off my cap and dressing gown, and appeared with a white flow-

ing skirt, with the white bordered shawl purchased in 1818, thrown over my shoulders. I took my seat in the chair. Persis and Asa stood at my right side; Persis to hand me restoratives; Asa to use his strength, if self control were wanting. Dr. Judd stood at my left elbow for the same reason; my shawl was thrown off, exhibiting my left arm, breast and side, perfectly bare. Dr. Ford showed me how I must hold back my left arm to the greatest possible extent, with my hand taking a firm hold of the arm of my chair: with my right hand, I took hold of the right arm, with my feet I pressed against the foot of the chair. Thus instructed, and everything in readiness, Dr. Ford looked me full in the face, and with great firmness asked: "Have you made up your mind to have it cut out?" "Yes, sir." "Are you ready now?" "Yes, sir; but let me know when you begin, that I may be able to bear it. "Have you your knife in that hand now?" He opened his hand that I might see it, saying, "I am going to begin now." Then came a gash long and deep, first on one side of my breast, then on the other. Deep sickness seized me, and deprived me of my breakfast. This was followed by extreme faintness. My sufferings were no longer local. There was a general feeling of agony throughout the whole system. I felt, every inch of me, as though flesh was failing. During the whole operation, I was enabled to have entire self control over my person, and over my voice. Persis and Asa were devotedly employed in sustaining me with the use of cordials, ammonia, bathing my temples, &c. I myself fully intended to have seen the thing done. But on recollection, every glimpse I happened to have, was the doctor's right hand completely covered with blood, up to the very wrist. He afterwards told

me, that at one time the blood from an artery flew into his eyes, so that he could not see. It was nearly an hour and a half that I was beneath his hand, in cutting out the entire breast, in cutting out the glands beneath the arm, in tying the arteries, in absorbing the blood, in sewing up the wound, in putting on the adhesive plasters, and in applying the bandage

The views and feelings of that hour are now vivid to my recollection. It was during the cutting process that I began to talk. The feeling that I had reached a different point from those by whom I was surrounded, inspired me with freedom. It was thus that I expressed myself. "It has been a great trial to my feelings that Mr. Thurston is not here. But it is not necessary. So many friends, and Jesus Christ besides. His left hand is underneath my head, his right hand sustains and embraces me. I am willing to suffer. I am willing to die. I am not afraid of death. I am not afraid of hell. I anticipate a blessed immortality. Tell Mr. Thurston my peace flows like a river.

'Upward I lift mine eyes.
From God is all my aid :
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour

God disciplines me, but he does it with a gentle hand. At one time I said, "I know you will bear with me." Asa replied, "I think it is you that have to bear from us."

The doctor, after removing the entire breast, said to me, "I want to cut yet more, round under your arm." I replied, "Do just what you want to do, only tell me when, so that I can bear it." One said the wound had

the appearance of being more than a foot long. Eleven arteries were taken up. After a beginning had been made in sewing it up, Persis said: "Mother, the doctor makes as nice a seam as you ever made in your life." "Tell me, Persis, when he is going to put in the needle, so that I can bear it." "Now—now—now," &c. "Yes, tell me. That is a good girl." Ten stitches were taken, two punctures at every stitch, one on either side. When the whole work was done, Dr. Ford and Asa removed my chair to the back side of the room, and laid me on the lounge. Dr. Brayton came to my side, and taking me by the hand said: "There is not one in a thousand who would have borne it as you have done."

Up to this time, everything is fresh to my recollection. Of that afternoon and night, I only remember that the pain in the wound was intense and unremitting, and that I felt willing to be just in the circumstances in which I was placed. I am told that Dr. Ford visited me onec in thc afternoon, and once in the night, that Persis and Asa took care of me, that it seemed as if I suffered nearly as much as during the operation, and that my wound was constantly wet with cold water. I have since told Persis, that "I thought they kept me well drugged with paregoric." He replied, "We did not give you a drop." "Why then do I not remember what took place?" "Because you had so little life about you." By morning light the pain had ceased. Surgeons would understand the expression, that the wound healed by a "union of the first intention."

The morning again brought to my mind a recollection of events. I was lying on my lounge, feeble and helpless. I opened my eyes and saw the light of day. Asa was crossing the room bearing a Bible before him. He

sat down near my couch, read a portion, and then prayed.

For several days, I had long sinking turns of several hours. Thursday night, the third of suffering, Thomas rode nearly two miles to the village for the Dr., once in the fore part of the evening, again at eleven. At both times he came. At two o'clock he unexpectedly made his third call that night. It was at his second call that he said to Persis: "In the morning make your mother some chicken soup. She has starved long enough." (They had been afraid of fever.) Persis immediately aroused Thomas, had a chicken caught, a fire made, and a soup under way that same midnight hour. The next day, Friday, I was somewhat revived by the use of wine and soup. In the afternoon, your father arrived. It was the first time since the operation, that I felt as if I had life enough to endure the emotion of seeing him. He left Kailua the same day the operation was performed. A vessel was passing in sight of Kailua. He rowed out in a canoe and was received on board. Hitherto, Persis, Asa and Thomas, had been my only nurses both by day and by night. The doctor gave direction that no one enter the room, but those that took care of me.

For weeks my debility was so great, that I was fed with a teaspoon, like an infant. Many dangers were apprehended. During one day, I saw a duplicate of every person and every thing that my eye beheld. Thus it was, sixteen years before, when I had the paralysis. Three weeks after the operation, your father for the first time, very slowly raised me to the angle of 45 degrees. It seemed as if it would have taken away my sense. It was about this time that I perceptibly improved from day to day, so much so, that in four weeks from my confinement, I was lifted into a carriage. Then

I rode with your father almost every day. As he was away from his field of labor, and without any family responsibilities, he was entirely devoted to me. It was of great importance to me, that he was at liberty and in readiness ever to read simple interesting matter to me, to enliven and to cheer, so that time never passed heavily. After remaining with me six weeks, he returned to Kailua, leaving me with the physician and with our children.

In a few weeks, Mother, Mr. Taylor, Persis, Thomas, Lucy, Mary, and George bade farewell to Asa and Sarah, and to little Robert their black-eyed baby boy. Together we passed over the rough channels up to the old homestead. Then, your father instead of eating his solitary meals, had his family board enlarged for the accommodation of three generations.

And here is again your mother, engaged in life's duties, and life's warfare. Fare thee well. Be one with us in knowledge, sympathy, and love, though we see thee not, and when sickness prostrates, we feel not thy hand upon our brow.

Your loving Mother.

ARTICLE XI.

Death of Asa G. Thurston.

Asa G. Thurston, our oldest son, leaving his wife and children on Hawaii, went to Honolula, accompanied by his mother, to consult a physician in regard to a tumor on his breast, which had caused excruciating pain for many months. He lived only a few days, dying

suddenly of what the physician pronounced to be aneurism of the great aorta.

HONOLULU, Dec. 20, 1859.

My dear Husband and Daughter:

My mission here is accomplished and I am ready to return to my lonely husband. My trunks are in the basement, packed ready for starting. In a pleasant bedroom stand Asa's trunk and saddlebags. His boots, his hat, his all, *all* are laid aside. His earthly house too, is taken down, and treasured in a sacred spot. Mortality has been swallowed up of life. Together we walked a peaceful pathway, leading to an open grave. But it lay through green pastures, and beside still waters. For a week and a half before he left us, his soul entered into rest respecting his wife and children. With full confidence he could trust *them*, as he had long been able to trust *himself*, to a covenant-keeping God. After that I saw no more tears.

At the funeral service, Rev. Mr. Corwin, a former classmate, returned thanks for the example of one who had come into this community to teach us *how to die.* Men of the world said they would give all they possessed could they thus attain the serenity of soul with which Asa Thurston lived in hourly expectation of sudden death.

Renewedly yours,
LUCY G. THURSTON.

Letter addressed by Asa to his parents, written at intervals, in great weakness, from the 6th to the 12th of December. He died on the 17th:—

My dear Father and Mother:

Standing as I am on the borders of the eternal world, still an inhabitant of earth, yet in daily, yes, *hourly* expectation of the summons that will call me hence, I would commend to your parental care and kindness the wife and babes I leave behind, still to toil on in this world of care and suffering. Father! Mother! they are *your* children, the loved ones of your son. Let them fill in your affections the place *I* have filled, and share in the benefactions as *I* should share. If want and distress should overtake them, may I not ask a *home* for them beneath your roof-tree? It is pleasant to me to think of *my* sons growing up under the same home influences, amid the same scenes, and under the same holy teaching as those in which my own infant years were passed, and through the force of which, after long years of wandering, I was at last brought back, as the returning prodigal, to acknowledge for *my* God, *my* Saviour, Him to whom, beneath that roof, my infant lips had learned to lift the voice of prayer and praise.

Cherish them, dear parents, as you have ever cherished their father. Let my Sarah ever be to you as a daughter beloved. Through six years of wedded life, in sickness and in health, in adversity and in the full tide of prosperity, she has to me fully realized the anticipations and wishes, the hopes and desires of our joyous and happy courtship. She is eminently worthy of your love, none even of your own well loved daughters more so. A virtuous woman, her value is "far above rubies."

I am satisfied to leave them all in the hands of a prayer-hearing God. The assurance that they will be provided for, robs death of its sting, and leaves me joyfully to meet the summons that is to call me hence.

And now, dear parents, farewell for a brief season, until we meet again in those mansions of bliss, where pain and sorrow are unknown, where with the innumerable company of angels and justified spirits, we shall ever dwell in the presence of Him with whom is fulness of joy. amid those holy pleasures which shall be forever more.

Your dying son,
ASA.

ARTICLE XII.

Death of two Grand Children.

(My daughter Mary, a widow, had just returned from Illinois to Honolulu, with her three little children, to find a home in her father's house, and to minister to her parents in their declining years. Our son Thomas, having finished his theological course in New York, returned with her.)

HONOLULU, May 29, 1866.

My dear Children in California:

I take up my pen to speak to you of the departed, and will first mention Ed. He reached us on the Sabbath. Thursday eve he had an attack of croup. When the doctor came Saturday morning, he immediately and freely gave his views. There was no hope of his life. It would terminate in a few hours. The mother uninterruptedly ministered to her dying child, "You are

going up into the sky, to the Happy Land, where papa is and where God is." By repeatedly shaking his head, he expressed strong aversion, and said, "Wait till Mother goes." His mother told him decidedly that she could not go now ; she could not go till God called her. The 23rd Psalm was read. Your father prayed. Then his son. Save the soul of the child. Give *us* submission. We felt that both petitions were answered. A holy calm pervaded the room. Ed looked up to his mother and asked : "Is Ed going up into the sky?" "She replied, "Yes," and inquired, "Do you want to go?" With a pleased countenance, he repeatedly nodded assent so sweetly, so fully ; afterwards he uttered with difficulty, "Come and get Ed." With a satisfied air he then turned over, laying his little hand beneath his cheek. In fifteen minutes he had ceased to breathe. We had approached very near to the Saviour ; we had, as it were, laid our precious child lovingly and trustingly into his own blessed arms, to be borne away from our sight. He showed his acceptance of the gift, by giving us light and love, consolation and strength.

In the forenoon a friend rode up to the door and inquired, "Are you all well here?"

"All are well. Yet death has entered our doors."

"Ah ! has the old gentleman gone?"

"Walk into the parlor and see what has befallen us. Not the aged with grey hairs has been selected, but the child of five years."

The funeral was attended the next day, Sabbath, just one week from the day of their arrival. The first line of the piece sung was, "There is a reaper whose name is Death." Little Mary went with us to the ceme-

tery. She enjoyed the ride, and was interested in the scene at the grave.

That evening, our son Thomas, lately arrived from New York, preached in Fort Street Church. His first hymn : "And let this feeble body fail." Connected with the events of the day, and the manner in which it was read, it was very impressive. His text: "And Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age." In three hours from the time that we stood by the first opened grave of a grandchild, we were listening for the first time to the preaching of a son, for whom we had been laboring thirty years. A son ! qualified for the gospel ministry. It is enough. A grandchild ! gone to be where Jesus is, that he may behold his glory. Amen.

Little Mary, at the interesting age of first prattling infancy, lived and moved among us five weeks. How happy she was in independently ranging the yard in the open air ! How delighted in visiting the young brood of yellow chickens ! How unsuccessful in trying to turn round and sit down on a moving tortoise ! How satisfied and calm in planting herself by the side of her brother, on the lap of our mother earth !

She was attacked with a hoarse, hard breathing, which in four days resulted in death. When we unmistakably read the call,—"Mary, come up hither,"—in the fulness of our hearts we responded : "Go, Mary, to thy Savior." Ed was the only one in the land of spirits that she knew on earth. In one short month, as *we* count time, I think he was matured, and commissioned to come a ministering spirit to his little sister, struggling in the swellings of Jordan. Such is the love of a

good shepherd to a tender lamb,—such the consolation given to *our* stricken hearts under bereavement. Mary's hands and feet were cold as death. She was leaning against her mother, sitting in an erect position. "Co, co, co," (cold), she many times repeated, and nestled still nearer to her mother. Suddenly her languid eyes became animated and lustrous. She looked attentively as toward some object. Her mother asked: "What is she looking at?" and turned around her head to see. Little Mary spoke: "Oh! Ed! Ed! Ed!" till the sound of her voice died away with her failing breath.

The funeral was at four the next afternoon. Previously little Mary rode with us in the carriage to the grave. She still rode with us, but in her coffin. How much more soothing than to place a loved one alone upon the black hearse!

In the midst of our crushed hopes, I do not forget the great mercy which saved them from the dangers of their long journey. I am thankful that we were permitted to see the faces of our grandchildren, and to hold communion with them for a little season. How kind the arrangement, that they were permitted to die in the bosom of our own family, and find a peaceful rest in our own sepulchre! I rejoice that in the counsels of heaven, our own child was chosen to give being, and to watch over the earth-life of two immortal beings, lent treasures, to be transplanted, at the Master's will, to a higher life. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Your loving Mother.

Lucy G. Thurston.

ARTICLE XIII.

Last Days of Father Thurston.

HONOLULU, Dec. 8th, 1867.

My dear Daughter Persis:

MANY times of late we have thought your father's days were about to be numbered. First, by an attack of paralysis (his third attack,) affecting speech and intellect. This was followed from day to day with spasms of pain at the heart, sudden, short, severe. He had hardly rallied, when a gash from an axe on his right foot, cutting off three toes, kept him on his back more than three months. I now know that I have been preserved to be his nurse in old age. I never forget that he may be cut off any day; but he may be continued for years. The grass to us looks green, the flowers beautiful. They speak of a better land ever blooming.

January 25th, 1868.

Three weeks ago to-day, your father first complained of headache, so very unusual a symptom, that it seemed to us very threatening. The second week, in addition to pain, he saw shining, glimmering appearances lowered from the upper ceiling, and drawn up again. The third week he suddenly became utterly unable to find the way aright from one room to another. Neither can he at any time tell what room he is in. The appearances he witnesses in space seem sometimes to overwhelm

him. He sees crowds of men. He points and exclaims: "Ke aupuni, Ke aupuni"—the Kingdom, the Kingdom. He is completely enveloped in a cloud of bewilderment. Of his whole family affairs, explained to him, he says decisively, "I don't know anything about them."

March 23, 1868.

My dear Children and Grandchildren:

I write to tell you that your father Thurston, your grandfather Thurston has entered into rest. He died March 11th, aged eighty years and five months. We had lived together forty-eight years and five months. His reason was at times dethroned during his illness of nine weeks. He forgot almost everything, even his own wife and children. But in the midst of all, with unvarying constancy, he ever shewed his love for prayer. The last two days of his life he did not speak. Tuesday was a day of extreme restlessness. It was almost as much as one could do to adjust his bed-clothes, so weak that he was quite unable to turn himself. At evening he lay composed. Two o'clock came. He never moved after. His laborious breathing, his convulsive movements, his clammy sweat, told me that the last sands of his life were falling. That whole night I lay on the back side of the bed, unable to sit up from extreme prostration. Once he turned his head, fixed his eyes fully upon me, but could not utter a syllable. The morning dawned. A sudden change took place. Its language was, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." All our household came at once around the bed to watch the ebbing away of life. I took hold of his arm with one hand, and placed the other upon his forehead. His serene eyes were fixed

upon mine. I repeated the most appropriate hymns I know of in our language.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

and

"Jesus, Savior of my soul."

His convulsions had ceased. His hard respirations had gradually ended. His breathings were shorter and shorter, softer and softer, till they became gentle as those of infancy. Then he calmly closed his eyes, and gave up the ghost. It was eight o'clock.

The strongest tie that bound me down to earth was then severed. Standing by his cold remains, how vividly were brought to mind his words, spoken beneath a father's roof, "You shall have my care and love, till these hands and this heart are cold"! Now I am written a widow, having the promise that *God will be my husband.*

I adore that power and love which formed and watched over our companionship for more than forty-eight years, and for the great privilege allowed me of smoothing his rough pathway through life, even down to the river's brink. May his fallen mantle rest on me, on our children, on our children's children, on every individual of our posterity, down to the latest generation.

From your bereaved Mother.

LUCY G. THURSTON.

ARTICLE XIV.

From the American Church Missionary Register, New York, October, 1868.

A CYPRESS BOUGH—BY REV. F. S. RISING.

ON the 11th day of March, 1868, in the city of Honolulu, the Rev. Asa Thurston fell asleep. He closed his eyes upon the bright sunlight of his dear Hawaii nei, and the celestial glory burst upon his sight. He laid aside the staff of his old age and grasped the unfading crown and the palm of victory. He ceased from his life of unintermitted missionary labor, and went hence to serve his Lord day and night in the heavenly temple. Near his earthly home the ever-surging Pacific, emblem of eternity, beat upon the shifting sands. Now he listens to the dash of the endless ages at the feet of the Ancient of Days. He walks no longer under the fierce heat of the tropical sun, but in the genial warmth and blessed light of the Sun of Righteousness. As he is parted from our gaze, we would, with hearty affection, write this memorial of him as one who glorified his divine Savior, and in whom the grace of God was magnified.

He sailed out of Boston harbor in the brig *Thaddeus* in October, 1819. His face was set toward the Sandwich Islands. The *Duff* had carried the Gospel light to the Society group in the South Pacific; but in the north

deep darkness brooded. Out of it rose the death-cry of Cook. Imagination easily sketched the horrors of a land where a savage club laid low the English navigator. A Hawaiian lad, brought by a sea-captain to New Haven, told the idolatry of his countrymen, and besought some to hasten thither with the good news of God. Hiram Bingham, Asa Thurston, and five laymen, with their wives, heard this boy's touching appeal, and in answer girded themselves for their grand venture of faith. Foreign missions were not then popular. The chilly October day, when the sails of the *Thaddeus* were unfurled, typified the coldness of the Christian heart toward the heathen world. But these pioneers were born heroes. Thurston, by his physical strength and courage, had won, years before, at Yale college, the much prized staff of "bully." With a moral courage and strength more sublime, he and his companions kissed their brides, and led them from the hymeneal altar to dwell in mid-ocean amid savage islanders. Our hearts beat quick as we recall the heroism of those young men and women putting America behind them to win a nation for Christ. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent them out. For the results of their work the Lord be praised!

It was Thurston's lot to labor at Kailua, on the island of Hawaii. What a parish for a novice to handle! It was a filthy village of thatched huts, built upon beds of indurated lava, on which the fervent sun poured his furnace heat every day in every year. It nestled amid a grove of cocoanut trees, and reached down to the shore, whither came rolling in the white-crested billows. Behind it rose the lofty volcanic peak of Hualalai. Stand-

ing at its base one could trace the perennial green of the forests reaching nigh unto the summit, deeply scored with hideous black tracks of lava reaching unto the sea.

The luxuriant foliage hid from distant view gaping fissures, thirty-nine extinct craters, the grim ruins of the temple of Umi, and other tokens of wild desolation. Further down the coast rose the loftier peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, 13,000 feet high, snow-capped, fierce fires raging within, and now and then breaking out with quakings, roarings, mighty rushings, and terrific hissings, as the lava threw itself red-hot into the sea. Very solemn to dwell in such a land with these volcanoes ever in sight!

Then Kailua was, at the time of Thurston's landing, the residence of the king. He was a profligate, and the royal city was the fountain of the kingdom's pollution. Here the *tabu* had been broken and the idols destroyed, that there might be no check to iniquity. The ruins of heathen temples were everywhere about, heart-sickening to behold, and heathen vices were enthroned in every hut and stalked abroad in every village. Men, women and children were like the volcanoes. Raging fires of wickedness within broke out ever in desolating flows. In a thatched hut in the midst of this physical desolateness and moral degradation, Thurston and his wife found their earliest Hawaiian home. Amid such scenes their first-born came to them. Here the Gospel was first preached for the regeneration of Hawaii nei and the salvation of may thousand souls.

When nearly half a century had passed, partial paralysis compelled the heroic Thurston to rest from

his toil. He was no longer young. His locks were gray, and grand children made more happy his home. During this long period he did not once leave the Islands. Others came and went, but he remained the tireless evangelist. Tropical heat did not abate his vigor. Long journeys on foot over lava tracts did not exhaust his strength. The hardness and wickedness of the heathen heart did not discourage him. Preaching in season and out of season did not weary him. The love of Christ constrained him, and he did not pause in his labor until his body cried out, "It is enough."

During these fifty years he bore an active part in all the remarkable changes which God wrought among the Hawaiians. The king and the common people alike felt his influence. His huge church-building within a stone's throw of the royal residence attested this. When the capital was removed to Honolulu, he did not follow the king, but the common people still heard him gladly. We can imagine the grateful joy of his soul as, year by year, he saw the heathen people become Christian and the absolute despotism changed into a constitutional monarchy.

It was our privilege to spend a few days under his hospitable roof after paralysis had disabled him. We cannot soon forget his venerable form, crowned with flowing silver locks, his gentle, modest spirit, his earnestness of soul, his simple faith, his calm expectation of the future. The king might well bow before him, and the young do him reverence, as one of the fathers of the kingdom. When he landed, Kamehameha II. was a half-clad savage, dwelling in a filthy hut, rioting in degradation. When he went hence, Kamehameha V. resided in

a stone palace within sound of the church-going bell, with every appliance of modern civilization and christianity about him. Let unbelieving and half-hearted men sneer at Foreign Missions, if they will. One life like that of Asa Thurston, so sublime, so self-sacrificing, so successful, far outshines any diamond that they can bring from their mines.

After paralysis came upon him, he went to California in quest of health. There, though nearly eighty years of age, he first saw a railroad and telegraph. The world had been busy with its inventions while he was absorbed in his chosen work. When he returned to Honolulu, to await the Lord's summons, he must have mused upon the superior facility for missionary work which the Lord gives in our day.

Young men, ponder the life of Asa Thurston. Emulate his faith and zeal. Unnumbered millions call to you for the bread of life. The Gospel is in your hands as a power. Go forth and wield it in the midst of the nations.

We may be pardoned one word of reference to Asa Thurston's widow. She shared his trials, went with him in his long missionary tours on foot, and equaled him in heroism. She taught the Hawaiian men to love their wives and their Savior; the Hawaiian women to fear God and honor their husbands; the Hawaiian children to obey the Lord and their parents. So she carried into the huts of that dark land those blessed words—Love, Virtue, Home, Jesus, Heaven. Many an Hawaiian household to-day blesses God for the gifts sent by her. She now awaits her Lord's call, and we may have ventured upon her retirement that we may appeal to moth-

ers, wives and sisters to show forth such missionary spirit as hers. Christian women! do not keep back your husbands, brothers and sons. Do not stay at home yonrselves. Make speed to fill the world with the glory of Emmanuel.

ARTICLE XV.

FUNERAL ADDRESS,

DELIVERED MARCH 12TH, 1868, BY REV. ELI CORWIN, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF REV. ASA THURSTON, ONE OF THE AMERICAN PIONEER MISSIONARIES TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."—PROV. xvi: 31.

NO ordinary event is that which calls us together in solemn assembly to-day. Two races unite to pay a grateful tribute of respect to the departed patriarch of a mission which has been the best gift of the one race to the other. Forty-eight years ago this very month, on the 31st of March, 1820, the deceased reached the shores of Hawaii with the pioneer missionaries sent out by the American Board to evangelize these then benighted and barbarous islands. This day of his burial is just one month less than forty-eight years from the day when he and the still surviving companion of his earthly pilgrimage (who has cared for him so tenderly during the closing years of his life) were stationed at Kailua, the ancient

residence of the Hawaiian kings. And there, for more than forty years, he continued to reside and to labor as the honored pastor of a large and very important parish.

The instructor, for a time, of both Kamehameha II. and Kamehameha III., his influence upon the conduct and disposition, especially of the latter, must have been very great, at a period in Hawaiian history when it was most important to secure the good will of those highest in authority, and when the word of the king was law and his will was absolute. But, as is ever the case with the faithful minister, his influence was greatest and his usefulness most apparent among the masses of the common people. Never once leaving the Islands for forty years, he was honored of natives and foreigners alike as a faithful, patient, persistent worker, steadfast, and abiding in one stay far beyond the ordinary duration of missionary life. Indeed I know not that in the entire history of missions a like instance is recorded of one remaining so long upon the field and at a single post, during the life-time of a whole generation, without revisiting the home of his childhood or visiting any other land. Only when advancing age and repeated strokes of paralysis had rendered him incapable of service; only when his strong hand lost its cunning and his tongue had begun to give a doubtful utterance, did he consent to resign his pastorate at Kailua that he might spend the closing years of his life in this city.

Here how beautiful the evening time of his life! What a privilege to us and to our children to have before us that venerable form and that benignant countenance, a perfect picture of the patriarchs and prophets of olden times not soon effaced from the memory! In-

fancy with its budding beauty and its fragrance of a new life is lovely in its gentleness and innocence. Youth with its vigor of ripening ambitions and maturing powers is interesting indeed; but no sight on earth is more impressive than a beautiful old age.

In his case the outward appearance was but the truthful expression of the inward life; a calm and undisturbed repose of faith; a rest in Jesus which knew no solicitude; a sublime quietude of soul which felt no fear. The hoary head is indeed a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. But he died not of old age. With marvelous physical powers, perhaps unsurpassed in his day by those of any other resident upon these Islands, whether native or foreigner, he might but for the attacks of disease, have survived a century. The brain and nervous system were first to give way, before his hearing was impaired, his eye became dim, or his natural force abated. That well compacted and well proportioned frame seemed too strong to be torn down even when the mind had ceased to maintain a logical succession of thoughts, and his conversation, a strange mixture of Hawaiian, English and Latin, had for the most part ceased to be coherent.

Those of us who were permitted to visit him near the close of life connot soon forget those more lucid intervals when for a little the soul reasserted its power over the tongne, and with indescribable pathos and earnestness he exclaimed, "My love for Jesus is very great." Nor can I soon forget that responsive smile with which he gave assent to what was said of the preciousness of Christ to the believer's soul, when his tongue could no

longer give utterance to his thoughts, and his eyes were already glassy with the film of death.

Governed by principles, and not by impulse, in his habits of devotion, he persisted in leading at family prayers as a priest in his own household, till he could no longer frame sentences correctly; and after that to the last day of his life, nothing made him more restless and uneasy than the omission of the regular family devotions at the appointed hour, nor did anything soothe and comfort him so much as prayer.

Though remarkably taciturn all through life, yet he was hardly less remarkable for a quiet humor which was kept in subjection to his Christian dignity, while it did much to make him agreeable in social life, and to make him buoyant in spirit under all the trials of missionary labor. And this cheerful temper and Christian mirthfulness characterized him to the last. No pleasantry was lost upon him even when his memory of the past became a blank, and he could not recognize his family or his friends.

His peculiarly rich and well trained voice, even when age had somewhat shattered it, gave forth at times such tones as made it a feast of melody to my ear to have him seated for years close at my right hand in the sanctuary. Neither the choir nor the congregation were ever disturbed by his singing out of time or out of tune, while the general effect of congregational singing was greatly improved by that remarkable voice of manly power, yet of womanly sweetness, to which we shall listen, in the service of song, nevermore. Alas, one more praying voice is silenced, one more loving heart is cold,

one more tongue so eloquent in praise is still! But though the organs of utterance fail to communicate his thoughts and feelings to mortal ears, who can tell the higher blessedness of that intimate communion he holds with Him who planted the ear and who knows our thoughts before we utter them? That powerful frame, that manly form, is shut up within the narrow house of Death, but his freed spirit is not holden of his dominion. The weary body rests, but the soul has entered upon a career of higher and holier activity. That hoary head shall soon be a buried crown; but how far are its beauty and excellence transcended by that crown of glory which he wears who already reigns wtth Christ, consecrated a king and a priest unto God. And there are stars in that crown. How many already garnered in glory, while ascribing all the honor to Christ, the sin atoning Lamb, have occasion to welcome him with peculiar joy as, under Christ, the faithful shepherd and bishop of their souls. What a debt of gratitude does the vast congregation worshiping in this sanctuary owe to the God of all grace for the services of the departed! Their beloved pastor, whose absence to-day is so much regretted, could speak eloquently to his people of his personal indebtedness to him whom he greatly honored and tenderly loved as a spiritnal father. For it was to the blessing of God upon a sermon preached by Father Thurston that he ascribed that personal interest in religion which resulted in his conversion. So in the life of the deceased reproduced not only in the missionary life of his own son laboring upon another island of this group, nor yet alone in the lives of many natives still living who mourn for him as for a father, but with redoubled power and ener-

gy is it reproduced in the ministry of him who now occupies a central position of influence as pastor of the great congregation accustomed to worship here.

The materials are wanting for a complete record of the life of the deceased, but his record is on high. And what a life as it is recorded there, and as God and angels contemplate it! What a life of honor and usefulness as even we are permitted to see it! What an encouragement to the pioneers of Christian missions who go forth to the waste places of the earth to plant the standard of the cross among the barbarous tribes, the thought that they too may be permitted to witness the fruit of their toil in a renovated nation, in a converted people, in a heathen tribe liberated and lifted up by the power of the gospel! What a life devoted to the temporal and eternal well-being of thousands upon thousands who have lived and died under his honored ministry! What a life, compassing in its span the entire history of Christian civilization in these islands of the sea!

Yet what is this to that unending life of glory and blessedness upon which he has entered? The days of the years of his pilgrimage have been four score years; but that heavenly life is measured by larger cycles, and its successive periods shall be made more and more illustrious by yet higher joys and more distinguished services. Heaven is not mere reception of knowledge and absorption of bliss; it is holiness in action. There is fulness of joy, because perfection of love. There are pleasures forevermore, because spiritual employments in which the soul can never grow weary. With renewed zeal and untiring patience let us labor, that we too may see the fruit of our toil, and win at least the welcome plaudit, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ARTICLE XVI.

To Rev. Mr. Bissell, Pastor of Fort Street Church, and to the members of Fort Street Church.

HONOLULU, Sept. 29th, 1869.

IN 1819 a church of seventeen members was formed in Park Street Church, Boston, prominently by Rev. Dr. Worcester, first secretary to the A. B. C. F. M. That church was organized to be transplated to the then far off, unlettered, and heathen islands of "Owhyhee." I was one of the members of that church. Mr. Thurston was one of its pastors. Thus it was that he became *my* pastor. I dwelt beneath his shadow, lived in his strength, experienced his watch and care and priestly offices, during a pilgrimage of forty-eight years. Then, from my heart went up the wail, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

The last original pastor of that transplanted church, known by the name of the "Old Mission Church," had now passed away. After that event, at the first celebration of the Lord's Supper in this church, I awoke to the consciousness that I stood alone. To me there was now no head, no nucleus, no inclosure. For months my heart has yearned to be in the bosom of a church of Christ, and to renew covenant relation with his people.

All unworthy as I am, will you receive me into this fold—that I may thereby gain consolation and strength, the intimacy of fellowship and love, and be found, even unto the end, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless?

LUCY G. THURSTON.

PART THIRD.

HAWAIIAN JUBILEE—REMINISCENCES FOR THE OCCASION.

1870.

ARTICLE I.

Extracts from letters, explaining the Origin of these Articles, etc.

I HAVE been writing reminiscences of life fifty years ago. A vote of the Hawaiian Board last year invited the pioneers to the work. So far as I was concerned, I heard of it, with perfect indifference. Mr. Bingham, who had been several years in America, was invited, and expected to come out, and would be all sufficient, but he died. Here was Mrs. Whitney and myself. She was suffering and very weak. One of the leaders of the Mission came to me.

"Can you write a *little* without injury to yourself? Describe the day you came on shore."

"That was too barren of incident to be interesting. There should be a wider view taken."

"Well, just as you please : do it your own way."

I took my pen reluctantly. It was hard work to make a beginning. When I did begin, it was to describe events two years after being here. Gradually I came into the work, with my whole heart, of reviewing and describing those early days. I then wrote to the Members of the Hawaiian Board.

Fathers.—I speak as unto wise men ; judge ye what I say. I have taken for my motto, "She hath done what she could." By spending months oblivious of 1870, by deep and long silence, solitude, and contemplation, together with the aid of old journals, I have written two documents.

The *first* embraces Hawaiian and New England scenes, as taking place simultaneously ; the position and prospects of the Missionaries during a voyage of more than five months ; the first appearance of a heathen nation ; their incipient approaches to better things, and the comforts and struggles of pioneer missionary life.

The *second* contains anecdotes, sketches or tales, illustrative of social life, of native and foreign character, as exhibited some fifty years ago and thereabouts.

Over this review of past scenes in my deep seclusion, many tears have been shed by eyes that have been trained not to weep. Then I have exercised entire self-control while I read my sketches for criticism.

In passing I would say, I have no manuscript to put into the hands of the future secretary at the meeting of the Evangelical Society, to be read by him, and then pass into its archives.

Forgive me; but these two documents are twin sisters, children of my old age, and I consider them exclusively my own. Yet I am ready to say, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Will not that suffice?

After being shut up to my own aspirations, a knowledge that they met the favors of my sons and daughters, did my whole being good, even though nothing should come of it.

In order to action, I await your approval in the lan-

guage of the one who induced me to write these reminiscences, "Just as you please. Do it your own way."

Respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Hawaiian Board.

LUCY G. THURSTON.

[Hitherto it had not been encouraged to have woman's voice heard in a promiscuous meeting. But when the Hawaiian Board was asked permission for me to give a public reading, every liberty was respectfully granted.

A part of these manuscripts written in 1870, were not publicly read. Some that were read, I have arranged in their historical order in another part of the book.]

ARTICLE II.

Notice of First Public Reading.

HAVING been sustained and blessed in this the land of her adoption for fifty years, and being still allowed to measure off days and nights, fringed with light and peace,

MRS. THURSTON,

As a Tribute of Thanksgiving,

proposes to give a Public Reading of Reminiscences of Fifty Years ago and thereabouts.

All, who dwell on the soil and breathe the air of Hawaii, understanding the English language, are embraced in her sympathies, and are affectionately invited to come within the sound of her voice, on this the occasion of our Nation's Jubilee.

The Reading will take place Monday P. M., 7½ o'clock, June 13, at Fort St. Church.

ARTICLE III.

Preamble.

OUR eyes were turned on Mr. Bingham, who, in 1820, was one of the pioneer missionaries to this nation. He was invited to come out from the Eastern States, and would have become a pioneer mouthpiece at this semi-centennial meeting. But the Master said, "Come up hither."

The fact then stood before me, there is no man here to remember, and repeat the A B C of the mission.

Yielding to official advice. so tenderly urged, I most reluctantly addressed myself to the work of sketching scenes of the past to spread before the present generation.

With the aid of old journals I was enabled to look through the long vista of fifty years. I went back, back, ——back to *Old Time*, and there alone long tarried. When I returned, it was with the strong desire of speaking to my familiar and sympathizing friends, to those who dwell on the same soil upon which I labored with those, who in troublous times, laid the foundations of generations.

I have not here many brothers and sisters. All below fifty-five, I consider my children.

I come, then, in the character of a mother, addressing my children, speaking to them of by-gone days.

ARTICLE IV.

The National Mourning for Kamehameha, and the Distinguished and Honored Foreign Resident.

THE morning after the death of Kamehameha I, their usual national mourning, for the death of a great chief, commenced. They went upon the idea that their grief was so great, that they knew not what they did. They were let thoroughly loose, without law or restraint, and so gave themselves up to every evil, that they acted more like demons incarnate, than like human beings. Without any shield, rank and sex were upon a level with the meanest and most outrageous of the populace. Their grass-thatched cottages were left empty; their last vestige of clothing thrown aside ; and such scenes of wholesale and frantic excesses exhibited in the open face of day, as would make darkness *pale.* A tornado swept over the nation, making it drunk with abominations. These then dark outskirts of creation were left, in that *one particular*, to work out and reach the highest heights, and the deepest depths of heathenism that earth has ever seen. It was among their more decent and innocent extravagances, that they burned their faces with fire, in large, permanent, semi-circular figures, and with stones knocked out their front teeth.

There was at that time, a foreign resident, who had dwelt some thirty years at the Islands. He had a family of children, all of them in the bloom of youth. One of them incidentally remarked, that, as a thing of course, they should attend that public mourning for Kamehameha. The father immediately replied: "If *my* children *do* attend, they will never again cross the threshhold of my

house." So he nailed up every avenue to his dwelling, and sat with his native wife and five children, without the light of the sun during those days of riot.

He had all along been a rare example in that degenerate age, of building a hedge about his family, and standing in the gap thereof. When occasion offered, he spoke with energy and decision, giving a certain sound well understood by his children and by strangers.

By marriage, by deeds and by counsel, he had justly risen to the eminence of becoming a peer with the first chiefs of the nation. Saxon blood flowed in his veins. He was Mr. Young, the noble grandfather of our most noble Queen Emma.

ARTICLE V.

Infanticide.

SOMETIME near the year 1800, an infant daughter was born into the Hawaiian nation. It had no sooner crossed the threshhold of life, than its own mother adopted the heathen practice which filled the land, of hastening to lay it in a pit-hole and concealing it from the light of day.

After passing through the scenes of birth and burial, the heathen mother sat down to rest. Soon a friend came along, who deeply regretted that the child had been burried, as she would have become its nurse, and she hastened to ascertain the true state of things. In uncovering the loosely made deposit, she came to a large piece of lava so suspended at both ends as to prevent its coming down with crushing weight on the body.

Quickly removing it, the little thing appeared on its knees and arms. And the babe wept. *Her* arms gave a welcome to the forlorn stranger. She took it to her home, and reared it with love to a mature childhood, then returned it to its mother. In the meantime, the child had learned the history of its dawning life. So when her mother requested her to do a thing she had a quick reply, "At my birth you had no love for me ; I will not obey you."

She lived to become an idolater, and to feel the iron laws of *kapu*, to woman cold and cruel as the grave.

She lived to see the idols all swept away, and woman, in a good degree, restored to social privileges.

She lived to see a new era dawn upon the nation, by having the revelation of God to man reach *them*, to whom it was alike addressed with the rest of our races.

She lived to become a member of an organized Church of Christ, to become an help-meet for a deacon, who for more than forty years has been a presiding officer, and one of the most substantial pillars of the Hawaiian Church.

She lived to show that she possessed talents, which with culture, would have adorned any society in any nation.

She died, making a great vacancy on earth, that she might fill a higher place in heaven.

ARTICLE VI.

The Five Daughters.

THERE was a family of five daughters, between the ages of twelve and twenty, who early became members of the Mission School. Saxon blood flowed into their vains. By becoming instructed, they became more intelligent, more attractive and more sought after by the cultivated and refined. In their generation they were the leading characters of the day. Rising into life within a new era, and thoroughly instructed in a new system of morals, they put forth the tender leaves of hope. Alas, alas, for vines that have no hedges! The boar out of the wood doth waste them, and the wild beast of the field doth devour them! Paternal authority, secured by wealthy influences, was as the east wind in the day of the strong wind, to sweep away all that was sacred. I could tell facts respecting their *young* lives, that would cause the ears to tingle. But I pass over those *never*-to-be-forgotten memories, briefly alluding to the eldest sister, who in age, had attained independent action.

She was more mature and meditative. She said that before the missionaries came, when she looked abroad, the inquiry came into her mind, "What great man made this world?" Her mind seemed to be instinctively prepared to receive instruction. She was our joy, and the crown of our school. We even dared to hope that she loved the truth: but the test came. Official power, accomplishments and wealth combined, turned the scale. Yet her conscience was so ill at ease, that she packed

her wardrobe and was on the very point of retiring from the position, which she had accepted, when her plans were frustrated. Although living in the same village, she was no longer under the influence of the missionaries. One day a teacher incidentally met her. She was as ever cordial and communicative, and in relation to the choice she had made, said, "I cry every day."

These girls were all my own scholars. I loved them. Through all the scenes that I have passed from that time to this, I have, without record, remembered their names, even as I have remembered the names of the children of my own brothers and sisters. There was Hana, Polly, Charlotte, Mary and Jennie.

And here let me mention one of the keenest trials that a pioneer missionary is called to experience. He plants a vineyard. When he looks that it should bring forth grapes, it brings forth wild grapes.

"O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!"

ARTICLE VII.

The Wife of the Tahitian Missionary.

THE London Missionary Society sent out a deputation of two gentlemen, Rev. Daniel Tyerman and George Bennet, Esq., to visit their Missions in the South Seas. While there, two converted Tahitians and their wives of high standing in the church, were set apart as missionaries to the three destitute islands of the Marquesas.

Mr. Ellis, their pastor, and the deputation wished to accompany and see them established in their new field. A very obliging sea-captain, bound to the Sandwich Islands, engaged to take and set them down at the Marquesas, but the wind proving unpropitious, he deferred going there until his return voyage. Thus it was that they became the welcome guests of the Mission House, at Honolulu. The Tahitian missionaries, with their simple piety, were received with no less interest. And although they were not accommodated at the Mission House, our terms of intercourse were intimate, affectionate and confiding. The captain of the party, too, was introduced to us as a man of high moral principles, who had been to them a brother. He was young, amiable, and cultivated. Nothing was more natural, while he lay in port, than that he made himself familiar at the Mission House. Sometimes he sat with us at the family board, oftener made social calls.

During the day, our numerous family branched off as duty or inclination led. When evening hushed the cares of life, some dozen of us assembled in the sitting-room to enjoy the high privilege of social intercourse. On a certain euening, the day was being thus delightfully crowned, thought eliciting thought, with an ease and freedom which English courtesy exhibited and encouraged,—when we were startled by a loud knock at the door. One of the Tahitian missionaries had come with the astounding intelligence that their own captain, with a band of his sailors, had just been to their house, and from before his eyes, had borne away his wife to his ship. To the panic-stricken husband, there was no redress. The thing must take its course. Law had not then raised its powerful arm in the nation. Every one

did what was right in his own eyes, and looked his neighbor straight in the face.

On that dark and black night, standing aghast at the revelation of such fearful villainy, within our own trusted circle, I turned to my husband and asked, "What protection have I against being carried off in like manner?" He replied, "You have none." Then I remembered with dismay, that only two days before, that same captain leisurely spent hours in the afternoon at the Mission House, and as a natural thing invited me to walk on the plain. It was one of the daily duties of us ladies to walk for health, but never without an escort. We had perfect confidence in him, and yet I declined, I hardly know why.

The next morning Mr. Ellis visited the ship, and when he asked the woman to go ashore, she replied, "The captain will not let me."

There were two hackneyed expressions in those years, which have become obsolete. The one was, that "These islands lay at the end of the earth." The other, that "Men who visited them left their consciences at Cape Horn."

After a season, the Tahitian missionary's wife was *graciously* permitted to return to her husband. The pastor, alive to her interests, said to me, "She is bent on spending the days adroad in the fields. She seems to be somewhat partially demented. Do go and speak to her words of comfort." I found her on the plains, with a square covering drawn tightly around the whole length of her person, and her chin resting low on her chest. She was roaming about, she knew not, and she cared not whither. She neither wished to see, nor speak to any

one. Desolation and despair had taken fast hold of her soul. A blight had fallen upon her whole being.

Instead of an early opportunity of returning, our English and Tahitian friends were unexpectedly detained more than four months. Then *that captain* and *that vessel* were ready for sea. Our friends, as travelers, did the best they could, embraced the only opportunity that offered for a return, entered the same vessel, under the same captain, that brought them here. The ill-assorted inmates were shut up to themselves, and sailed away together. The sole object for which those three English gentlemen projected the voyage, was quashed. A visit to the Marquesas, and there establishing a Mission, was necessarily given up. No thanks to transgressors that other benevolent plans employed their activities.

On the passage back, a woman died. Under the auspices of the captain, the remains were sewed up in a strong canvas, weighted with two eighteen pound balls, and committed to the deep, with christian rites. It was the corpse of the crushed wife of the Tahitian missionary.

She was born in idolatry, and hers was a checkered life. Her pastor was with her in her last hours, and hoped she sought and found mercy.

The bereaved husband returned to his old home, a three-fold mourner; the loss of his wife, the defection of her character, and his total failure in the mission to which he had been appointed.

In a public journal, a volume of 500 pages, in progress at that period, and given to the world in 1831, cognizance was taken of this affair. The wife of the Tahitian missionary was called by name. She was compared to the woman who was a sinner. She was spoken of as

having brought disgrace on herself,and occasioned much grief to her Christian relatives and friends.

The captain passed on with an unsullied reputation. And, in consequence of his attentions to his passengers to and from the Sandwich Islands, he was presented with six large hogs, a great number of cocoanuts, some bread-fruits, and other presents of native growth and manufacture.

Thus the reputation of those two individuals are even *now* sailing down the stream of time. And this is a *specimen* of the manner in which the scale was poised between civilized man and olive complexioned woman in these Pacific Seas, in the former part of the 19th century. Wise men did it, who *knew the times and saw the phase of public opinion*, and who sat the first in the kingdom as journalists and editors.

ARTICLE VIII.

Missionaries' Children in Pioneer Life.

I NOW approach a subject compared with which all personal missionary trials sink into insignificance. It was forming the characters of children on missionary ground in pioneer life. Capt. Chamberlain brought out with us five promising children, between the age of one and twelve. No one of us had conceived the idea that children with unformed characters must be separated from the people to whom we were sent. Those children were in full connection with the native children of our family boarding school, in their studies, in their amusements, and in their employments. When our English mis-

sionary friends came, they saw at a glance that we had begun upon a wrong tack with our own children. They spread before us the developments and experiences of missionary life for thirty years at the Society Islands. Some items of intelligence were most startling in their character. The earth seemed to be receding from beneath our feet, with no firm foundation remaining on which to stand.

Then it was that the pioneer missionaries renounced their republican principles, and, with one stride, became autocrats of the first water.

The next influence exerted by the English deputation respecting our children, was, in giving to their young American brethren a piece of advice. It was this: "Let Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain take their six children, go home and train them up for God. They never can do it here. As society now is, for unformed characters to come in contact with natives as foreigners, is moral death." Those most interested exhibited their true characters, by silently laying the case before the brethren to await their decision. They unanimously said, "Go." Thus we younger ones lost our parents. With two infant sons and five infant daughters lying on our arms, we were left to stand in our lot, and breast the sweeping tide as best we might.

From the lips of one of Zion's watchmen at that time, fell the following startling words, which became engraven on my brain, as with a red-hot iron. "The nation must be converted, or our own children will go down with them into the same pit."

We were going forth weeping, bearing precious seed. Our own families and this nation were both in the house of bondage.

ARTICLE IX.

Kuakini, or

GOV. ADAMS, as he was called by foreigners, was the governor of Hawaii, and made his permanent residence at Kailua. He belonged to the first class of chiefs, was a noble looking man, and rose higher in civilized habits than any other chief of his time; he used coffee and tea daily on his table, dressed uniformly in American costume, and was distinguished for a knowledge of the English language.

In the third year of the mission, when he was at his place alone, without the presence of a missionary, he built a church for the white man's God. When we were stationed there, he established family worship, and induced Mr. Thurston to go daily and officiate at his house. During the second year of our residence at Kailua, the church became too small for the increasing numbers who would fain attend. Gov. Adams then erected another, larger and more commodious, one hundred and eighty feet by sixty. It was superior to any house of native workmanship upon the Islands. When this was burned by an incendiary, the Governor erected a large stone house of worship, with galleries and pulpit. The latter cost five hundred dollars.

The Governor himself occupied, for awhile, a very pretty framed house with green window shades. It was brought from America, and was placed in a capacious yard surrounded by a wall ten feet in height, and about the same in width. It made quite a distinguished appear-

ance at the head of the village. He afterwards changed his residence towards the centre of the village, where he erected another dwelling-house in more costly style. His influence was altogether on the side of civilization, order, and improvement. He gave good laws, patronized schools, and for a time had both a reading and a writing school in his own yard, under his own instruction. He read through his English Bible with care, and assisted in translating the Scriptures, asked a blessing at table, and attended public worship regularly.

For awhile, though he exhibited so many good traits, he was not decidedly pious. He was the *first* person at Kailua who solicited baptism, and it was a very trying thing to him that he could not be among the *first* led to the baptismal font. But his religious character rested in the clouds. Another company presented themselves for baptism, while he held a retired seat. He then dispatched a letter to Oahu in the form of a complaint, saying, if he were not baptized that year, he never would be. His threatenings were as unavailing as his solicitations. There was a meeting of the members of the church. He thought he would meet with them; but the door was closed against him, even by his own sister Kaahumanu, who was of still higher standing in authority than himself. So he sat down on the threshold of the door, and indulged in his own agitated reflections. He returned home, sat up and read his Bible during the whole night. Thus he struggled,—until he felt himself to be a "lost man,"—was willing to accept of salvation on the humiliating terms of the gospel, and enter the kingdom, not as a *chief*, but as a *little child*. The usual congregation at that time numbered about five thousand.

The day the Governor was baptized, it was computed there were about eight thousand in and around the church.

Governor Adams, in calling on his teachers, was most entertained in visiting the room where domestic operations were performed. He continued to observe the process of making butter, till he felt himself master of the art. I think he was the first native in the nation who undertook its manufacture forty years ago.

He commenced thus: After separating the cream from the milk, he threw the cream away, and put the skimmed milk into the prepared container. Application and perseverance presided over that churn. But the labor was all in vain. He hastened to compare his notes respecting the process of making butter with those of his teachers. He thus discovered his mistake, and learned by deep experience that the churning of *cream* brought forth butter.

Again he was in perplexity. The teacher's butter was all one color—yellow. His was not so. Various hues of the rainbow were detected in it,—red, green, &c. Some parts of his butter were fully salted, other parts not at all. Between these two points, salt was worked in, in different degrees. And time gave different hues to the various strata,

But with the docilty of a child, he took, as it were, for his motto, "Try, try, try again," so that not many moons waxed and waned before, in the art of making butter, he was, from the shoulders and upwards, taller than any of his fellows.

When we first reached the Islands, not one woman in the nation, and but one man, appeared with a covering on her head. The first native woman who was seen

with a bonnet in church, was the bride of Thomas Hopu, at the time they were married. From that period, the custom gradually extended, led off by the nobility. After the mission had been established many years, Governor Adams made a law that no woman should enter his yard without a bonnet. If the law was broken, the penalty was to have the hair cut off close to the head. After that, he made another law, that no woman should enter the church without a bonnet. The natives were quite ingenious in manufacturing hats and bonnets out of the palm leaf which is indiginous to these Islands.

ARTICLE X.

Naihe

WAS a principal chief, and the husband of Kapiolani*. He was of commanding stature, and distinguished for refinement and polish of mind and manners. Such was his fluency and eloquence in speech that he was styled the national orator.

When Gov. Adams was absent at Oahu for two years, Naihe was appointed to attend to his official duties on Hawaii. As a magistrate he was as firm as he was affectionate, and in passing sentence upon offenders, the tears were often seen chasing each other in quick succession down his cheeks.

We enjoyed frequent intercourse with him, and less than a fortnight before his death, saw him at his own

*She was the heroine who first dared to descend into the crater of Kilanea, and defy the goddess that was universally believed by the natives to reside there.

place. He walked out with us to our conveyance and there, for the last time, pressed my hand between both his own with all the exhibition of a father's feelings. He had then been feeble for a few days, but several times we received encouraging intelligence of his health. How then was I amazed at the expiration of a week, to hear that he had been suddenly seized and lay senseless! Mr. Thurston went and saw the termination of the fatal apoplexy. A few days previous to this event, he called into his presence two of his confidential men, to whom he thus spoke: "There is something in me which tells me that I must die." After giving charge respecting his power and possessions, now to be transferred, he added: "Take care of the missionaries. Do for them as I have done."

As a christian, Naihe was decided and devout. Well I remember one Sabbath, when the Lord's Supper was celebrated. Naihe was present, from his residence a distance of sixteen miles, a circumstance of frequent occurrence. He sat there with his accustomed dignity, such as begets in mortals respect and esteem. I looked at him and looked again. Something more deep, more reverential than I had before observed, seemed to sit upon his countenance. He appeared as if in the presence chamber of his Maker. It proved to be the last time that we worshipped together in earthly courts.

ARTICLE XI.

Kaahumanu.

I HAVE seen a woman of portly dimensions go dripping from her bathing place in the ocean to make a call on the missionaries. In the presence of them and their wives, she entered their sitting room. With the ease and self possession of royalty, she took a seat on the settee, and carried on conversation with freedom. Did I say she came from the bathing place?—She came as it were from Eden, in the dress of innocence.

Ten years after, the work of moulding *her* character, and of *her* moulding the character of the nation, ceased. For fifty years she had lived in heathenism. Then she entered upon a new life. A brighter example of the power and grace of God, never passed from Hawaii to Heaven. It was Kaahumanu, the highest chief in the nation, possessed of royal authority.

As a heathen, she was the haughty, majestic sovereign of Hawaii. As a christian, she was energetic and decided, but the humble Queen and Mother of her subjects, from nobility down to peasantry. All the missionaries she adopted as her own children; and instead of doing as she had done, giving them her little finger with arrogant and imperial airs, she gave them her heart with maternal tears.

ARTICLE XII.

Kamehameha I.

The Blacksmith and his Daughter.

WHAT I am now about to relate, fell under my own observation, or was received from the lips of him, of whose eventful life I speak.

Far, far back in the prosperous reign of Kamehameha I. a vessel visited these Islands. She had on board a blacksmith.

Kamehameha was every inch a king. All these Islands were made for him; and so he thought was that foreign blacksmith. Power and skill so interlaced providences, that when the vessel sailed, the blacksmith was detained on shore. Stung to very frenzy by being left in those revolting circumstances, to drown thought, he turned to the bottle, When his spree was over, he worked for his royal master, but with the full purpose of embracing the first opportunity to leave the Islands.

Kamehameha had never been introduced to the code of christian morals. Another vessel came and *went*, and the pioneer blacksmith was still detained. The frightful idea of a long and hopeless captivity now burst upon him. He drank more deeply, to assuage by oblivious sleep, his *burning madness.* But for him there were no soothing iufluences, no gentle whispers. His further experiences were simply recurrences of the bitter past.

When power slipped from the hand of the great Conqueror, a vigilant eye was no longer necessary. The man had been *crushed.* He no longer *desired* to return to his native country. His highest ambition was

his bottle. He knew, by deep experiences, the horrors of *delirium tremens.* He knew the agony of mind which precedes suicide. He had made all preparation. The hand containing the fatal poison was on the way to his mouth. An impulse suddenly arrested him, and influenced him to hurl that death-potion to the winds.

Such was his sad state when the American Missionaries reached these Islands in 1820. Other foreigners came and took us by the hand. For four years *he* never approached us. His first call was one never to be forgotten. His embarrassment was overwhelming. We were then living in a mudwalled hut made for a cookhouse, simply having such surroundings as enabled us to *live.* His confusion of mind was simply from coming into the presence of one of his own country-women. It would naturally give a fresh view of better days, and a more realizing sense of the deep pit into which he had fallen. He was more at ease before he left us, something of a kindly feeling must have kindled within him, for he ever after made us calls.

His house was the rendezvous for the gang who kept their blue Saturdays. When this line of life ceased with him, and he had footed the last bill, he estimated that he had spent seven thousand dollars for himself and others in liquor. He had been roused to attend public worship. By placing himself beneath gentle and renovating influences, he at length stood up a temperance man, and a humble christian. With the feelings of a conquerer he then looked to achieve one more victory. He had an only child, a daughter, approaching womanhood. Her type of character was similar to the young in those years, under very little more control than the

wild goats of the mountain. In two respects she differed. She was *smarter* and proportionately more *mischievous.* He went into his own shop and made an iron ring in which to incase her ankle. He then chained her to the post standing in the middle of his thatched house, reaching from the ground to the ridge-pole. After being thus confined for three weeks, her ankle became chafed and swollen. She promised fair. He pitied and released her. She immediately left his premises, went straight to a neighboring outhouse, and secreted herself in a brrrel. He sought and found her, and, with an unwavering purpose, secured her as before. With a persistence allied to that of Grant's on a broader scale, he now kept her chained to that post three additional months. The battle was won. The daughter had learned to fear, to obey, and to love her father. She then came under his guidance, the instruction and influence of the missionaries, as had never been thought of before. She married, became a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a humble christian. The name of her father has been obliterated among men; but his female descendants have honorably received the names of five foreigners. He died and was entombed in his own yard. But he still lives on these Hawaiian Islands, lives in his posterity of three generations.

His conjugal vicissitudes, all with the sable daughters of the land, were not tragic like those of Henry the Eighth; for at the time of his death, there were three ex-wives, and still another living with him. His fourth wife was a crown of glory to her husband. In manner she was at once humble and dignified. She belonged to Nature's nobility. In being introduced as mistress of that

wrecked house, she reigned queen of hearts. Her husband was fully sensible that through her influence he had become elevated to a higher plane, and grieved that so few years remained in which to enjoy a happiness he had never before tasted.

Number four entered that family with her eyes open. She knew that number two was still a member of that household, as it were to grind at the mill. She heeded it not, but gathered up her strength to be to the desolate white man a help-meet and a solace. Thus years were measured off to him beneath a serene setting sun. Then he was cut down with a stroke. I saw him inclosed in a coffin, which was sustained at an elevation of common chairs. By the head, sat in repose, two female forms, habited in black. The weeping eyes of both were fixed upon one countenance. They were number four and number two.

No envy, or jealousy, or suspicion, ever seemed to mar the kindly feeling of the ill-assorted inmates of that home. They were borne along the quiet stream of life in peace and simplicity.

Honor be to the memory of the humble old patriarch. I knew him well. He had my most profound sympathy in his deep degradation, in his mighty conflicts, and, in his great conquests.

ARTICLE XIII.

A First Native Prayer Meeting.

WHEN Mr. Thurston first commenced his Hawaiian labors at Kailua, the new native church was every Sabbath filled to overflowing, with doors and windows crowded. There was a company of natives, common men, who, for a time, went and stood on the outside of the church, by an open window. Their object was to scoff. They pointed the finger of ridicule and said: "The priest shuts up his eyes to pray" Then uttering expressions of contempt, they went away laughing, when prayers were half through.

After awhile, they felt differently, and attended seriously. These new feelings grew upon them, till they, too, wished to worship God. But they did not know how. They had only learned his name; that was all. Everything else was dark. Yet their feelings inclined them to meet for social worship. They had learned from the teacher's family the manner of kneeling. They had learned through the open windows of the church, that they must first shut their eyes and then speak to Jehovah. In praying to their idols, they always kept their eyes open. What they had learned, they wished at once to put in practice. They therefore appointed a prayer meeting the next Sabbath evening in a large house, made for storing canoes.

They met accordingly, and in sitting down, formed a straight line across the middle of the house, from end to end. Then, all kneeling, the first man at one end of the row, carefully closed his eyes, and repeated this

prayer: "O, Jehovah, we pray to thee." They could say no more. They knew no more. Every one there, in the same manner in course, repeated that same prayer "O, Jehovah, we pray to thee." The meeting was then ended. But before they dispersed, they appointed another prayer meeting.

Again, the next Sabbath evening, they met. Again they ranked and prayed, in course and manner as before, and were able to add to their prayer, thus: "O, Jehovah, we pray to thee. Take care of us this night." In this way they proceeded, step by step, and continued to prolong their prayers from meeting to meeting.

They likewise introduced a new exercise by way of variety. They sent one out to stand alone in a spot where all was silence and darkness to obtain a thought. When he returned, he was asked: "Have you obtained a thought?" "Yes." Without inquiring what it was another was sent out after the same manner, and so on. If one returned quickly, though he professed to have obtained a thought, it was not acceptable to those within ; but he must go again, go out farther into the dark, stay longer, and thus obtain a better thought. They expected that by waiting on God under such circumstances, he would reveal himself to every heart. Such were their first unaided efforts in feeling after God.

One of these men belonged to our household durring a quarter of a century. It was in after years that he told me the manner in which he learned the A B C of prayer. Then he was able to pray with the fervency and wide scope of a minister, and was often called on to officiate at funerals. In connection with this account, the importance is impressively shown of putting out a talent to usury.

ARTICLE XIV.

A First Case of Church Discipline.

KAENAKU was a distinguished native woman. She was tempted, and lured into sin. Her husband was an unbeliever in the new religion. There were no newspapers in those days, to give intelligence. He availed himself of the usages of the times. In the early hush of evening, with a lond voice, he proclaimed through all the length and breadth of the village, that a church member had been guilty of adultery.

Then he went home to comfort the culprit. His dingy, thatched hut had but one opening. It was in the middle, through which they entered half doubled. He placed his wife in one of its close darkened corners, and forbade her leaving it.

When church members came to see her, he would stand between them and her, to say, that there was no use in their coming there to speak to her words of encouragement. She could no more do right than a stone could roll up hill. When he ate his meals, if he so willed, he rolled her a potato, and she ate it. Otherwise she had opportunity of fasting. Yet he had grace to allow her one privilege. When the bell rung for a religious exercise, if conducted entirely by a missionary, she might attend by going directly there, and coming directly back.

When moral darkness brooded over the land, a darkness that could be felt, Kaenaku arose like a bright morning star, harbinger of coming day. Then how

fallen! She was denied freedom, denied social intercourse, discarded utterly and forever by her husband, doomed to live continually beneath his frowning brow, his cruel government, and made a target to be daily pierced with his sharp arrows.

One day he went abroad. She embraced the opportunity, slipped out, and went a mile to see her female teacher. She frankly told her story; acknowledged that in walking with a large company, in an unprotected state, across the wide waste of the island, she had fallen into sin, and was very sorry for it. But the unfeeling manner in which her husband was crushing her for a vice so common, highly exasperated her.

The teacher said to her: "You have been guilty of a great sin against your husband. Unless he requires you to do wrong, accept with meekness and obedience, whatever he is pleased to measure out to you." In the depths of her distress, to be thus received by her teacher, whom she loved and trusted, was to her a blank disappointment. She had fled to her for *consolation*, but she had only painfnlly probed her, and ordered the most self-denying remedies.

A long conversation followed. At length she arose and stood face to face with her teacher. Eye met eye, hers without a blink, and without a movement in a single muscle of her face. Stern resolve was written on every line of her countenance. Just in that attitude, a long, long silence was measured off. Then she opened her mouth and said, "*I'll do it*;" tenderly gave her hand and her aloha, and returned to her wretched home to begin anew. *And she did it.*

The next time she called upon her teacher, she was a free woman. She carried in her hand a manuscript of some fifteen or twenty pages. In her seclusion, and under her serious but salutary discipline, she poured forth her views, and the feelings of her heart upon paper. It is worthy of note that not a word was dropped alluding to the abuse and severity of her husband. She had found her proper place of self-abasement. The fifty-first psalm was a transcript of her heart broken for sin. She said, long as she lived on earth, she should make it her study to do God's will. When she died, he might dispose of her just as he pleased. The recreant manner in which she had treated Christ and his cause, made her feel that she merited crucifixion with her head downward. Occasionally she would sit, as if lost in deep thought, and then sigh, as if from the very bottom of her heart.

Possessing talents of the very first order, and cunning with her needle, she was an appendage of nobility. She had white embroidered dresses, and silk ones of brilliant colors. All these she laid aside, feeling that they were not suitable for *her* who had sinned so deeply, thus to adorn her person. She aimed only at respectability. A black silk dress, a black mantle, a plaited palm leaf bonnet trimmed with black, formed her usual Sabbath habit. With her jet black hair and jet black eyes, it was a very becoming costume.

By her meekness and wisdom she soothed the fierce anger of her husband, and completely won back his affections. He fully reinstated her in her former position. She was again gladly received as a Sabbath-school teacher, where she was a model of faithfulness. The church

welcomed her return to its bosom, with tearful rejoicing, and with increased affection and confidence. She again approached the Lord's table, with the deepest penitence and humility. Much had been forgiven her, and she loved much.

On the eve of thus being most happily restored to all her former privileges, her teachers sailed to attend the General Meeting of the Mission. When they returned, Kaenaku was in her *grave.*

Even then the sad story of her defection was being told in Gath, and published in Ashkelon, causing the enemies of the church to triumph, and her own children to be made sad—but her teachers knew, and that infant church knew, and the angels knew, that from polluted Hawaii, from the ashes of idolatry, her soul had struggled up, to swell the notes of Redeeming love.

ARTICLE XV.

Thatched Houses.

DURING the first twelve years of missionary life, we dwelt ten years in eight successive thatched cottages, all without a floor. Five of them had no other window than that of cutting away the thatch, leaving the bare poles. After reaching the Islands, two of these cottages had been successively the abode of royalty. Two thatched ones made under our own direction, were divided into rooms by thatched partitions, having also glass windows, few and far between.

Those thatched buildings made comparatively comfortable summer houses. But during bleak, rainy seasons, to those with any constitutional disease or weakness, it involved both health and life. It was in these circumstances that pulmonary complaints took fast hold of my frame. I looked around for means to resist this invasion. Horse-back rides seemed desirable.

ARTICLE XVI.

My First Horse-back Ride.

IT was in 1825. Horses were very scarce in those days, owned only by the first-class of chiefs. I asked Gov. Adams if he had one of established habits for sobriety. He assured me that he had, and that I should make trial of it. It was brought. It had a kind of cloth pad, a foot and a half square, on its back, confined with ropes, and a rope for its bridle.

Necessarily leaving the two children under the care of their father, I went out and mounted. But by ordinary means, there seemed to be no such a thing as getting a single step out of the animal. At length, by having one native go before and pull, and another go in the rear and drive, locomotion slowly commenced. Seated on a curve, without any facilities for preserving my equilibrium, urgency compelled my free hands to grasp the mane. We had just surmounted all obstacles, and I was becoming mistress of that new state of things, when suddenly we came to a dead stand, by reason of a sub-

stantial stone wall, which crossed our pathway. It could not of course be turned aside like a gate; but the expected medical aid was not to be given up. As there was no alternative to success, the two natives went to work cheerfully in laying stone by stone aside. After some delay, we proceeded on as before, and entered the village. All left their houses to come and gaze. Evidently there was a novelty beyond that of getting on the stupid beast. It was this: A woman was riding with both limbs accommodated on one side of the horse, a thing never seen before; although the Governor and head woman had given them examples of female horsemanship. After becoming the observed of all observers, and having received a reflection of their happy faces, we turned back, put up the gap in the wall, and reached home with merry hearts, having enjoyed in the ride all that was ludicrous.

I then remembered that when at Honolulu, a newly arrived sea-captain called on the missionaries and informed them that he had brought out for them some *notions*, such as high-post bedsteads and side-saddles. The English Deputation of the London Missionary Society were then inmates of our family. They never forgot, and they never allowed *us* to forget, our American *notions, high-post bedsteads* and *side-saddles.*

I sent and obtained one of those saddles. We had a wicket gate, hung with leather hinges from a worn out shoe, introduced into the stone wall. Gov. Adams kindly allowed me his own fleet saddle-horse. Thus I was accommodated for sanitary rides.

ARTICLE XVII.

Pulmonary Disease. Complete Deliverance From.

MY youthful years opened upon life with a great degree of physical health and vigor. A little more than a year before I first left my country, my mother from active life was suddenly laid upon a bed of fever and great helplessness. A sister or myself were constantly by her side both by day and by night. In one short week the disease proved fatal. A few hours before she breathed her last, in the chamber of death, I expectorated blood from the lungs. For six weeks it was the cause of much debility. Then a very slight cough commenced, and it constantly increased till it was very harassing. The scales were vacillating. Powerful remedies brought it to a severe crisis. It was life, recovery. Again I engaged in active scenes, and for several months sustained the responsibilities of the school-room. My health seemed confirmed. It was never alluded to by any one, in deciding about engaging in the enterprise of a foreign mission.

Three years after those sufferings, *I* became a mother. Two days after that event, a slight cough commenced. It increased and kept me in a prostrate, perilous position. But I at length rallied, and apparently stood again on firm ground. Three years more run their rounds in health. Then the hard struggles of pioneer life, its efforts and its privations again prostrated me with pulmonary complaints. Nature triumphed, and I was again free.

Scarcely a year had elapsed, when we were visited by storms of fierce winds and deluging rains, uncommonly long and severe. No ray of light was admitted into our dwelling but through an open door. Our house was thatched with *lauhala* leaves, and these were loosely put on by unfaithful hands. The only spot I could call home was damp, cold, and bleak. When the evening mountain breeze came down in its strength, I enveloped myself in flannel and found refuge beneath the double curtains of a bed. Thus all had been well, had not heavy dampness acted upon me as a blight. Disease took fast hold of my frame, and became obstinate. The very breath I drew daily fastened on my mind the impression that I should soon die of consumption. Four years passed away before I was restored to my former vigor. But as it appeared in after life, victory over disease was then most complete. The penalty for accidental over-exertion in my mother's short, fatal sickness, was entirely paid in ten years.

Afterwards, for more than thirty years spent at Kailua, not even sweeping influenzas seemed to touch me, nor was I affected with common colds. I shared both in common with others, after passing from that to other climates.

ARTICLE XVIII.

Hawaii.

WE were taught that unprovoked, the natives of these islands conspired the death of the great navigator, Capt. Cook, cut off vessels, murdered crews, and chewed the flesh of their enemies as the sweetest titbit of revenge.

Conversing with the captain of our vessel, a few weeks before reaching these islands, in 1820, he remarked that he must get his guns out, for it was not safe to approach these islands without being in a state of defense. "What," I replied, "leave us, a feeble company, in a defenseless state, among a people you cannot *approach* without fire-arms?" "Ah," said he, shaking his head, "it is not *my wish* to leave you in such circumstances."

We were dropped down on their shores, and left in their sole power. From personal acquaintance and a thorough knowledge of their character, we found them, as a nation, ignorant, debased, polluted, wedded to their sins; but all was done in a good-natured way. Alcoholic drinks had the same effect on them as upon the civilized world, it turned men into brutes. But to be implacably cruel and revengeful toward their enemies, formed no part of their character. They were peculiarly simple, and child-like, affectionate and confiding. There is no figure of speech in saying that when Queen Kamamalu, who afterwards died in England, found a daughter of America, a stranger in a strange land, under peculiar trials,—she, being possessed of ample dimensions, cradled the afflicted one in her arms, pillowed her head upon her bosom, and wept over her tears of sympathy. And now after a lapse of fifty years, a review of those friendships, formed with those children of nature, in those early days, stirs within me the deepest emotions of my soul. O Kamamalu, Kamamalu, thou, too, didst become a stranger in a strange land, and when there so early called to plunge into the dark, cold stream, didst thou reach a better land?

The missionaries by accommodating themselves to new circumstances, both with firmness and with elasticity, by quietly dropping the seed of the Kingdom as opportunity offered, passed along five years beside the still waters. It was when the seed sprung up, and brought forth fruit, that they were called to put on the whole armor, that they had prepared, in which to face a savage nation. Their heaviest missionary trials came by inversion; came from the other side of the globe, from the representatives of the proud christian nations of England and America.

Ten natives stood propounded for admission into the church. Among them were Kaahumanu, the energetic and decided ruler of the Kingdom, Kalaimoku, her powerful Executive, the two dowager queens that sailed with us on board the *Thaddeus*, the ex-queen of Kauai, a son of king Kaumualii, and Kapiolani, a high chiefess, second to no one in noble aspirations and acts. As yet no native church had been organized in the land. There was simply that transplanted church from Boston, to which had been added a reinforcement.

Under such circumstances, an English ship touched at these islands, bringing some strange animals. They were white-skinned bipeds, of the genus called *Homo*. They appeared to have a fellowship one with another, for, after leaping ashore, they seemed to cling to each other in a body, in number about forty. They bore along with them what in the hands of soldiers would have been called weapons of death. They had, too, the gift of speech; for, from their lips, in English accents, proceeded sounds like these: "If the missionary will teach the people that they are absolved from obeying

the ten commandments, it will be well with him. Otherwise, we will take his life, and burn down his house."

The wife of the missionary was then isolated, looking alone to her husband for protection. She was a refined lady, then in a most delicate state of health. But she was equal to the emergency, and both she and her husband rose to the heroism and sublimity of the spirit of martyrdom. Then it was that the people, known through our world as barbarians and savages, formed a garrison around their teachers, and stood day and night with pointed bayonet. Then it was that Hoopili-kane, of the first-class of chiefs, stood up in his power and strength, and portly bearing, and said: "If they shoot my teacher, the ball shall pass through me *first*." He had become the husband of the dowager queen of the white dress. They were helps meet for each other, and long lived to be a nursing father and a nursing mother to the church of Lahaina.

Thus when the Bible was brought to these islands, it made great confusion. It was invading the strongholds of an opposite power, which had maintained undisturbed sway for ages. Its foreign emissaries were active and bold. They entered a territory belonging to a Sovereign Power. They cast their eyes upon a vineyard where the first gush of joys had been experienced by the missionaries and natives, mingling prayers and tears and labors together. The intruders said: "We *will* slay the people here with physical and moral death. We *will* beat down their vineyard, destroy its hedge, and sow it with salt. We *will* lay the whole village in ashes." That was the purport of their sworn purpose.

Their weapons of warfare were stones, clubs, knives and cannon balls. The great war between good and evil, between right and wrong was then instituted.

Passing by vessels of an inferior class, a naval ship of the Uniied States became an antagonist. The Captain's demands were well defined, and his great boast was, that whoever opposed him, would find his vessel to be like *fire.* So while his *men* smashed in the windows of private houses, and imminently imperiled life, *he* rode, rough-shod, over the heads of the rulers of the land, and with the bold front of Apollyon, asserted his right and his power to inoculate the people with physical and moral death; and so far succeded, that the acclamations of triumph rent the air, and where heard in the distance.*

In this great crisis of the nation, missionaries were wanted that counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

The nation saw that there was a wide, impassable gulf between the spirit of the two parties.

There were those, on the one hand, who hissed the idea of having christianity engrafted on this wild stock; whose aim was to crush christianity in the bud; who would blast with the breath of their nostrils everyone that opposed their measures; and who claimed ignoranee and sin to be the only natural inheritance of these islanders, leaving disease and death to follow in the train, unthought of, and uncared for.

*1871. Within the past year, I have heard it related, that it came to pass in after years, that the commander of that naval ship, abundantly reaped as he had sown. In the intensity of his sufferings, and in the wild agony of his mind, it became his wish that no woman had ever been born into the world. His loving and self-denying sister, who ministered to him in his extremity, said to him, "But I am a woman, and your *mother* is a woman." In his reply he said, "You two are exceptions. I do not include you in my wish."

On the other hand, there were those who opened up to them happiness, both here and hereafter, by leading them to virtue, to intelligence, to duty, and to God; standing firmly at their posts, ready to seal their teachings with their blood.

This was a heathen nation, just waking into life, and seeing men as trees walking. Not the tongues of forty missionaries, if they possessed a perfect knowledge of the Hawaiian language, and the eloquence of angels, could, in words, have so vividly portrayed the contrast between the spirit of the world and the spirit of the church, between selfishness and benevolence, as did those hostilities. God made the wrath of man to *praise* Him, and the remainder thereof he restrained.

The missionaries, in planting churches in a land deluged with the iniquity and scum of ages, made no compromise with Evil. The government of the churches required them to be wiped from impurity and intemperance, even as a dish is wiped, wiping it, and turning it upside down.

The State, christian in its front and bearing, noble in its general aspect, has, nevertheless, compromised with Evil. By receiving money into the public treasury for means of impurity, and of intemperance in drugs and alcoholic drinks, vultures have been allowed to prey upon the very vitals of society, and a fearful blot to mar the beauty of the escutcheon of the nation.

May the afflatus of the Almighty lead the Legislative Assembly, on this the year of the nation's jubilee, to present Hawaii, the first-born of this vast Pacific, a distinguished spectacle to the nations, revealing a youthful form, in symmetry, in beauty, and in glory, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and as terrible to all opposition as an army with banners.

ARTICLE XIX.

Blind Bartimeus.

THREE days after landing, the queen, Kamamalu gave the sisters a promising boy twelve years of age, as a pledge on her part that their friendship should be permanent. He loved to learn, and acquired the knowledge of language very readily. When at any time he saw a tear, with much tenderness he ever inquired the cause by asking, "Is it love to your father?" He often sat down on the mat by my side, and said: "Mrs. Thurston, talk about Jehovah, talk about Obookiah." Every new thing that he learned respecting God and his laws, of Jesus and of heaven, he imparted to others in the village. A poor blind man listened, and at once believed and loved. Without further instruction, he began to pray and exhort. Some listened, others laughed, and others mocked. The King had him before him to see what the gabbler had to say, when he heard so good a confession that he was sent away from the royal presence with liberal approval.

He discontinued eating dog's flesh, live vermin, and other loathsome garbage, of which the natives are ravenously fond. A man who lived under the same roof with him, feeling this abstinence as a tacit reproach on his own more filthy feeding, became indignant, and complained to the King, that his blind neighbor, under the influence of his strange religion, refused to taste the national dainties alluded to above, and begged that he might be punished, to compel him to do as other people

did. "The man is right," replied Liholiho. "I will not suffer him to be harmed. I intend myself soon to learn the new system, and to leave off these bad ways. Then you must all do the same."

After the blind man lovingly received his first ideas of the new religion from juvenile lips, which was in the early part of 1821, he exhibited one uniform character. He would be seen early Sabbath morning, without hat or shoes, without pants or shirt, with his girdle and a slight *kapa* thrown around his person, with a staff, a long beard, sightless eyes, and diminutive bending form, wending his way to the missionaries' house. There planting himself by the gate or outer door, he would sit long in meditation, waiting for a passing salutation. I have known the foreigner, with crowned head and shod feet, with all the paraphernalia of dress in the last most approved fashion, *in feelings* wither into insignificance before his love and devotion, his pathos and humility. Here is a tame specimen of what he often expressed in grimaces, in gestures, and in words, all combined.—

"Let me feel your hand. Let me cling to it. Let me weep over it. Let me express the feelings that swell my heart. The glory of this great salvation I owe first to God, and then to you."

He was the first marked christian convert, and became the blind preacher of Maui, so distinguished for ability, fervor, and eloquence.

ARTICLE XX.

Items, Showing What Instrumentalities Have Been Employed in Building up This Nation.

UNDER God, the people of these Islands are indebted to Kamehameha I., for bringing them all under one Government:

To Obookiah, for first touching chords, the vibrations of which, with ever increasing force have caused Jehovah to become Hawaii's God.

To Kamehameha II., for abolishing idolatry, and receiving a Protestant Mission.

To Kamehameha III., for allowing his subjects to hold land in fee simple, for a written Constitution of Laws, for limiting his own power, and enlarging that of his subjects, by giving them the elective franchise, thereby, through their own representatives, having a voice in the councils of the nation.

To the A. B. C. F. M., for reducing a verbal dialect to a written language, and for letters and christianity.

To the American Bible and Tract Societies, for fertilizing streams through the land.

To England, France, Belgium, and the United States, for receiving them as a sister nation in the constitution of nations that encircle the globe.

To Admiral Thomas, for the continued independence of this nation.

And to Individual Enterprise, for political advice, for educational aid, for the learned professions, for commerce, the arts, and agriculture.

ARTICLE XXI.

(Extract from a Honolulu Newspaper.)

A Rare Entertainment.

ON Monday evening the same church was again filled with a large audience to listen to Mrs. Thurston's Reminiscences of early missionary life. The fact that she was one of the pioneer band, which the brig *Thaddeus* brought out in 1820, that she was teacher of the old chiefs and that she was to read her own narrative, created much curiosity to hear her. Although nearly seventy-five years of age, she executed her task, which occupied one hour and a half, without faltering, and in a clear voice, which could be heard in every part of the house.

The narrative commenced with the touching story of Obookiah, the young Hawaiian who went to America to learn of true Christianity that he might return and teach his countrymen. He and three or four other Hawaiians were taught in the mission school in Cornwall, Connecticut. It was their arrival and appeal to Christians in America that led those who embarked in the brig *Thaddeus* to devote themselves to missions, against the remonstrances of their relatives. So eager were some of the pioneer band to leave, that one or two of them broke off in the midst of their college course at Yale, that they might join in the novel expedition. Mrs. T. narrated some incidents about the young King Liholiho, Kaahumanu and other chiefs, which were new and interesting. She and her husband, the late Asa Thurston, having been the teachers of these noted chiefs, she had opportunities which few of the missionaries enjoyed to collect facts about them. Her narrative was made up of short anecdotes, so minute in detail and so

touching in pathos, that they awakened the deepest interest in her hearers. Among them was the story of blind Bartimeus,—the conversion of John Ii—a royal feast in 1820, when the young king brought a *luaued dog* into the missionary's house, sat down and asked them to join in. The story of the venerable John Young and Isaac Davis, the counsellors of the great Kamehameha, under whose advice and assistance he had conquered the group was very touching, as was that of Keopuolani, the wife and mother of kings. In connection with the remarks relating to this heroic chiefess, Mrs. T. exhibited a silk shawl presented to her by Kaahumanu forty-four years ago—a beautiful memento of a noble Hawaiian, whose memory will always be dear to those who knew her. Not the least interesting was the story of the erection of the first framed house on Hawaii, which the Board of Missions had sent out. The erection of framed houses had been *tabooed*, but woman's influence prevailed with the king, and he allowed the tabu to be set aside and the house to be built. The closing remarks, in which she described the fierce opposition encountered by the early missionaries from base foreigners—whom she termed "*bipeds of the genus homo*"—was one of the most withering and deserved rebukes ever uttered by woman's lips. The exercises occupied one hour and three-quarters, and the interest of the audience seemed unabated at its close.

Before adjourning, His Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs rose and suggested that a collection be taken up for the two remaining pioneer missionaries—Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Whitney—to which call the congregation generously responded by contributing the sum of $350. Two verses of the missionary hymn closed one of the most interesting meetings ever held in Honolulu.

ARTICLE XXII.

Home.

HOW can I write reminiscences of fifty years ago, without turning to a father's home? It was in a rural spot, twenty-five miles west of Boston.

His house was red, its heavy color enlivened by deep trimmings of white. Two chimneys, at a due distance from each other, issued from the roof beside the ridgepole. It was two stories high, the two tiers of windows exhibiting the taste of modern architecture.

Enter the massive front door, of ample width, turn to the left, and you will find two front rooms with their chambers. In those rooms, cast your eyes aloft, not very high, and you will see well-seasoned beams that speak of perpetuity. Look on the floor by its walls, and you will see that the beams whereon the house rests, project sufficiently to accommodate childhood to seats. Speak reverently of those ancient well-seasoned beams. They were laid in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, when Queen Anne reigned over the Colonies, and they remain to this day. The sixth generation, in a direct line, is there now being trained for earth and for heaven. It is an entire family of five orphaned children of Hawaiian birth. The strong frame-work of those four rooms formed a nucleus to a large farm-house, whose doors in my childhood years, used to be counted up as *fifty-one.*

That antique western chamber, with two windows, through which to view the splendor of the setting sun, with

a chimney, and a closet filled with wood, to give warmth to solitude beneath the reign of a long, bleak winter, was my *sanctum sanctorum.*

Our large family was made eligible for life's work, by having its thrift depend on the activities of every individual. We were a world by ourselves, under the reign of one united head, whose natures and whose titles were All Power and All Love, the father and the mother.

The daughters were linked with an active, discreet mother, to give with their own hands comfort and happiness to all the departments of domestic life. They were made familiar with wielding every implement of the kitchen, and introduced into the mysteries of preparing both the substantial and the elegant comforts of a farmer's table; the limited places from which to select materials, being the cellar, the garret, the pantry, the dairy, the garden and the orchard. They plied the needle, having in that line of labor to accommodate themselves to the warmth of summer, and the rigors of winter. "They sought wool and flax, and worked willingly with their hands." The comparison of "days being swifter than a weaver's shuttle," was to them very impressive, because so well understood. "They were not afraid of snow for their house, for all were clothed" with woolen of home manufacture. There were several of the family whose *business* it was to *work*, and whose *pastime* it was to *study.* And industry enabled them to do a day's work at each.

An efficient father led forth his sons to the toils of the day. In the summer, at six o'clock in the morning,

the family breakfast was taken with dispatch, as if to go forth to meet the king of day. Yet he, who officiated as priest of that house, under most pressing employments never thought of omitting the customary reading of a chapter in course from the large family Bible, placed on the small stand before him, within the family circle. Then they all arose and stood, while he laid incense upon the family altar, always with a full volume of voice. Commencing business thus early, and laboring late in the decline of day, five seasons of refreshments were called for; but the meal of meals, for variety, and for social intercourse, was at noon-tide leisure.

At a given signal the laborers from abroad hastened to exchange meridian rays for the shades of home. There from every point was a reunion of the whole family band. At the announcement of "Dinner is ready," the united head stood side by side, at the upper end of the large oval dining table, the children promptly followed into line, the sons standing at the right hand of the father, according to their ages, the youngest son and the youngest daughter completing the oval circle, standing at the foot of the table.

Then the father spread forth his hands and led in an exercise of devotion called "asking a blessing," thus:—

"Almighty Father, command thy blessing upon this food. Give it strength to strengthen us. Give us grace to enable us to live suitably under all our enjoyments, temporal and spiritual, for the Redeemer's sake."

"Order is Heaven's first law," could not be found written on the walls. But at a glimpse, the spirit was seen. At that table, the mother was mistress of the

carving knife and of ceremonies, receiving aid from her elder children. The father, at liberty, led off in conversation, by remark, by recital, or by instruction as the case might be. Although he was puritanical in his religion, after the straitest sect, yet neither that, nor the heaviest toils of life, prevented him from being prone, at this noon-tide season, to pass into the lighter regions of anecdote and hilarity. His family followed hard after him. But they were very careful not to raise sails, till he had first raised a wind. With delighted feelings, eye met eye, and heart met heart. And that allowed, chastened exuberance of mirthfulness, was not without its use in causing the bones to become moistened with marrow.

An air of gravity assumed by the father, was, as in a mirror, reflected from every face. After a moment's pause, they simultaneously arose, and stood with precision and reverence. The father's voice was again heard, eading in a second exercise of devotion, called "returning thanks," thus:—

"Source of all being and happiness, we thank Thee for life with its surrounding blessings. We thank Thee for this social repast. We thank Thee for the day and means of grace, and the hopes of immortal life beyond the grave. Through Jesus Christ."

Thus the young beings of that family, in animal, in social, and in spiritual wants, were so fed from their father's store-house, that they gradually returned to the renewed duties of the afternoon, with feelings prepared to say to the children of dissipation, "You may go and dance at *balls*, but we'll enjoy our *friends at home*."

In that region in those days it was the public opin-

ion; dividing a father's property, where sex alone was the guide, that it took *two daughters* to poise against *one son*. At the same time it was a matter of consideration and forethought, that the *son* be trained to an employment that would secure to him the comforts and happiness of life. No such provision was made for a *daughter*. *His* time, when he came to be of age, was of value, and turned into dollars. When the *daughter* came of age, the line of freedom was not observed, but she, like a child at home, lived on and labored without remuneration. No calculation whatever was made for *her*, but that, according to the constitution of things, some one of the sterner sex would take her by the hand, and lead her forth into the mazes of human life.

Under such influences, a character was manufactured not very far from my father's dwelling. She belonged to a family of substance and position The market was supplied, and she was left, without forming any new ties of life for herself, which would draw forth her activities and affections, and engage her in the commerce of life with her fellows. Her parents, too, died, and she was left alone to lay her hands upon their cold gravestones. Without any aim in life, without any self-reliance, she was thrown back upon herself, to sustain the full responsibility of her own existence. The fierce ordeal caused the juices of social life to be dried up. She avoided society, even public worship. As a natural result, when she *was seen*, her manner and dress appeared *odd*. One chamber, her paternal inheritance, left her in her father's will, till the day of her marriage—which never came,—that *one chamber* was her refuge.

When she ceased to breathe, came her funeral, and mother Earth received her child of vacant life to her silent bosom.

There was another maiden lady near my father's house in *another* direction. She was independent, enterprising, and self-reliant. The tendrils of her nature clasped humanity. The afflicted knew where to go for sympathy, and the perplexed for counsel. She laid her soft hand upon the heads of childhood, her still softer voice of love fell upon their hearts as they rose up and called her blessed. She was eminently a lady of mark. Every lip pronounced her name with respect and deference, as being one whom they delighted to honor.

In the year 1822, soon after the printing of the first sheets of the spelling book in the Hawaiian language, a missionary was sitting at a table in his own house, with a chief, teaching him the rudiments of his own language. The chief grasped at an idea he wished to communicate. So turning to his attendants, seated on the mat, he said: "The consonant is a man, the vowel is a woman; put them together, they make something; apart they are nothing at all." We, who are more thoroughly instructed, know that a *vowel* makes a perfect syllable by itself. It is a *consonant* only, that makes nothing at all, standing alone.

At the distance of half a mile from my father's house, by an unfrequented pathway, there was a district school of forty or fifty pupils, gathered from a section of agriculturalists. In morals and intelligence it was No. 1. *There* respect to superiors was diligently inculcated. Boys bowed, and girls courtesied. In the morning, as the teacher was seen to approach the school-house, the

scholars were at their seats, rank and file, standing ready to receive their teacher with an obeisance, as they would have done to a king. He returned the salutation. This was the greeting of a new day. During all its hours, no scholar retired from, or returned to his presence, without a similar act of courtesy. Did a scholar come before the school to read a composition, or speak a piece? He knew as by instinct what was the Alpha and what the Omega. And the beautiful result of that school of nurtured virtue, was seen along the streets by children and youth always respectfully recognizing their friends and superiors.

An accomplished teacher, (of blessed memory), taught his pupils, in that school, to love learning for its own sake, and when school was closed to the higher classes for nine months, until another winter revolved upon them, he bade them, at their own homes, search for knowledge as for hidden treasure, and to pursue a daily course of study, even without a teacher's aid. And I know that under his influence, some of his scholars thus spent all the time they could command.

The first class of girls had passed through the higher rules of Adams' Arithmetic. At the examination, the tall, educated minister stood up, and made an address according to custom, to the reverently-standing scholars. During the exercise, a blush was seen to pass over the cheeks of the girls of the arithmetic class. The words dropped were simply these: "There is no use in girls going so far in arithmetic, other than setting themselves up as candidates for the wives of merchants."

There was one there who had higher aspirations than to make education a matrimonial ticket. She had

been taught by the schoolmaster mentioned above, that daughters had been endowed with minds capable of culture; and that intellectual attainments raised them in the scale of being. But, in female education, would her father, the Deacon, go ahead of his minister? It was not to be expected. She wished to go forty miles away. And nothing would satisfy her short of hearing a negative come from the lips of her decided father. So, choosing a calm hour, replete with home enjoyment, she stood behind his chair of repose, so as to elude the penetrating eye of a *bluff refusal.*

She then summed up all her resolution, and said: "Father, I have a strong desire to attend Bradford Academy. May I?" A response came, not anticipated. He was pleased,—was moved,—granted every indulgence asked,—and from that moment the love of a father for a daughter expanded into the bright hues of *deep respect.* He allowed influences to be exerted over him, and his mellowed character to be moulded in a manner *very touching.*

At the age of twenty-four, the most important proposition of the daughter's life was laid before her. By a written communication she learned that her father felt that "he had consecrated her to God, and though such a separation would be most trying to nature, yet the thing proceeded from the Lord; his will be done."

She inquired: "Do you *advise* me to go for life to a foreign heathen land?" He, whose casting vote had always decided the important questions of her life, for the first time was silent. "Lucy," he said, "you must choose your own pathway in life. It is for yourself to walk in, apart from your father."

Then she stood on the mount of independence, with full liberty to dispose of herself. Contiguous to this eminence, lay the deep, dark vale of crushing responsibility and agonizing thought. It was a salutary lesson to her, that, unaided, she there tarried and counted the cost. Alone with the Savior, she made a decision: where he led, however dark the pathway, she would follow, to *stand* or to *fall.* The burden was removed from her mind. With an elevation of soul, with cheerful, unmoved feelings, she coupled, by contrast, the friends and country of home, and the privations and dangers of a pilgrim's life.

The day she left her father's house, he had eight married children, and eight sons and daughters-in-law. Of that sixteen in the home circle, she, who took her life in her hand, and went to the heathen, is now the sole survivor.

To have her early friends restored to her, in all the vigor of immortal youth, one more *beautiful change* in her alone is wanting,—going to sleep on earth, and waking up *in heaven.*

ARTICLE XXIII.

The Voyage of Voyages.

I HAVE thus long veiled this experience within my own family. When I am gone, withholding names, let it come in as part of my life's history.

During the last fifty years, I have taken five voyages, each of eighteen thousand miles in length more or less. In looking back over them all, one stands out very

prominently. It proved to be a rare school. Deeply expensive, almost revoltingly so. But the acquirements were worth all their cost. The branches pursued were, *poverty of spirit, forgiveness of injuries, self-control in bearing one's share of the ills of life, forming the hearts of childhood to piety, and ultimately rejoicing in tribulation.* As a straw, thrown into a stream will show the course of the current, so, now and then, through a loophole, I give a partial glimpse of the manner in which lessons were impressed on the mind. As there was neither name nor book to its belongings, I designate it from what it was to me.

SECTION I.

From the Time of Sailing to the First Port.
(New York to Valparaiso, with two Youngest Children.)

My dear daughter Persis:—

I learned more of human nature on my voyage than I ever learned before, since I had existence. You know how the 27th Psalm became endeared to us as being the last we read at family prayers. Before the voyage was ended, I read it again and again, feeling as if every verse had been prophetic. "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?" etc.

And did the captain report that he had incurred more risk in defending and upholding me than *ever before*? What chivalry! For a *time* that was *true*. May blessings descend an hundred-fold on his head, and on those most dear to him, for every effort thus made. Two months from seven may thus happily be deducted. Engrave it in marble, and whisper it in the ear of the Most High. But now we are approaching inclement

weather, and furious winds. Sociality is suspended. Sympathy is withheld. Aid is withdrawn. What of that? From persons in such situations, must I require continued evidence of their continued friendship to be at ease? Far be it from me. And so I counted off the days and nights, and dreamed that to-morrow would be as yesterday. True, I encountered well-aimed arrows dipped in poison. But I was sustained by an inward consciousness of striving to do what was right; and while they diminished my happiness, they failed to pierce my heart. Yet that, too, was to come, and from a source so unexpected and aggravating, that it seemed to wither my very being. I was not in the state of David and his men at Ziklag, who wept till they had no more power to weep. I wept till I had no power to refrain from weeping. Oh, could I have forgotten memories the most precious and tender.

After being out some two months, for several weeks we had most tempestuous weather. For three days a gale continued with unabated fury. At one time our situation was such as I never before then witnessed. As the sailors express it, the ship was wallowing in the trough of the sea; and as the poets express it, the waves were running mountain high. Behold one of them, not in the distance, not ahead, but in looking *up* at the very side of the vessel, which in her tremendous rolls, would, on the lee side, *dip* the water into the ship from over her very bulwarks. A depth of it tumultuously crossed and recrossed the sky-light, as I never before beheld. What can they be doing on deck? I do not hear the waves thrown over, and yet the water rushes to and fro, as if the very ocean was let loose upon us. The door of

the companion way was closed and fastened, but as the cover happened to be drawn off sufficiently to admit my head, I went up the stairs to take a peep, and at once beheld the situation of the ship, and the sublimity of the ocean. The liability of a wave soon rendered it necessary to close the companion way entirely, and I reluctantly withdrew from a view of the ocean in all its strength and majesty, to my dark abode below. The captain, too, was about *wearing* the *ship*, in a gale of wind, one of the most dangerous maneuvers there is performed. However, nothing was experienced from it of a nature more serious, than that of a pitcher of water, which was standing in its assigned place ever since being aboard, discharged its whole contents onto our books, and our largest chest, standing within cleats, jumped out of its fastenings, turned a somerset, had its top torn off, and lay on its side at the foot of the stairs. Thus the day dawned upon us. The captain remarked at the breakfast table, that if he had not tacked the ship before that time, its decks would have been entirely swept.

Then there was a day of disasters. In going from the companion way to the house on deck, there was quite a little space to pass, where there was nothing to lay hold of, to enable one to maintain a perpendicular position, when very rolling, wet, and slippery. There the strong arm of the practical sailor was appreciated. Not thus accommodated, the result was, I fell and was sent down to the lee side of the ship with a velocity and force, of which I had not before conceived. I struck upon my chest against the stairs which led to the upper deck. At first it affected me very much. I enveloped myself in flannel, and kept in my berth; but by night I

found it difficult to bring a long breath, or make an effort to help myself. The next day I was, about *appearing* as usual.

In going up to the same meal, in just the same place, a strong active man, a passenger, fell, and was considerably injured by being sent across the deck. He, too, lodged against the stairs. Then *he* was laid up in his berth. Since the gale his wife and children had kept their room. Now she was called to make efforts. But before the day was out, *she* fell with great force, her eye coming in contact with one corner of a chest. The eye became very much inflamed, and the parts around looked frightfully bruised; but she made the best of it, bound it up, and spent most of the night in wakefulness and effort, to prevent her children being thrown from the berth.

Said the captain to a passenger, "You look ten years older than you have done. The howling of the wind, the groaning, and creaking, and rolling of the vessel, the clashing of the waves, and our running, and hallooing, and pulling ropes, has frightened you. Be of good courage. It is time enough for you to be discouraged when you see that I am."

It was in that extremity that I was singled out and disciplined by finding myself silently imprisoned under lock and key. No anger or indignation crossed my mind to bear me up, but I felt,—I felt crushed. I knocked, and knocked, and vainly knocked, to obtain release. There were two doors between me and my children, who, with others belonging to the second table, were at their evening meal. They all thought the thumping was outside on the upper deck. And others

happened to be in various parts of the ship. After a lapse of time, the steward returned to his pantry, which was on the same aisle opposite my prison. I called him and he released me. I soon returned with the children through the darkness and howling of the storm, and closed the door in my little room below. But such a sense of utter desolation I had never felt before. I sat down and wept like a child. The children said, "Mother, what makes you cry so? Mother, what *does* make you cry so."

I presume before two hours had elapsed, every soul on board that vessel had learned the humiliating position in which I had been placed. I passed the thing in silence, but an irrepressible curiosity sprung up among the passengers, as to "Who did it?" When away from me, my children were incessantly plied on the subject, charged with having done it, and found no end in being questioned and cross-questioned respecting it. Nothing short of sifting things to the very bottom could silence their persevering inquiries. Thus a week passed away, feelings within, and elements without, seeming to be in strange sympathy, all antagonistic to repose. Then the secret came out. The author of the deed, to pacify feelings, assumed its responsibility.

The captain himself said to me with his own lips, "It was *I* that fastened you in last week. I did it because you visited the place before the second table was served."

Mrs. Thurston.—"After the gale commenced, I did not visit the place between serving the first and second tables, until I had the example of Mrs. ———. You considered her fastidious to a fault. Added to her

example, I had your own. You were both up there under the same roof. I and my children were below, and it was impossible for us to pass to and from the companion way to the aisle without aid. So, situated as I was, I acted as I did from a sense of duty."

He replied.—"If any apology is necessary on my part, I am ready to make it now."

Mrs. T.—"No feeling ever crossed my heart that I was acting in a manner that you would disapprove."

I am ashamed to tell you *who* it was that *thus* watched over my pathway on the high seas, and *thus* spurred me on to duty.

The next day, Divine service was attended in the upper cabin. First hymn:—

"When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes."

TEXT: "But as for you, ye meant evil against me, but God meant it for good."

The exercises of that hour were very consoling and strengthening.

I dwelt much upon, and folded to my bosom the "Believer and his Echo," particularly the following extract:—

BELIEVER: "But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good and love him still?

ECHO: *Love him still.*

BELIEVER: If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carfully conceal?

ECHO: *As carefully conceal*

BELIEVER: But if my name and character he tears,
And cruel malice too, too plain appears,
And when I sorrow and affliction know,
He *loves* to add unto my cup of woe,

In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?

ECHO: *Still love and bless.*

BELIEVER: Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I still patient be, and still forgive?"

ECHO: *Still patient be, and still forgive.*"

This first act, coming as it did butt end foremost, was but a mere fraction of what followed during a period of five months, till leaving the ship. As streams became embittered, I was driven back to the fountain. I turned to the Bible as I never did before, and, as much as possible, through all the hours of the day, made it my companion and counsellor. Then it was that it put forth peculiar attractions for childhood. They never tired of hearing it read. They chose it before all written tales. "Mother, we want to have you read more to us from the *Bible.* It is a very interesting book. I want to be like a tree, planted by the rivers of water."

Called, as it were, to lay my hand on my mouth, to dress in sackcloth, and sit in the dust, it has been good for me to walk in the vale of humiliation, finding my peace of mind to be derived from *deep* submission and forgiveness. How often did my imagination shoot forward to my long-sought home, with the query, what will it be to me when I reach there? Mr. Thurston—will he too be changed?—or am *I* so changed that he will cease to look upon me with an eye of favor? Such were my sad soliloquies, and thus I wandered on until I reached my far-distant home, the husband of my youth, who knew more of what I am than any other mortal, and whose affections have survived the winds, and waves, and storms, and a succession of associates for so many years.

SECTION II.

While Lying in the Port of Valparaiso where our Vessel Stopped a few Weeks.

On reaching port, both body and mind became refreshed, and I again experienced a return of my wonted firmness and elasticity of spirits. Cold, desolation, and those long dreary nights of darkness, the contending elements, lashed to very fury, we had left far in the distance. We again came in contact with a busy world. We partook of its refreshments. We saw happy countenances. We felt the renovating influence of light and warmth. In my inmost soul I longed for the return of peace and harmony, of kind looks and kind words. If any advances, if any concessions, if any forgiveness was wanted on my part, I would most cheerfully make them.

In this spirit I wrote the captain a letter. He made no reply to it, but it led to a long conversation. The best apology that he made for himself was, "That a continued dropping would wear away a stone." O, it was unfortunate for me, *most* unfortunate for him, that he chose for his companion and most intimate friend one who most unaccountably became my avowed enemy. *He* held the position of Haman; *I* of Mordecai. He had already reached the height of seriously meditating driving me from the cabin. His real name I spare, and distinguish him by the fictitious appellation of *Haman.*

But we were not through with our conversation. During it, we were standing alone on the farther end of the upper deck, looking out upon the green waters. His criticisms were ever grateful to my *private* ear. (At the public table, I only *endured* them.) I now elicited

them, so as to know wherein I had offended. I give you one of his most aggravated specimens. I was told before sailing that we should have a stove. Provision was made for it. The other three vessels, that sailed about the same time, all had their warm stoves. In one there was even a second stove, one in the forecastle. The stove in *our* ship was not brought forward. In the cold region of Cape Horn, on the Sabbath, public services were held in the upper cabin. It was of much lower temperature up there than between decks. I put on my silk quilted bonnet, made for the voyage, to go up. As I felt the cold, and as it was favorable, too, toward concealing the tears that sometimes trickled down my cheeks in spite of *all* my efforts, I retained it on my head. I did not consider, I did not even *know*, that it would be construed into *disrespect*, and that the "*wearing of a bonnet was proper only for a meeting held in a bar-room, or in a barn.*"

Capt.—"But did you not see how *cross* it made me look?"

Mrs. Thurston.—"No idea ever passed my mind that wearing a bonnet during a religious exercise on the Sabbath, was displeasing to you."

After mentioning several such like criticisms, he added: "So when I saw how *obstinate* you were and did not *try* to please me, I let you go."

Mrs. T.—"My own conscience bears me witness that I have *always tried* to please you."

If it is any apology for the captain, let it be said, that Haman in the cabin considered it obstinacy, because I did not do as *they thought* most proper.

Mrs. T.—"What! *obstinacy* in me, because I did not

shape my conduct according to your private feelings?"

Capt.—Well, if you didn't know them, then there are two points of character for you to look at at the same time:—your understanding and discernment, which seems to be even surpassed by your stupidity." Thus endeth the second lesson.

Soon after reaching Valparaiso, the captain called on a distinguished family from my native state, pious, wealthy, and living in good style. The lady, through him, extended an invitation to me, to come with my children and spend the time in her family, during the weeks the ship lay in port. She apologized for not inviting a second family, on the ground that she had but one spare bedroom. The captain excused me for that reason, saying it would be inconvenient for me to come with my children, and only have *one* room for our accommodation. So, he added, as he gave it out at the supper table, she then sent an invitation to you, Mr. and Mrs. ———, to come and occupy that room. There was nothing for me to say. But it was natural enough for me to compare in my own mind, one bedroom in that capacious house, with the manner in which we were then stowed away, confined to one stateroom, with two close berths, the one above the other. There was an-another objection, he said, to my becoming domesticated in her family,—the bold declivity that surrounded their premises. There would be danger of the children's rolling down it. In the fullness of my heart, I now, for the first time, ventured to speak, by asking, "Have not they themselves children, a door-yard, and roads?" "Yes, but they are accustomed to their situation. Children

were heedless, and did not always keep within proper bounds." So Mr. and Mrs. ——— went ashore, enjoyed liberty and action, the smiles of friendship, and the refreshments of the table.

To get the cargo ashore was the business of the ship. To accomplish this, two hatchways to go down into the lower hold of the ship must needs be thrown open and kept so. One of them was within a few feet of the door of my stateroom, and hard by the stairs which led to the deck. While the business was in progress, little —— went down headlong through one, and Mr. —— with the baby in his arms through the other, to the imminent peril of their lives. We will go on deck and get away from these dangerous places. But on deck stands a machine to raise the cargo aloft from the hold of the ship. "Mind that machine! By its powerful whirl, an iron appendage is liable to be thrown. One stroke might break a limb or prove fatal. Mother, take care of your children."

In the fore part of the voyage, the captain said, that on reaching port, I should, of course attend a church there. I remembered what he had formerly said to me. Every Sabbath morning I laid out every article necessary for me and for my children in going to church. The *first* Sabbath, the captain went. Not a word was said to me on the subject. The *second* Sabbath at the breakfast table, he thus expressed himself: "I am going to church to-day; who else is going?" Mr. —— and Mr. —— both signified that they were going.

Capt.—"Are you going, Mrs. Thurston?"

Mrs. T.—"If it is convenient. I have a desire to go."

Capt.—"Shall you take your children with you?"

Mrs. T.—"If I go myself, they will go, of course."

Capt.—"I don't know as there will be room for all that will be going. But *I* can stay. I don't care much about going. There will be a sermon here this afternoon."

Mrs. T.—"I can stay, sir; I am not particular about going."

Capt.—"Neither am I *par-tic-u-lar.*" (*A pause.*)

Mrs. T.—"If it is very pleasant to-day, Mr. —— said he would meet me on the landing place."

Capt.—"How came he to do that? He didn't say anything to me about it."

Mrs.. T.—"It was a very natural thing for him to say it."

Capt.—"Why, natural?"

Mrs. T.—"Because I was here a stranger on shore, and he had become acquainted. It was a very natural thing for him to *offer to accommodate* me."

Capt.—"I should think he would first ascertain whether *I* was going ashore, and if I were, it would be the most natural thing to have you go with *me.*"

Mrs. T.—"If it is at all likely to rain, he will not be there."

Capt.—"I don't know whether it will rain or not."

Thus I left the breakfast table for my stateroom. "There, children, I have done all that is proper for me to do toward going to church. Our persons and our things are ready. I said to the captain at the breakfast table that I wished to go. If *I* go, he stays. I cannot depend on finding Mr. ——. We must stay where we are. If we ever meet your father, we shall better know

how to value him. But stop, let your things be until the boat is off. We will not miss of going for the want of being in a state of readiness. Perhaps the captain will yet accompany us."

A tap was heard at the door. It was the steward's pleasant face. "—— bid me say to you he thought it would not rain."

Mrs. T.—Say to him that I stay on board."

The captain and others went ashore. Great inquiry was made after Mrs. Thurston. Why didn't *she* come to church? Why didn't she come ashore? The captain assigned as a reason, that she was afraid of the rain. The day, however, was a very fine one.

THURSDAY.—To-night the captain said to me at the table, that he should not advise me to go ashore again if I had twenty invitations, on account of sickness in the city,—yellow fever. I asked him if there would be any danger in going to church on the Sabbath. He could not advise, but he himself should stay on board the next Sabbath. He should do it because he thought he could spend the time profitably on board. There would be a service in the afternoon.

FRIDAY.—*Capt.*—"Mr. —— is sick with a fever, confined to his room."

Mrs. T.—"Do our friends Mr. and Mrs. —— go in to see him?"

Capt.—"Yes. They went in yesterday. He *wished* to see them. Did you think they would keep off at arm's length?"

Mrs. T.—"I was thinking, sir, whether it would be a greater exposure for me to go directly up the hill on the Sabbath to their place of worship, and directly

back, than for them to go into the chamber of sickness."

Capt.—"You must act for yourself. I cannot advise you."

SATURDAY NIGHT.—The captain brought a letter to me from you, to my stateroom door. A ship had just arrived. He said: "The three ladies from it are all going ashore to-morrow to church. But they are all *young* married people; *they* can take a tramp." He closed the door abruptly, without giving opportunity for a reply, leaving me alone to couple the two obstacles which lay in my pathway toward going ashore and to church the next day, *viz: the raging of the yellow fever*, and *my having been married so long.*

SUNDAY.—Had everything in readiness for going to church. Not one single word was said about it. The ladies in the other vessel staid there three days, and all went to church. I staid there three weeks and did not go at all.

Some of the passengers on board absolutely made a laugh of the story of the yellow fever, so gravely told at the supper table. They said: "It was only got up to keep Mrs. Thurston on board. *We* have heard nothing about it. Fever in the city? Yes, unquestionably. And when was the time when there was none?" I never undertook to ferret out the matter, to know whether these remarks were just, but within cabin walls and on vessel's deck, in the use of my own eyes and ears, I saw the captian, steward, and passengers come and go as convenience and inclination prompted; children led ashore to be vaccinated, without any more reference to the yellow fever than to the plague.

AFTERNOON.—The passengers from the other ship

came on board to attend service. The three ladies took seats on the settee in the cabin, where religious exercises were to be held.

Mrs. T.—"Will you take off your bonnets, ladies?"

Mrs. ——.—"Do just as you please: keep them on or take them off." They chose to keep them on. After worship, all went on deck. My little daughter was standing by the companion way, with her black dress and cape on, and the drab bonnet made her for the voyage. It was in a perfect state of preservation. The captain and the Rev. Mr. ——, a stranger, were standing on the upper deck near the stairs. The captain called out several times to her by name. The attention of the whole company was arrested. She approached him.

Capt.—"Go and get your new bonnet. I wouldn't wear that old thing about when there is company."

All eyes were now turned on her, and she felt mortified. She went to our room, and put on her colored silk one, which was at hand. She again appeared on the lower deck. From his elevated position he again called out to her, "That is too good a bonnet for you to wear on board a ship." She then went down to our room and cried.

The surgeon of a man-of-war was taking tea with us on board our ship. Allusion was made to the very strict discipline of his vessel.

Capt.—"I don't know how Mrs. Thurston would get along on board that ship, to be put under such screws.

Mrs. T.—"O, I always calculate, sir, to submit to screws."

Neither the captain's nor the stranger's risables seemed excited, but they exhibited different expressions

of countenance; while a burst of laughter went round the table, among the inmates of our ship. I guessed some *screws* on board *our* ship were thought of.

Mrs. T.—"Daughter, will you go down and bring up my shawl?"

Daugh.—"Is it in your *room*, mother?"

Mrs. T.—"Yes, dear."

Daugh.—"Your *blanket* shawl?"

Mrs. T.—"Yes, dear."

Capt.—"Why don't you break her of that manner of speaking? But perhaps you don't wish to. *Your blanket shawl?* She wouldn't speak worse to a dog."

Mrs. T.—"What should she have said, sir?"

Capt.—"Your blanket shawl, ma'am?" (*Exit captain.*)

Mrs. ——.—"That is too bad. What she said was perfectly proper."

At table, Mr. —— was turning me out some water. When the tumbler was half full, I said "A plenty."

Capt.—"It is *hoggish* to answer in that manner."

Mrs. T.—"How should I answer, sir?"

Capt.—"Thank you, sir."

August 1.—A pleasant day. No rebuff. Once a sentiment I advanced was even approved.

Gave my tumbler at the table to steward* for water with a significant look and motion, without uttering a word. Such was my practice.

Capt.—"That is not a right way of giving a tumbler. If there were but one dish before me, and my wife passed her plate for some without saying anything,

*Steward's understanding of his appropriate duties, his faithfulness and kindness, secured my respect. He well performed his part in smoothing *my* pathway across the ocean. His honest tribute was, "Mrs. Thurston has *great patience* on board this ship."

I would not give her any. I would think she insulted me.

Mrs. T.—"I have been in the habit of having things done at table, so far as they were understood, without words, because I was sparing of the use of the Hawaiian language before my children."

Capt.—"I know you have lived in a land of slaves. (At the same meal.) I saw a piece in the Medallion. I thought Mrs. Thurston might have written it, there were so many jaw-cracking words in it."

For months I had submitted to, and waived everything that had been heaped upon me. Seated at a gentleman's public table, without a male relative to sustain me, instead of measuring swords with the sterner sex, I fixed my eye on Prov. 26:4: "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him." After considering this verse for months, I resolved to move on to the next verse. "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

So, with yesterday's criticism fresh in my mind, I went up to the table. Steward stood in the aisle door, in one corner of the room, his hands braced aloft on each side, his eyes looking straight before him toward those whom he served. I sat in an exact diagonal direction from him, so that my voice would have to go across the table to reach him.

Mrs. T.—"Please to give me some water, steward?" (When he brought and gave it to me, I said in a low voice, but which the captain could hear, as he sat next to me,) "Thank you."

Capt.—"There, that is characteristic of Mrs. Thurston,—from one extreme to go to an opposite."

Mrs. T.—"Sir, I made use of the exact words that a lady in America put into my mouth. She had the *kindness* to *criticise* my family. She took me into a *solitary* room to do it. She understood human nature. She understood the feelings of the female heart."

The captain said not another word. After rising from the table, he went directly down to a passenger's room, to see what was the matter. "It was as plain," said he, "that you were offended at table, as that you have a nose on your face." She said to him: "You have always treated me well, but I do sympathize with Mrs. Thurston, who feels deeply on the subject of being criticised so much at the public table. She does not come and tell me her feelings, but I see tears fall as she passes our door to go to her room." They reconciled matters. She thought he went to my room to do the same. But no.

The captain mentioned to a passenger whether it could be possible that Mrs. Thurston's mind had lost its balance, because she vindicated eating meat three times a day. What I said was that, since I had eaten more, I had had far better health in several respects, and far less headache. We had had fresh provisions, vegetables, and meat, after having been destitute of both. Was it the benevolent sympathy of his anxious heart that led him the same day at tea to put *ten* slices of salt-dried beef on my plate? They were about the size as if cut from the middle part of a beef creature's tongue. In as respectful a manner as I could, I begged a part to be returned. He took away *five* pieces. I ate one piece, as much as I was accustomed to use at that hour, *when I ate any*. The four remaining pieces I left in a circle on the rim of my plate. When the passenger told me the cap-

tain's remark, my reply was, "If my mind has lost its balance, I should not have one doubt respecting the cause of it."

It was before reaching port, that every few weeks I was prostrated for a day or two with pain in my head. Then I turned to tea for comfort and refreshment. It came, as usual, once in twenty-four hours. I was satisfied with that. But the captain must needs say at the public table, that he had no more sympathy for Mrs. Thurston, when she had the headache, than he had for a *drunkard.* Notwithstanding, at his recommendation, I had for months discontinued the use of fat meat and gravies.

After reaching port, my health so rapidly improved as to have it remarked by all. The captain mentioned it one day at the table, and asked the cause. "It is, sir, because since coming into port I have eaten more."

I several times, as above, aimed to have my remarks form a check upon the captain. He was afterward far more guarded at table. The only lashes I attempted to give him, were to hold up virtues in which he was alarmingly deficient. The passengers thought I had given him a tremendous rap on the knuckles. He did not leave the dining table ignorant of the manner in which it was received. But what surprised me was, that after I had taken this new position, he took occasion on deck to express his satisfaction in my increased efforts to please him, and even thanked me. I was glad to dismiss this kind of warfare from my mind, and even regretted that I had ever attempted it; for, I said to myself, "It is enough for me to cultivate humility and self-control. Then from this school of adversity, I shall carry with me lessons that will be of use in the most trying scenes of life.

SECTION III.

From the Port of Valparaiso to the End of the Voyage.

I had several lady fellow-passengers. Not an action, not a word, not a look proceeded from either of them, of a personal nature, through the whole voyage, that ever cost me an unpleasant feeling. I could say the same of one gentleman passenger.

Haman wrote me a note of two pages. The character of it is well defined in Bible language—"False witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty." I sent a reply to him by the steward. He would not receive it, but bid him return it to the writer. An extract of my reply reads thus:—

"To Mr. ———,

Dear Sir:—

I received and read your note last evening with placid feelings. * * * You wish that all intercourse should stop here. For reasons of which I am utterly ignorant, yours has ceased with the mother some time since. My children are now included. It is enough.

As it respects social intercourse with you, to promote *your* happiness, I shall follow where you lead. To promote my *own* I shall cherish for you the kindest feelings. As intelligent and accomplished I *respect* you; as a youthful taveler passing to another country through the wild wastes of this, *I pity you*; as erroneous in any respects toward me or mine, I freely *forgive* you."

Matters now fast ripened, and soon reached their climax. I was "put under axes of iron, and harrows of iron, and made to pass through the brick-kiln." The captain was one of the most active in these scenes. And

after being an actor in such a drama, how *could* he say that, in those last days of *peculiar* trial, the "*wisest course was pursued?*" And again, as an eye-witness report, that in that season of my extremity my "*feelings suffered depression!*" IT WAS NOT SO. I do not remember shedding a single tear. They proceeded much too far to reach their own aims. I was not *thus* to be crushed. Through suffering I had become strong for trials. *I was lifted up.* With calm, undaunted feelings, and an equal eye, I could look on all the powers of earth and hell.

SECTION IV.

Sequel.

In the eighth month of the voyage I reached Honolulu. Before anchoring, a boat and a brother had arrived. I was in readiness to depart. I had reached my friends. I had reached an atmosphere of love, of kindness, and of sympathy. I had been taught their value. My lips were sealed to everything of an opposite nature. By skillfully evading direct questions, I was enabled to pursue that course. Mr. —— had just received a letter from my husband, commending me to his care. After reading it, he said: "Father Thurston is fast ripening for heaven." I read it too. What he said in relation to his wife was soothing to her lacerated feelings. "Many daughters had done virtuously, but she ———."

When I went ashore there was a domestic vessel lying in port with her flag flying from the top of her mast, a signal for sailing. It was bound to the place of

my home, and waited for me till the next day. I then sailed with my children, leaving before the ship, so late my abode, entered the inner harbor. The note which I had formerly written to Haman, I now sent to him, adding an additional note, containing the following lines:—

"As we shall probably meet no more on earth, perhaps you will now be willing to read what I penned for you on board. You have a mother in America: I have a son. I know how to sympathize with mothers, and I know how to sympathize with sons. Farewell."

I could give many other curious specimens of human nature. But enough. I only add in the language of one of our passengers, that "that ship was the queerest world that I ever jumped into."

PART FOURTH.

1871–6.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS. CONCLUSION.

1871.

ARTICLE I.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

(Written when living alone in her cottage home at Honolulu, her daughter Mrs. Mary Benfield having gone to North Carolina for her husband's health.)

HONOLULU, DECEMBER 23.

My dear Daughter Persis:

From different pens I have a full view of your thanksgiving dinner. Now I will give you a description of mine. Opposite where I sat, your father's accustomed place, there was a quart glass tumbler that was filled with flowers for him. On the right there were three common-sized tumblers of flowers, each one for a child. On the left, four little tumblers, with opening lilies, each one for a grandchild. These, all surrounded with evergreens, were for my family that had passed to the summer land. Those, still in the flesh, were represented by piles of the old blue China plates, family by family, placed across the upper end of the table, the numbers of plates in each pile corresponding with the number of members in the family it represented, making in all nineteen plates.

A native boy sat at the other end of the table. There were no dishes of food along the middle, but my plate and his, with two large circles of small plates, were replenished with baked beef, sweet and Irish potatoes, bread, biscuit, milk, cucumbers, apples, bananas, and guava preserves; to which were added from Oakland, dried apples stewed, and preserved cherries.

I enjoyed my Thanksgiving dinner. In my youth, I separated myself from my native home and friends there, and with a beautiful staff, passed over to this then heathen land. Now I have large investments in two countries and in two worlds. What though for a point of time I am detached from what are still mine, there is a glowing future, when I shall, in a higher sense than I have ever yet experienced, enjoy my acquisitions.

Your loving Mother.

ARTICLE II.

Grandmothers' Tea Party.

(From the "Friend," of Honolulu.)

THE RARE privilege was afforded us on the 28th of Aug. (1872) of being present at a gathering of grandmothers in honor of Mrs Betsy H. Judd, who completed on that day her ninetieth year. One of her granddaughters, Mrs. Laura Dickson, wishing to honor the occasion, devised the highly appropriate plan of inviting all the foreign grandmothers in Honolulu to a Tea Party at her residence. The weather was most propitious, and the occasion such as enlisted the gathering of such an

assembly as would reflect the highest honor upon any Christian community in the most favored part of the world. Most fortunately we entered when between thirty and forty ladies, a little past middle age, with a few verging onward to the period of the "sere and yellow leaf," were seated at the tables sumptuously spread with the good things of this life. These ladies were served by a company of their daughters and others, in the fresh season of young womanhood. When all were thus gathered, the venerable Mrs. Thurston invoked the Divine blessing in the following touching language:—

"Our Father, who art in heaven, we thank Thee that Thou dost satisfy us with long life. Enable us to yield fruit in old age. May our last days be emphatically our best days. Bless this social interview. Bless to our use this food. Make it a feast of love. While we tarry till Thou come, may we day by day be preparing, so as to be unclothed, that mortality may be swallowed up of life. For Jesus sake. Amen."

While the ladies were seated at the tables, Mrs. Thurston arose and read the following address:—

"I remember the time when at this metropolis of our little world, the highest perfection of the female picture of a family would be a mother standing with an infant in her arms, and a toddling child by her side, hanging on to her skirts. Now I open my eyes to behold a venerable company of forty grandmothers, including four great-grandmothers. This leads me to invite your attention for a few minutes to the origin and increase of foreign female society on Hawaii.

In 1820 the first foreign ladies reached these shores

that were ever seen by the eyes of natives. They were seven in number, including one mother with five children. That company had only liberty to come on shore and stay one year. What circumspection, what power of endurance they were called upon to exercise! The ladies were a rare curiosity to the nation; the children more so. To turn from scenes of pressing their own children beneath the sod with their own heels, or, if allowed to live, to go entirely naked,—then to behold our children dressed with shirts, pants and coats, with dresses and neck-attire, with stockings and shoes, with hats and bonnets, they were delighted—they were fascinated with them, as much as our children would be with a fresh importation of London dolls. Kalaimoku, a great warrior, who put down the rebellion in favor of idols, who sustained the position of prime minister of the nation, and was called the Iron Cable, passed by educated men and chose little Daniel Chamberlain, five years old, to be his teacher in learning the English alphabet. When Mrs. Chamberlain started to go to church with her family, by the time she got there, she was as destitute of children as young married ladies. One queen would secure a child, another a second, and so on. We had ten queens in those days.

A deputation from the London Missionary Society was providentially brought to us. They were thirty years ahead of us in a knowledge of the experience of missionary labors. They awoke us from a dream of security. Their advice, after being months in our family, was gratuitous and full. "Let Mr. Chamberlain take his six children, go home with them, and train them up for God. He never can do it here. As society now is,

to come in contact with natives or foreigners would be moral death." Our own missionaries too said, "Go." Thus they did their missionary work up quick, and returned to their native land. But the winning influence they exerted over the minds of natives in causing the Mission so quickly to become the acknowledged teachers of the nation, will never be appreciated in this life.

During successive years, several other families, parents and children retired, and their places were filled with new recruits. Some nine or a dozen children in early childhood were torn from the arms of their parents, and sent across the waters for education. A returned missionary lady from the East said to me: "A child left in the *streets* in America would have a better education than in the *best family* in a heathen land. One divine among us who had a regard to the sacredness of the family institution, thought that these human clippings went to make a family look like a cocoanut tree. Another, fourteen years after the commencement of the Mission, with all the ardency of his nature hoped, that no daughter would ever remain in this land up to the age of her fifteenth year. But the good hand of our God was upon us. Punahou school rose up to bless our land. It worked together for good that some of our children were there educated, that some were sent to America, and some trained in private families. The Cousins' Society is a monument of glory to the American missionaries. The instructions given to the nation had its natural result. A standard was raised of what was *right*. Vice fled from the open face of day to dens and secret places.

When a white man died in former times, a line in

his yard was drawn around his dwelling. Everything within that line went to the king, even down to a pewter spoon. The natural heirs were stripped of everything. So all the land belonged to the king, and could not become alienated from him. He could at an hour's warning dispossess any subject of his home. Thus we lived for twenty-seven years.

Kamehameha III., who was emphatically the Father of his country, gave to his people salutary written laws. He put land, too, into the hands of his subjects, to become theirs, their heirs and assigns forever. Then it was that grandmothers migrated to this land from abroad, and mothers here became so by ordinary generation. Then it was that our sons and daughters were retained by the side of their parents. It was good to bring woman here when gross darkness was upon the people. It was good to bring grandmothers here when the light began to shine. It was *very good* to plant children on Hawaiian soil—sons to become the sinews of the land and daughters to become corner-stones, polished after, the similitude of a palace.

This first conspicuous "Grandmothers' Tea Party" is to congratulate her, who in our whole little realm stands pre-eminent in age. With physical and mental powers in good preservation, she this day completes the count of ninety years. She is able to look down and see her house sustained by grandchildren, seven pillars all in the prime of life; and around *their* tables olive plants are clustered, like lilies by the water brooks.

Peace be to grandmothers, who have children and grandchildren to lead them down the slope of life, over green fields, and beside the still waters. Peace be to

grandmothers, whose lines are fallen to them, in pleasant places, having a goodly heritage, a heritage enlightened by the beams of the sun of righteousness and blessed with a knowledge of his salvation."

Respecting this gathering of grandmothers, the following statistics may prove interesting to our readers. At the tables were seated 27 grandmothers and three great-grandmothers, representing 155 children, 221 grandchildren, and 20 great-grandchildren. Twelve grandmothers residing in Honolulu were not present. It is a noteworthy fact that among these grandmothers, there were 21 widows, indicating that long life is the portion of the female, rather than of the male sex, at the Sandwich Islands.

ARTICLE III.

Battle-fields of Life. Life Alone

I HAVE been reflecting in regard to those going forth to the fierce battlefields of life. To me the most noble and sublime spectacle ever witnessed in our world is a person standing up in righteousness and triumphing over accumulated sharp and heavy trials. I constantly pray for such with my firmest faith, that as their day is, so their strength may be.

I depend on a native to prepare my food and wait on me. I commune with the secrets and mysteries of solitude. Every Saturday night, I pay off all services rendered through the week. I expect death to creep over me in just such circumstances as it happens. I have

written a letter to the undertaker, anticipating directions. I am not prepared for sickness. It would be very inconvenient. It is said to be a sin. I try to avoid it. Other houses are visited, and there is such a commotion,—doctors in counsel, nurses, watches, and all Honolulu awake and active in expressions or acts of sympathy. The storm is tempered to the shorn lamb.

ARTICLE IV.

To Mrs. Persis G. Taylor, on her return to California, having given her mother a helping visit of four months.

HONOLULU, JANUARY 11, 1874.

My dear Daughter Persis:

You have accomplished your mission. Go, return to your husband and your children. Give my love and gratitude to each one of them for encouraging and aiding you to cross the ocean to visit your lone mother. I was blessed in having you come. I am blessed in seeing you return to the center of a circle, bound to you by the strongest ties of nature. You have reached the period when a clustered family begin to scatter. You are in the noontide of life, subject to its struggles. Your aged mother has reached the calm and quiet of even-tide. It is not dark. The western sky is lighted up with golden hues. I wait the summons to pass to higher scenes. It is easy to linger. It will be easy to go. In all God's universe, I occupy, now and ever, just the niche that he assigns me.

I have been vividly reminded of your childhood's years. Could I then have divined what you would be to me in 1873? May your children be to you what you have so lovingly been to

Your affectionate and grateful

Mother.

ARTICLE V.

Death of a Grandson—Robert Thurston, aged 19 years.

HONOLULU, APRIL 28th, 1874.

My dear Children and Grandchildren:

I address you all as one. But let me write your names. Let me count my treasures. Persis, Mr. Taylor, Lucy, Mary, Henry, James, and Eddie,—Sarah, Lorrin, and Helen,—Mary, Marcus, Asa, Lily, and Clara, —Thomas, and Alice.

Of my own loved ones, still mine, but who have passed beyond the veil, there is your honored father,— Lucy and Asa,—Edwin and Frank,—Ed, Mary, and Eric, —George and Robert.

In what I have written, the tale is told; for Robert has passed to higher scenes.

APRIL 4TH, SATURDAY.—The ball of his right foot became exceedingly painful. It was considered a *stone bruise*, the result of fishing in the water barefoot. For a whole week his sufferings were intense. He was scarcely able to eat or sleep.

APRIL 8TH, WEDNESDAY.—The doctor was sent for. He entered into the same ideas that had been entertained,

of its being a stone bruise, and continued poultices, ordering them to be made of flax seed, and changed once in two hours. He lanced it Wednesday and Friday without relief.

April 11th, Saturday.—Doctor visited him five times.

April 12th, Sunday.—Doctor was up before breakfast. Again at noon. Again in the afternoon bringing another doctor with him as counsel. He called Robert's attention, if possible, to trace back his steps to the point where his foot received a hurt. Thus quickened, his recollection reached the time, when going into the water, he stepped on a piece of coral, but it was a thing too insignificant to receive attention. The counsel at once gave an expressive look to the family physician. It was the first moment that the idea of *poison* had dawned upon the mind. He had once lost a patient when poison had been communicated in the same manner. One whole week had now elapsed since his sufferings commenced. It is now supposed that he was poisoned by a small shell-fish, a species of annelides, which attaches itself to coral rocks when in the sea. Natives are frequently wounded in this way, and unless prompt remedies are applied, it often proves fatal. They usually burn the wound with a coal of fire, or apply the leaves of a weed,—but physicians generally cauterize it with nitrate of silver. This is the first instance of a foreigner having been poisoned in this way that we have known.

Toward night, a friend rode up to my door to say that the doctors thought Robert could not live. That night I did not close my eyes in sleep, till after three in the morning. Every relative tie, every inferior consideration, was absorbed in his securing eternal life. It

was a night to be remembered. Deep solitude, and silence, and darkness reigned. With my dying son, I approached very near to the Savior. I laid him with entire trust, fully into his compassionate arms, with one request, only one, in that I would not be denied. Make him a pure spirit, to glorify God, and enjoy him forever.

April 13th, Monday.—The doctor remarked that in a hundred chances, he had but one of living. At eve ning twilight, his aunt gently revealed to him that he would likely soon leave them. The idea seemed to enter his very soul. He quivered all over. Then closed his eyes and lay for a time. After which, he conversed with his aunt. He said he "longed to be a christian but he didn't know how." He asked her to pray with him. She felt that God was there, and sought for spiritual blessings with great fervor. When she ended, he said, "Amen." He inquired if he should be likely to live a week, and received for answer, that he would probably die before morning.

When the doctor came in the evening, he was quickly informed by an outsider that Robert had been told of his danger. The doctor was greatly annoyed. He said in his very weak state, it was enough to snap the thread of life, and to ninety-nine cases out of one hundred patients, it would be an injury. On entering the sick-room, Robert said to him, "I want to know how I am. Tell me the truth. I am not afraid to die." The doctor told him not to worry, to be calm in his mind, and spoke to him words of encouragement. When he returned to the parlor, he told the family that Robert's pulse was in an improved state.

April 14th and 15th, Tuesday and Wednesday. —Doctor said that Robert had one chance in seventy-five for life. His pulse was better, one hundred and twenty in a minute. It had been one hundred and fifty, and on so fast that they could not be counted. He had had considerable fever, was very weak, and felt "so tired." He said to his watcher: "They told me night before last that I might die before morning, and I prepared for it." He asked a friend: "How am I?" He replied: "You are very sick." He folded his hands, closed his eyes, and for some time appeared to be in prayer.

April 16th and 17th, Thursday and Friday.— His breathing—every breath was a gasp—was somewhat relieved, the swelling in his chest, abdomen, and leg, somewhat diminished. He ate more, slept more, and was stronger. It was sweetly sad to see how he longed for the presence of his mother, absent on another island. Although the schooner to bring her was not expected till Saturday, he often asked if she had come, and often sent his brother to see whether the schooner was in sight.

The feelings he expressed respecting his spiritual state, were, "that he longed to be a christian; but Christ seemed a great way off. He was afraid he did not believe in him. He did not know how. He could not get the hang of it." Intelligent, discriminating christians thought his will was subdued, and that his safety did not depend upon the comfort he received. With me it required neither *his* testimony nor *theirs* to enable me to lay trustingly into the hands of the Savior my heart's treasure, My consolation through the sacred page came directly from Him.

Once Robert said: "Dear aunt, I know what suffering is " Yet, inexperienced as he had hitherto been in

that school, not a single repining word ever dropped from his lips. But he often said, "*I am so tired.*" Under this severe discipline, a softening touch had been given to his character. All along he was humble, docile, patient, loving, and so unceasingly attentive, in the midst of sufferings, to preface his requests with *please,* and close kind acts with *thank you,* and in his seasons of delirium so perfectly pure in every sentence, and in every word, that the spirit he breathed on that sick-bed, was very beautiful.

Having spent Friday there, with the setting sun I returned to my own home. In the edge of the evening, a friend called to say, "We think he is going." Through the darkness of the night, we silently pressed our way to the chamber of death.

On entering, there lay our own Robert, speechless and unobservant. Even in such circumstances, the beauty and the aspect of the youth, ripening into manhood were ill concealed. It was previous to this, within about two hours of his release, he said: "Dear aunt, help me to hold my breath." Some time had elapsed after that, when he shouted, as if answering to a call, "I'm coming, I'm coming." They were his last words. The dying one now experienced one, then another short but severe paroxysm of pain. It was the shattering of the body to allow the soul to walk forth in its immortality. Then life quietly ebbed away. No sound broke upon the stillness of that hour, save the repetition of select stanzas from precious hymns.

Robert was no longer there. In the midnight hour I returned to my home. I entered the dark solitary abode, where I had five nights kept vigils for Robert,

while he lay between life and death. My prayers for him were now entirely ended. Then, instead of allowing grief and sadness to be my guests, I invited thanksgiving to abide with me. I had only to express my gratitude, ere the channel became deeper and deeper, broader and broader. I was so borne along over the space of nineteen years, to the time when the spark of life was first lighted up, and so borne upward that it formed one of the green spots in my life, where memory will ever love to linger.

Under this visitation, among friends and the community, there was one pulsation of sympathy and aid.—

Was Jesus, in his infinite power, wisdom, and love, *less kind*,—even though he called three widows to lay their son and grandson, their hope and strength, on the altar, an offering without blemish?

What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.

Your loving mother and grandmother,

Lucy G. Thurston.

ARTICLE VI.

Marriage of a Granddaughter in California. Self-Support.

HONOLULU, JULY, 1874.

My dear Granddaughter Mary:

I revert to the time when I was first introduced to a little toddling girl in her second year. During these succeeding years she has been growing into womanhood, I have been domesticated with her for months and months together in various places. And now, on the eve

of her wedding, she comes with her cozy letter, and spreads before her distant grandmother, her very self, her surroundings, her prospects, and her aspirations, just as if she indeed belonged to me. How your freedom, affection, and confidence warms and melts a heart encrusted with age and solitude! With ease and simplicity you introduce "Charlie" as your new-found husband, and my new-found grandson. I accept and place him with Mary in my heart of hearts. God Almighty bless you both, and may you together walk before him in truth and love. I thank you ever so much for your photographs. I put them into a large frame, wholly devoted to our family. It was very interesting receiving samples of your dresses. I pronounce your trousseau to be quite modest and economic. But the best of all is that you have learned self-support.

I yesterday read an impressive piece respecting a daughter of affluence. She was above doing or learning anything belonging to the labors of life. Her youth, and prime, and wealth had all passed away. Incapable of effort, crushed with the responsibility of sustaining herself, she fell, with eyes weakened by weeping, from the high eminence to which riches raised her, to the lowest strata of honest society, the poor and shiftless, while the daughters of her poor and despised neighbor, the washerwoman, were made wise under the teachings of stern necessity, qualified themselves for earth's duties, and rose to posts of usefulness and emolument.

Your loving grandmother,

Lucy G. Thurston.

ARTICLE VII.

To Miss M. A. Chamberlain, Corresponding Secretary of Misson Children's Society.

HONOLULU, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1874.

From your own hand I received the twenty-second annual report of the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society. There I learn officially that they have admitted by a single vote, as honorary members, all the surviving fathers and mothers of this Mission, and likewise placed upon this list the names of those who have departed this life.

Such a loving act touches the heart. I thank them for myself. I thank them for the living. I thank them for the dead.

In contemplating this society, my mind runs back to other years, when the eldest children of this Mission were grouped beneath parental guidance, shut in by a dark horizon. Without schools, without a future sphere, without a parental foothold in the nation. The Alpha and the Omega of their promised privileges lay in the homes of their unassisted and overtasked parents.

Thus peculiarly situated, the ladies of the Mission formed a Maternal Association. At the yearly gathering of the General Meeting, it continued to hold its sessions. In a marvellous manner, light, liberty, and privileges became the inheritance of our children.

In 1852 the Mission Children's Society was organized. It may be that one organization was the upshot of the other. Be that as it may, a power for good changed hands. A rapid stride was made in the right

direction. Children increased in number, age, strength, and action. Their circle was extended by alliances of marriage and of friendship.

In a less, but somewhat similar ratio, parents have declined. And now with them, in the day when the keepers of the house tremble, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened;—or the silver cord has been loosed, and the golden bowl broken,—now it is that loving hearts and strong hands, in the full tide of prosperity, have beckoned the living to soft green seats in their own enclosure, and so registered the names of all, *all*, as to have them held in honored remembrance.

I only add, that by this reverential and hallowed act, the Society encircle their own brow with a halo of glory.

Lucy G. Thurston.

ARTICLE VIII.

Advice on Entering Married Life. To a Granddaughter in California.

HONOLULU, OCTOBER 12TH, 1874.

My dear Lucy:

And have you, my inexperienced granddaughter, launched forth on the sea of matrimony? And in so doing, waved your hand to your grandmother to send you a chart that will guide you happily over the unknown waves of life? Now in the vicinity of eighty years, with all its prolonged experience and broad observation, could I begin anew to measure off human existence, it seems

to me I should reach forth to a far nobler life than I now look back upon. But I can only measurably give this off to another.

A new generation begins life anew, fresh and empty, and their impress of character is largely derived from their own observation and experience.

Of all the institutions of earth, marriage stands pre-eminent, inasmuch as it was founded by God himself. The happiness flowing from it, in compairison with all human organizations, is as precious stones to granite.

I rejoice that my oldest grandchild, who of the fourth generation bears the name of Lucy, has found the one in whom her heart can trust. God Almighty, before whom your ancestors walked, bless you, bless your husband, and make you blessings to each other. It is very beautiful to have two lives mingle and flow into one, producing a union of hearts. The delight of conjugal love consists in this, that the will of one is that of the other.

When I was twenty-four years of age, I became a wife. God chose for me. I received my husband as from His hand. United, through untried and varied scenes, we traveled life's pathway together for forty-eight years. On entering this relation, I sought from the Bible to know its duties. To me they were clearly defined by the Author of our being, and the Author of this great institution. Wives, love, submit to, obey, and reverence your husbands. I never felt it a servile lot. I was lifted up into a higher sphere of grace and dignity. But these duties of the wife are to be placed in conjunction with those of the husband. Such is the dictate of a God of Order, of Wisdom, of Beneficence. Husbands,

love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it. What wife but would feel it her delight and glory to throw herself with docility and confidence on a love so tender, beautiful, wonderful, and unchanging?

Not angels, but human pairs are brought together. As they are possessed with the frailties of our nature, they should begin life's pathway with this motto, "Bear and Forbear,"

I once knew a man and his wife. They were professors of religion, and admitted into the upper circles of society. Their house, table, and wardrobe all bespoke in a high degree, the cultivation and enjoyment of order and good taste. Their bearing toward each other in public was charming. No lack of attentions. Such was the general appearance to the outside world, to their neighbors even. Yet in *one thing* between that pair, *will* was pitted againt *will.* Each individual thought, "I am all right, but the other is all wrong." Neither would yield. In the bosom of each was a chaldron, always heated, sometimes boiling over. There was a skeleton in their house which remained until the first funeral came off.

Some married people speak of the defects and the faults of their partners to a third person. Others there are who keep their tongues pure from such utterances. That is well. If there is a burden, let it be given to the Savior.

How many, even of the pious and cultivated, carelessly mar their dearest interests! How many seem not to realize that conjugal love is a plant, liable to be dwarfed by rude touches; but tenderly cherished, in-

creases in growth, beauty, and fragrance. Take for instance: It was a *little thing*. How *little?* The husband, wife, and several children were grouped around a table, all listening to every utterance. The wife, addressing me, said: "My husband's instincts are more prominently developed for his children, than for his wife." Then she looked him full in the face and broadly smiled, as if she thought a good joke had slipped off her tongue, and wondered how he would take it. He, like a wise man, answered not. By this I would illustrate, how I reprobate, in the highest degree, *little* touches of that nature.

A gentleman who rose to eminence in his profession, alluding to his wife, said: "In talk, I have it by the pailful how to do right; but I had rather see it exhibited in the life." A wife should never try to be a second conscience to her husband, reminding him continually of his short-comings. The tendency is to drift him away from her, from his home, and from duty

I once knew one, who brought home a new mother to his orphan children. She was a lady of culture and principle. How her husband cherished her! How she revered him! How devoted she was to his children, as if they were her very own!

May you, in being introduced to a new name, to new friends, and to a new field of action, become the light of you husband's house, the center of home, that sacred spot of love and harmony, of comfort, quiet, and ease, that wealth alone cannot give, nor poverty take away.

Your loving grandmother,

Lucy G. Thurston.

ARTICLE IX.

To Mrs. Benfield, in North Carolina.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 12TH.

My dear Daughter Mary:

I have received your letters giving accounts of a a birth and death in your little family. And you have lived through it all. How you have been called alone in the darkness, and in the storm, to walk a thorny pathway! And how the departed one must have suffered! But it is a blessed path that leads to a blessed death.

And the little girl, my seventeenth grandchild. You incidently gave me a peep of her, cheering the suffering one with her "tiny smiles." I am glad that in my mind she is so pleasantly photographed.

At present I have the aid of a school-boy, two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. I am quite alone at night. My heart yearns for loving companionship.

As I was once your mother, so I now wish you to become mine. I wish to set my house in order, and to die in my own family. On your entering my home, I wish the responsibilities of the table and house to fall into your hands absolutely, I retaining my bedroom and study as ever. Then I will trust to you, as you once trusted to me. Let the children be to the house what flowers are to the garden. While I remain, I live in you and in them, and you all live in me. When I pass away you will be my memorial.

In 1823 we separated from the Mission family at

Honolulu, and branched out to form a station at Kailua. With two babes of two years and two months old, we were closely packed five days and nights in a crowded native vessel. After reaching Kailua, I often said with the utmost sincerity: "Never ask me again to go upon the ocean. Let me live and die here." So much for the value of sentimental feelings, after having suffered to extremity. *Since* that time, in visiting America, I have been around Cape Horn, as many times over the way between this and California, and more than a hundred on these seas that separate our group of Islands.

I have just received a large photograph of your father. I have put it in a frame and encircled it in the same frame with small photographs of his family who are with him in the world of spirits. Including the whole circle, there were four cut off in the prime of life, sustaining parental responsibilities, three in the bloom and vigor of youth between sixteen and nineteen, and three children between sixteen months and five years of age. My Savior, how can I give expression to my gratitude that my dear departed ones have found rest in thee? All, all, I trust, have attained to that better land. How pleasant, how rich the memories of having such a family in heaven!

In another large frame, your mother's large photograph is in the center, surrounded by the living members of our family.

ARTICLE X.

Death of a Grandchild Five Months Old.

HONOLULU, DECEMBER 29TH, 1874.

My dear Daughter Mary:

And so little Ida was born, a daughter of earth, thus early to take her flight to happier climes. I, too, had learned to love her, and everywhere she follows me with an expressive smile. Beloved child! She will be reared by redeemed ones advanced in knowledge, with more than a mother's love. As her faculties develop, she will learn of them her birth-place, who her mother is, and with what brothers and sisters her earth life was gr ouped. I think of her as becoming a bright inistering spirit, often commissioned to be your guardian angel, to help you to bear the burdens of life, and to lead you to that heavenly rest to which she has attained. Blessed mother! I congratulate you in having such an angel child as little Ida. What a precious offering to make to God! It may have ten thousand instructors in Heaven, but you will be its parents. To have a child in Heaven is worth all the sickness, sorrow, and toil it has cost you.

Your sympathizing

Mother.

ARTICLE XI.

Spring Succeeds Winter.

(After an absence of more than two years, Mrs. Mary Benfield and three children returned to her mother's home in Honolulu, having laid her husband and infant daughter to rest beneath the pine trees of their retreat in North Carolina. The widowed daughter again became the stay and support of her aged mother.)

HONOLULU, AUGUST, 1875.

The two years and a half in which, in my family, I have been like a cocoanut tree, stripped of every leaf, is past. By the union of the remnants of three generations, the solitary one is again set in a family. The pattering of small feet, and the music of little voices is again heard. A faithful staff is placed by my side on which to lean, and I linger on the border land toward the setting sun.

During this past season of discipline, I accepted my lot, and my feelings assimilated to my circumstances. Fear became a stranger to my bosom. In the long black night, I enjoyed the music of nature, and felt the sublimity of deep solitude.

I am blest. I have entered my eighty-first year. I have food, raiment and home convenient for me, and my latter days are those of peace.

Lucy G. Thurston.

ARTICLE XII.

To the Readers of the Preceding Pages

In the spring of 1876, Mrs. Thurston was suddenly attacked with a heart disease, which in a few weeks confined her to the house. Though in daily expectation of a fatal termination, her life was prolonged, with frequent recurring spasms of pain and extreme distress for breath, till six weary months were fulfilled. During all this time she was compelled to sit upright in her chair by day and by night. Defended by a cap, veil, and gloves, or a lace canopy from the annoyance of mosquitoes, she patiently lingered through her protracted sufferings sometimes compelled by extremity of weariness to cry, 'O, Lord, how long?" Faithful friends cheered her painful pathway to the grave. Amid these distresses, she completed her selection of papers to be published after her death.

Her sudden release was thus announced in a letter from her daughter, Mrs. Benfield, dated Honolulu, October 14, 1876.—

"What a joyful reunion that must have been, when yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, our suffering mother rejoined the husband of her youth in the 'Happy Land.' Without a word of farewell, she suddenly left her chair of suffering, and the loving watches at her side, and obeyed the Voice that called: "It is enough. Come up higher." She has been laid to rest in the same grave with our father."

"*Her children rise up and call her Blessed.*"

Persis G. Taylor.

NORDHOFF, California, March, 1880.

ARTICLE XIII

The Life and Last Days of Lucy G. Thurston, the Last of the Pioneer Missionaries.

(A Memorial Discourse by Rev. Walter Frear, Preached October 22d, 1876, in Fort St. Church, Honolulu.)

MARK x:29-30. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left his house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,

But he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life.

I have selected these words in memoriam of Mrs. Lucy Goodale Thurston, because they were much in her mind in the last weeks of her life, and because she realized that they had been remarkably fulfilled to her. The varied experiences, in view of which she appropriated to herself these words of her Saviour, were vivid in her memory. Her thoughts went back over the past a good deal. She thought of the old home in Marlborough, Massachusetts, where she was born on the 29th of this month, 1795. She thought of the large circle of friends; of the father, and of the eight or nine brothers and sisters, and of the numerous respectable and godly uncles and aunts and cousins that she had left, and of all the pleasant associations that she had forsaken; and then her thoughts would dwell on the portion that she had received on these far-off islands, and the grateful feeling would arise that it had been far better for her that she had left all. For some months, and I might say years, she had been living quite largely in her reminiscences.

Her pen had been busy with them. The scenes of earlier times were before her mind daily. She lived over again the experiences through which she had passed to an unusual degree; so that it was with more than an ordinary significance that she with clear remembrance, and in direct reference to all that she had lost and gained, suffered and enjoyed, opened her Bible a few weeks ago, and pointing with her finger to this passage, said to me, "This has all been true in my case."

Let us see how true it has been.

It was in a literal sense that she left houses and friends and country for Christ's sake. She, at the time, had no thought of the mild healthful breezes of Hawaii, that now invite so many from the colder climate of the States. She had no thought of the grand mountains and volcanoes that now attract the tourist, and are counted among the wonders of the earth. There was no anticipation of the delightful homes and genial society that in late years have given to these islands a charm. She left a land and home to which she was greatly endeared, to go by long and dangerous voyage, to one of the most remote and least known parts of the earth, to a people in the greatest of heathenish darkness, a people among whom life was cheap, and that offered human sacrifices, and had fearful regulations of tabu, and were naked savages. She and all on board the brig *Thaddeus*, as Dr. Anderson says, "Expected a protracted and perilous conflict with pagan rites, human sacrifices and bloody altars; for no intimation had been received that the idols and altars of superstition had been overthrown." We can also readily imagine with what a grave appreciation

and consciousness of the magnitude of the sacred mission, she gave herself to be a missionary. I doubt if ever a missionary surrendered home and friends, to take up so great and critical a work for Christ, with a deeper sense of what we might call the ideal proprieties of so high a calling. It was in a spirit far from all levity, and in which human loves had but a second place while Christ had the first, that she was not disobedient unto the heavenly call. It was in a seriousness and heroism that takes one's life in his hands that she left the comforts of a pleasant home, expecting a rude hut to be her habitation, and that what had been necessaries of life were henceforth to be to her luxuries. In place of the refinements of society, she was to come in contact with gross ignorance, disgusting vices, brutish drunkenness and all unnamable immoralities. Thus she forsook all.

Among other things in leaving all for Christ and the Gospel's sake, she at that time gave up the thought of a long life. Her stronger brothers and sister were around her. She was thought to be the frailest of them all. She had already had premonition of early disease in the lungs, with attacks of hemorrhage. Her doubt was, whether she could endure the tropical heats and exposures to which she expected to be subjected. It was thought that amid the hardships and privations there she would find an early grave. When speaking of this passage of scripture and its fulfillment to her, she said to me, "all at home thought that Lucy would be the first to die." She herself thought so. They all had no other thought, than that in that heathen land her life would go first. They bade her farewell, as one whom they

never expected to see again on earth. She would be in heaven long before the rest of them. "But," said she, "here I am still, spared the longest of them all. All those brothers and sisters are gone before me. Not one of them is left." Thus she gave her life to Christ, expecting that the giving of it would shorten it, and he has given her more years than would have been hers if she had kept her life. She found the words of Christ true, that "he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." She thought of this lengthening of her days as one of the ways in which the hundred-fold had been given to her. She felt confident that long ago she would have been in her grave had she staid in the old New England home. But as it is, she has been spared to outlive by a day the 57th anniversary of her marriage, and to almost complete her 81st year. And instead of never looking upon the faces of the home friends, in the ordering of Providence she has been permitted twice to visit the land of her birth. She has doubled Cape Horn five times, has traveled over 90,000 miles by sea, has been through perils and sicknesses, and prevailing diseases, and yet God has suffered her to be the last to die on these islands, of all that worthy pioneer band who sailed in the brig *Thaddeus* on the 23d of October, 1819, and landed in the following April at Kailua.

Again, among the things that she forsook for Christ and the Gospel's sake, was any cherished ambition that she might have had, any thought of being known, esteemed and honored among her acquaintances, or of having a name and a place in the world. Those were first days in the missionary work. Honor had not come

upon those who had gone to carry the lamp of life into the regions of darkness. The missionary cross had not yet been garlanded in the popular esteem. The work had not yet taken to itself other aspects than that of self-sacrifice for the sake of those perishing in ignorance and sin. To come at that time to these dark islands was the conscious giving up of personal culture, and of place in society, and of influence in the progressive development of one's own country. It was going out to unknown ends of the earth, to spend one's days in humblest work of teaching a gross and degraded people; to have one's faith and patience tried, and to lay one's body at last among heathen bones, instead of in the old village church-yard. But how true it is that God has given her more than all that she gave up in this respect. Her name is a familiar name to a large part of the best people in America. She is known and held in honor over a large part of the Christian world. She has a place in the hearts of thousands who probably would never have heard her name had she not left society and kindred for Christ's sake. She has received more than a hundredfold in friends. Her influence has been far more widely extended. She has a noble place in the grand history of missions. She has a high niche in missionary fame. And is there any fame better, or more to be desired on earth, than that which now belongs to such heroes of the cross? Does not a true missionary receive a wider regard and a higher place in the thoughts and love of the christian world than would have been his if he had stayed in his native land? There may be still some who think it a pity that any one of culture and of promise should throw himself away, by abandoning prospective positions of in-

fluence at home, to be a humble missionary in out-of-the-way pagan lands. But God gives, in honor and esteem, to his faithful ones, manifold more than all they surrender.

Mrs. Thurston thought not of this at the time, nor did she speak of it in connection with the passage of scripture, but we may speak of it for her. She did, however, think and speak of the many friends, the christian brothers and sisters, that God had given her in missionary life. She thought gratefully of the interest that had been taken in her, of the favours that had been done to her, of the kindnesses and assistance that had been generously given, and of all that God had put into the heart of others to do for her. She felt that she had not been left friendless, but that the promise in this respect had been fulfilled, that the hundred-fold had been given, that more hands had ministered to her in her last sickness than she could have expected had she never left all for heathen shores.

But in a yet higher respect has it been better for Mrs. Thurston that she left home and friends for Christ. I mean in her usefulness. God can give us few great blessings that will add more happiness to life than to put it in our power to be really useful. That which adds to our usefulness adds to the good of our life. Much has been added to Mrs. Thurston in this respect. In the days of her strength she was a faithful worker, and the good that she has been permitted to do has doubtless been a hundred-fold more than she would have done in New England. Among her first pupils were Kings and Queens, whose influence soon led the people generally to desire gospel instruction. She was the educator of some

of the first minds in the nation. Judge Ii, who became such an honor to his race, was early selected by the King to be instructed by Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, and he was long their diligent scholar, receiving much of his solid worth and finish from them. She endured hardiness as a good soldier in that earnest fight to secure a hold for the gospel on Hawaii. She stood firm while others failed. She suffered, passed through exceeding great trials, persevered and was brave, as some others were not. She had a full share in those trials, and burdens, and hardships, and dangers through which the mission was brought to a success, and a heathen people christianized. How much greater is the work that she has heen permitted to do, than if she had stayed in her native land! How many more inquiring souls has she directed to Christ; how much more has she done in preparing the way for the coming of Christ's kingdom! It has been granted to her to fulfil a great and useful ministry; and will there not be more stars in her crown of rejoicing, than if she had not left all for Christ's sake? Has not even her present life been more full of the satisfactions that come from a noble christian usefulness?

It may be said of her also that in giving up all for Christ, she has at no time wished to take back any part of the gift. She has never turned her look regretfullly back to her first consecration to the missionary life. And by this I do not mean simply that she did not leave the field through disappointment, or as thinking it too hard; or that she has never been sorry that she became a missionary; but I mean that she has never taken back the original surrender in which she gave up the world to be a missionary of the cross. She has not departed from

the missionary spirit with which she left home. Having left houses and lands for Christ's sake, the desire for these has never come back into her The fashions and riches of this world have not reoccupied her thoughts. She did not again come to measure men and things by the standards of the world nor to seek that which is coveted by the world. She thought of herself as a missionary unto the end. She never aspired to wear any other character, or to appear before the world in any other light. Naturally she had strong desires. She enjoyed life. She was hopeful. She had a strong mind, and a strong self-will. As she said to me the day before her death, she had a great deal of human nature. She had those traits and qualities that would have enabled her to take hold of the world and be prominent in it. But she never again turned toward the world to covet it. To be as a missionary, and to do that which was becoming in a missionary, to suffer, if need be, and be true to her calling, was her thought to the last.

Among the mercies also in which she saw God's gracious dealings with her, was his sparing her to do last things. By degrees during the last six years there has been growing in her the inclination and the feeling of duty encouraged by others, to leave behind her some reminiscences of earlier missionary days—a view of the work as seen from the inside, and that by the mothers, instead of the fathers. A mass of material was in hand for such a work. Her pen had ever been a good deal in her hand, and she had from the first carefully treasured her letters and sketches, all of them written in her quaint and pleasing style, bearing the impress of originality, and showing her own individuality in every sentence. When

her last sickness fell upon her so suddenly, she felt that it was her last. Her strong desire was, that she might survive until she could collate and arrange this material. And so hourly, day after day, and sometimes by night. as she sat in her chair, now writing and dictating, she busied herself as she had strength, with this her last work. She cared to be spared for nothing else. God gave her her desire, enabling her to leave her material so that it could be readily finished in satisfactory shape for the press. At length she came to the time about three months ago when she felt that her work was done, and that she was ready to be taken. In her former sicknesses she had clung to life. She had seemed to baffle the power of diseases by the sheer force of her will to live. She had held to life feeling that there were responsibilities and work that she could not yet lay down. She had braved the surgeon's knife, and had risen up out of prostrations, beneath which most persons would probably have succumbed. But in her last sickness, she felt that she had finished her course, and that she was ready to be offered. She waited day and night in great physical discomfort, and wondered that she was still kept in life, and almost feared that months more of suffering were appointed to her. A few hours and even minutes before her death, the end seemed no nearer to her than it did a month or two before. But God at last took her quickly out of her distresses, into the rest for which she was longing. In the last few weeks of her life she also came to feel that God was sparing yet a little for a purpose, especially that she might learn more of the fullness of Christ, and come more into the peace that passes understanding, and have wrought in her more of the gentler

graces. Months ago, and in fact for years, the experiences beyond this life, what it is to die, and just what will be immediately after death, and just what the resurrection is, were themes that interested her and occupied her thoughts a good deal. She thought and reasoned and loved to talk about them. She has often in years as well as months past opened up conversation in regard to them. But in the last few weeks she has wanted to know more about the present indwelling of Christ, and how much his promise of peace included. She became, we might almost say, an anxious inquirer in this direction. The week before her death, as she asked question after question about the peace of Christ in the soul, she told me that she felt that she had yet very much to learn. The most earnest conversation I ever had with her was the day before her death. I had hardly taken my seat at her side before she began with an inquiry that came right from her heart. Repeating Christ's words—"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with with him, and he with me."—she asked, with a manifest interest, and a childlike spirit of inquiry, what it was to open the door, and how she could do it more fully, that Jesus might come in more, and sup with her. She sought for direction in receiving the Savior in greater fulness to her heart.

Her faith had been strong and firm in Christ. Her hope had all along been anchored within the veil. She had trusted fully in the God of her salvation. She had not doubted his love or care of the crown of life that he had for her. She not only had a mind of unusual strength but also the courage of faith to an unusual

degree. She had been strong to do, to bear, to suffer for Christ. The elements of strength had always been prominent in her character. She did not like foibles. She was naturally commanding in her qualities, and perhaps somewhat in her temperament; and so long as she could work, these strong traits had their easy and joyful play in her life. But now when all her work was done, and she could only sit and be patient, it was as a change of life to her. It was as it were, a trial of faith in a new direction. New lessons seemed to be coming to her to be learned. She realized more deeply the importance of receiving from Christ, as well as doing for him. She had been patient under responsibility; and now with some chafing of spirit it may be, she was seeking to learn to be patient without any responsibility pressing on her. She would sit at Jesus' feet and learn of him. The sanctifying love of Christ pervading her nature is what she thought upon and desired. The gentleness and childlike submissiveness of the christian spirit seemed to her graces more difficult to exercise and be filled with, than the hardier and braver virtues. But these also she was learning as last lessons, deeply and blessedly, in the very hours when her Saviour came and received her to himself.

Her life surely impresses upon us all the great truth, that Christ will deal well by those who make sacrifices for Him, and that His promise of the hundred-fold in this life to those who leave all for him, is a sure promise. It is a promise on which no one of us need fear to go out in self-denying service to Christ. The life of Mrs. Thurston leaves to her children and to her grandchildren and to us all, the confirmation of this promise, as a rich legacy.

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